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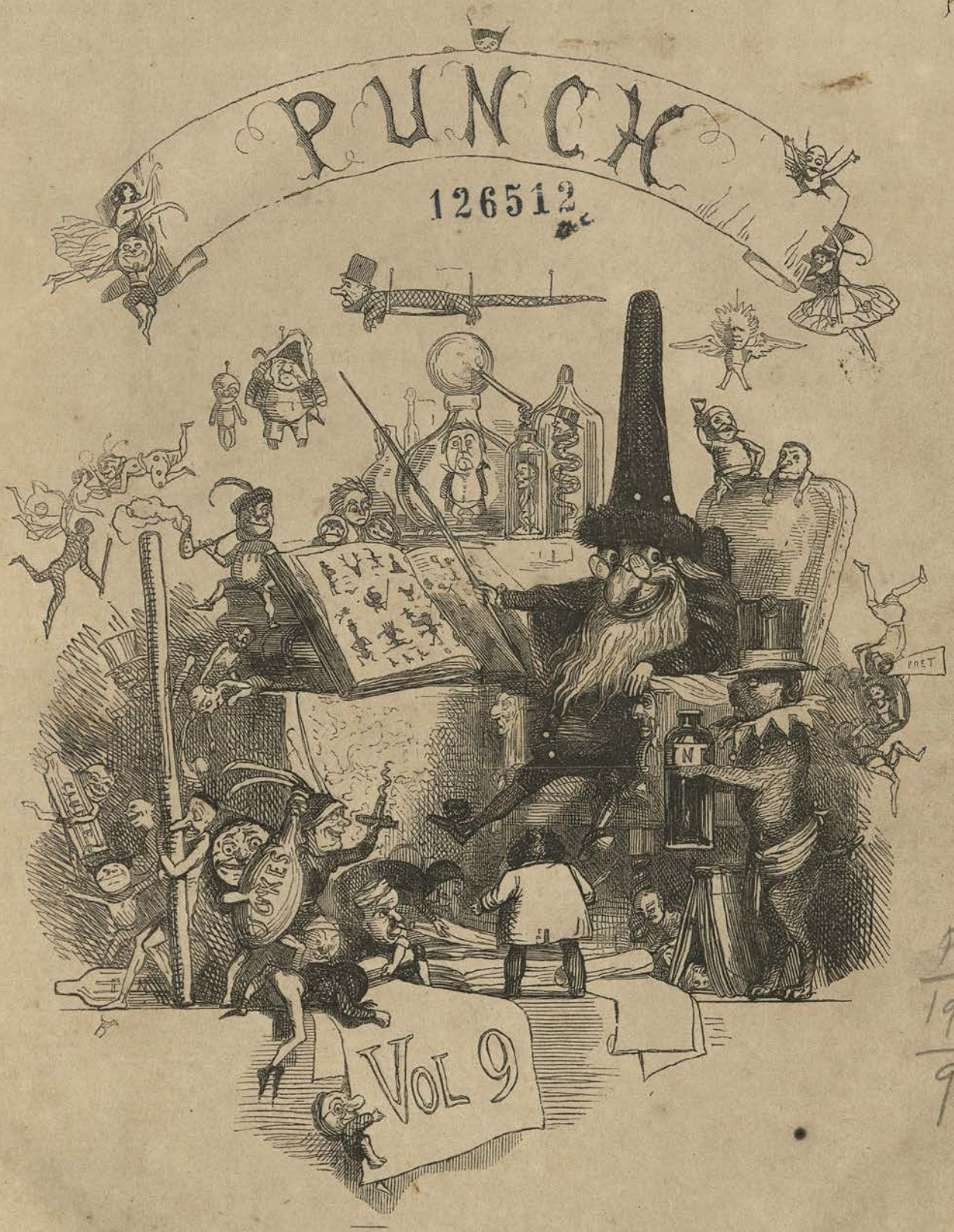

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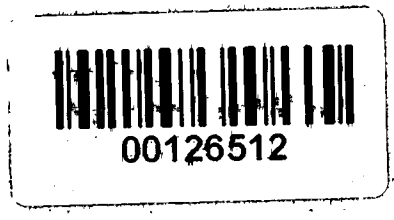

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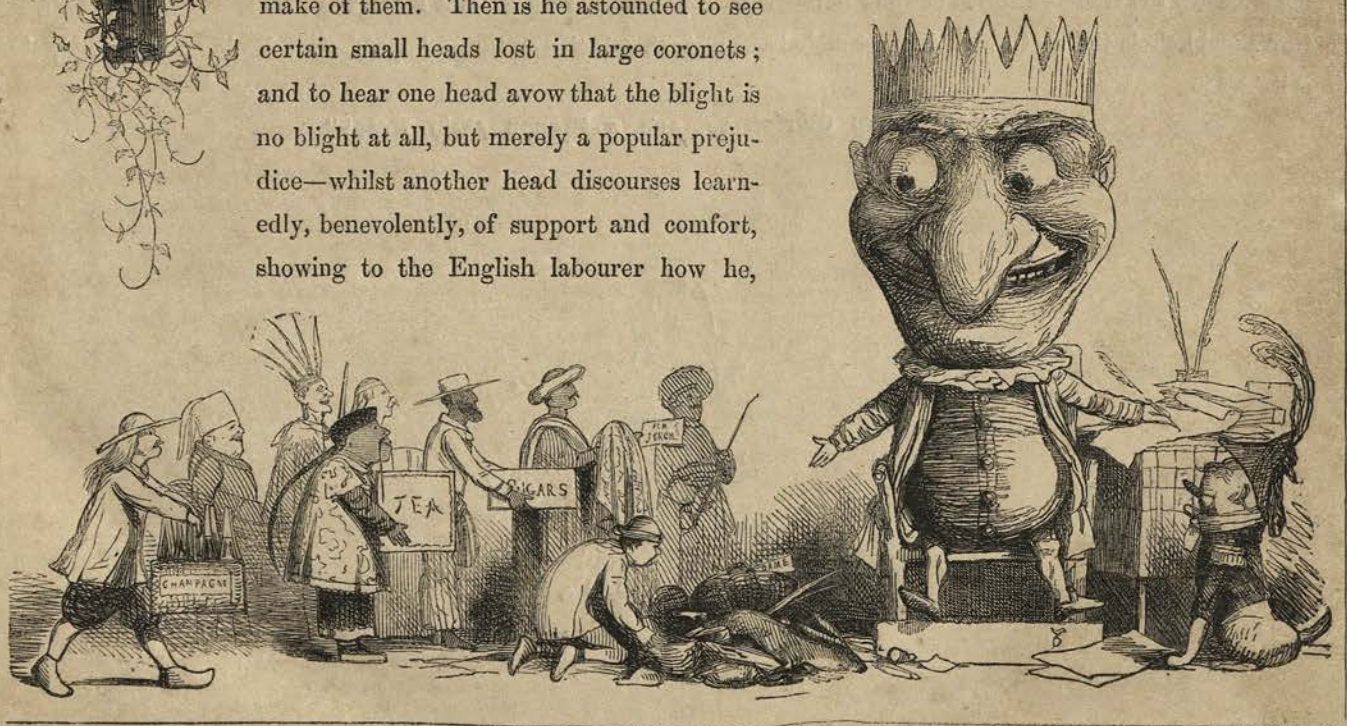
PREFACE

WE have every hope that the New Year—christened by Godfather TIME, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Six—is a fine, brawny fellow; a young HERCULES, for, in truth, as matters loom about us, he will have HERCULES' work to do. He comes in just to catch a glimpse of "the departing skirts" of SIR ROBERT, and to look upon the hopeful face of LITTLE JOHN. He comes in to see the last fight of the ogre Corn Law—the Sawney Bean that hath eaten up men, women, and little children—"grinding their bones to make his bread." He comes in to see the last fight of the Giant (who hath Dukes and Lords for bottle-holders)—to see him beaten, laid low, killed in the House of Parliament; whilst HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, with Aurorean smile, shall with her silver voice pronounce—*Je le veux!* A tremendous privilege, this, for a New Year!

And now the New Year has a dejected look; for he hears the voices of millions bewailing the potato blight. He listens, too, to many tongues discoursing learnedly of hopeful remedies: the words "starch"—"gluten"—"albumen"—"woody fibre,"—ring in his infant ears, and he knows not what to make of them. Then is he astounded to see certain small heads lost in large coronets; and to hear one head avow that the blight is no blight at all, but merely a popular prejudice—whilst another head discourses learnedly, benevolently, of support and comfort, showing to the English labourer how he,



Hodge and family, may, to avoid the pinch of famine, just take a pinch of powder of curry. "Potatoes have failed in England"—cries the head—"but, is there not balm in Gilead,—doth not India send her spices?" Should our ploughmen at any time lack the luxury of onions, is it not a consoling matter to know that they may, instead, eat nutmegs?—for are not nutmegs "comfortable to the stomach?"

But the New Year—delegating *Punch* as spokesman— gives other counsel. Royal Cambridge saith there is no potato blight; then let His Royal Highness—taking counsel with kindred philanthropists—prove the value of his golden syllables! The hardness of the times needs great examples of beneficence and goodness. And, therefore, in our mind's eye, do we already behold the agents of Royal Cambridge taking ship for Portugal—where Richmond says good potatoes most do congregate—to freight a hundred argosies with the million's daily food. Let Norfolk think not to curry the bowels of the poor—to "rack their sides with *pinches*" of oriental powder—but let him and all of his order band together to blight the blight; and this they may do, not with "lime" and "pounded charcoal," as professors learnedly do counsel,—but with gold-dust; nothing but gold-dust! We beg pardon: a few layers of Bank-notes will do just as well.

It is well—it is admirable—for professors to lecture. Musical is the voice of Buckland—dulcet and wise the discourse of Playfair. But the New Year needs lectures of another sort: it calls to all to assist Royal Cambridge in his proof that the potato blight is a wicked flam; and this they can do, by a few magical words, written on Bank cheques.

Such is the advice of *Punch*. Let all, according to their means, combine—and it will be a fine thing for Old Eighteen Forty Six to say, when, hoary and worn out, he passes from this world to his fellows in Eternity—"My Brethren, Cambridge spoke the words of truth. In my time the Poor felt no Potato Blight!"

And so, Readers, though the fight of Eighteen Forty Six may be tough and hot, let us begin it—as Condé once opened the trenches—with nothing harsher than pleasant music. But let ours be the world's music—music that should circle the earth with divinest melody—music that is the enduring hopeful soul, dwelling in the old, old syllables—

"A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!"

Vol. IX.

THE Argument of the Pistol.

MR. ROEBUCK has, at least, done one good thing. He has caused a great fall in the price of duelling-pistols. In a few years, and such social instruments will be only so much old iron. Hair-triggers, at least a few samples, will be preserved by the MEYRICKS and other *virtuosi* among the weapons of a by-gone time—of an extinct age of barbarism. They will take their place with the scalping knife of the Red Man. A few nights since MR. ROEBUCK, in his place in the House of Commons, flung some hard words at the Irish Repeal Members and their Great Cham, O'CONNELL. There are few who can deny the truth of the assertions of the Member for Bath: but then, it is said, truth is not to be spattered about in the material of dirt. The Irish Repeal Members—the mild "sucking-doves" of Conciliation Hall—the orators, who when speaking of the Saxon, link nameless phrases together—pretty and innocent as chains of daisies made by children—these, the sensitive and soft-spoken, when truth is to be dealt out upon them, would have it very mild and sweet, indeed! They would invoke Truth, as the Poet invokes spring:

"Veiled in a shower of roses, soft, descend!"

And when truth comes not in such odoriferous stream, but in a shower of mud—the sufferers, on the instant, shout for gunpowder to sweeten them from what they call the pollution. An Irish Repealer may deal in the syllables "miscreant"—"liar"—"coward"—"renegade"—"traitor;" no word can be too dirty for his tongue when assailing the Saxon: when, however, comes the turn of the Saxon to reply, he must respond after Carnival-fashion; with nothing harder than sugar-plums. A sweep attacks you with handfuls of soot from a bag that seems inexhaustible,—and you are not to take the fellow by the collar, and shake him into some sense of decency: no, you are to fling nothing at him more offensive than egg-shells filled with rose-water. If you do, his honour is hit; his ermine-skinned reputation is stained, and—"blood and wounds!"—he roars for pistols!

MR. ROEBUCK thus denounced the Repeal worshippers of O'CONNELL:—"Those who follow such a leader deserve little respect either for their position or their intellect." Whereupon, the gunpowder Member for Sligo, MR. SOMERS, writes a note to MR. ROEBUCK asking—

"Are you prepared to justify these words (These words are underlined.)? The meaning of the words I have underlined I am sure you are too well read in *the old histories of chivalry* to misinterpret."

Ha, MR. SOMERS! the days of such chivalry, if not gone, are fast going: for MR. ROEBUCK—vulgar man!—does not submit himself to the chance of being killed for speaking a hard, unpalatable verity, but calls up the letter-writer before the House for breach of privilege, and is praised and patted on the back by the Prime Minister and others for his *true* courage. Whereupon, MR. SOMERS does not offer a pistol at MR. ROEBUCK, but an apology; a wiser and a better thing.

It has been urged, that since MR. ROEBUCK will not fight, he ought not, by his abusive powers, to render himself obnoxious to a challenge. MR. ROEBUCK is no general favourite of ours. He is too "splenetic and rash"—besides being a little too much tainted with the conceit that he was sent into the world as the world's sole Mentor. We do not always approve of MR. ROEBUCK's language: certainly, were we to select an epithet for him, we should not borrow that applied to Homer; no, we should not call him "the golden-mouthed" ROEBUCK. But this defect, we submit, is the greatest argument against the sheer folly, the inexpressible stupidity of duelling. We will suppose Mr. ROEBUCK to possess ten times his present amount of vituperation: we will imagine him to be worthy the envy of even O'CONNELL himself: we will think the member for Bath a sort of human cuttle-fish, blackening, when he lists, all around him. Well, had he even Irish charity to defend his bad words by a worse weapon, the pistol—would not the man he had recklessly, most unjustly abused, be a fool—even though a fool "of honour," still a fool—to give his libeller the chance of shooting him he had outraged? Thank heaven! the opinion of the world is fast becoming a surer test of a man's honour, than hair-triggers.

At the moment we write, there lies another victim to the stupidity of "gentlemanlike satisfaction." Another duellist lies in "his bloody shroud." From the evidence of MRS. HAWKEY on the inquest, we come at a strange code of honour recognised in the Army. She states that the victim, MR. SETON, followed her with dishonourable importunities; in the course of which he observed—

"Whatever your husband says to me, I shall not go out with him; it is impossible *for a cavalry man to mix himself up with an infantry man.*"

Thus, an adulterer—a scoundrel of any dye—according to this precious code, is not to give what he himself considers gentlemanly satisfaction, if he, the villain, be a "cavalry man." He is to be saved from punishment by his horse. The argument is unworthy of the intelligence even of the quadruped!

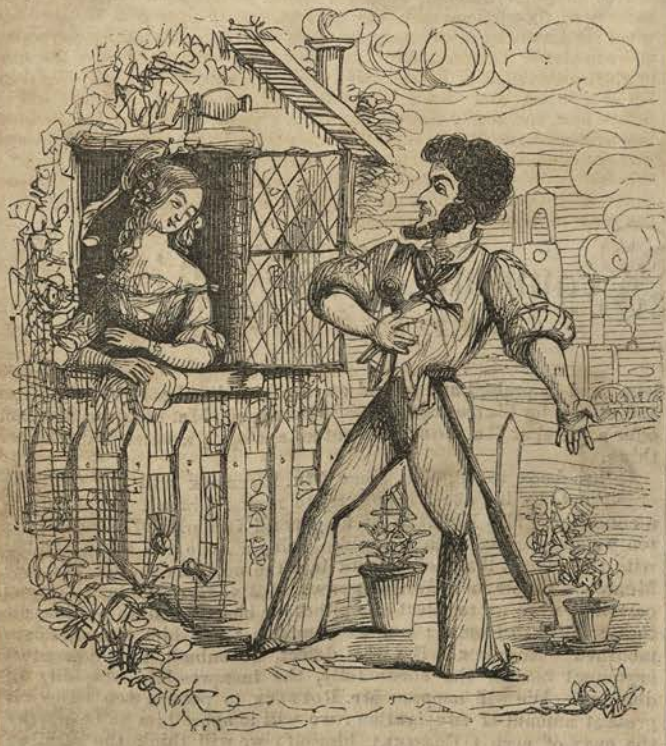
The last few days have done mortal harm to the principle of "gentlemanly satisfaction." Potentates have in their time caused "*Ultima ratio regum*" to be inscribed on their murderous cannon. The "last argument of kings!" In like manner public opinion is fast tracing on the duelling-pistol—*Ultima ratio stultorum!* The last argument of fools!

The Poetry of the Rail.

Now that the Railways have absorbed every other interest, it is quite impossible that the poetry of the country can any longer hold itself aloof from its all-pervading influence. "The Soldier's Tear," or the "Sailor's Snivel," will become obsolete and *rococo*. Instead of holding aloft snow-white scarfs to flutter in the breeze, we shall have railway signals hoisted by impassioned stokers or ardent engine-drivers, as they pass the cottage-doors of their mistresses at eighty miles an hour, by a special train.

We beg leave to call the attention of our poets, and particularly that of the Poet BUNN, to the new field for imagination which the Railways open to them. Fair girls "met in a crowd," or standing amid glittering throngs, are completely used up, and nothing now remains but the sentiment of the rail; the great trunk-lines being exactly the sort of line that such minds as the Poet BUNN are calculated to adorn and illustrate.

We give a specimen of what we think might be done with such a subject as—



THE STOKER'S SIGH.

THERE was a fair and beauteous girl,
She lov'd a stoker brave,
And of her hair a glossy curl,
That girl that stoker gave.
He press'd one hand upon his heart,
The other to his eye;
And knowing they were doomed to part,
That stoker heav'd a sigh.

Before the lattice open wide,
Behold that stoker stand,
He cries "Wilt be a stoker's bride,
Wilt take a stoker's hand?"
The words had scarcely left his tongue,
Ere pealing loudly by,
The Railway starting-bell is rung,
The stoker heaves a sigh.

"Ah, dearest once I us'd to dream—"
His voice was heard no more,
The whistle gives its frantic scream,
The engine gives a roar.
The stoker hurries to the train,
They 're off! away they fly;
He heaves the coals, for 'twould be vain
Just now to heave a sigh.

PEERS OF PEN AND INK.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is a modest man; all Prime Ministers are; it is the weakness of their station. Nevertheless, SIR ROBERT is an especial victim to the official diffidence. He complains that HER MAJESTY has allowed Her by Her faithful Commons only £1,200 a year—half-a-handful of crumbs from the State table—for the literary and scientific Lazaruses in their feebleness and old age: £1,200 a year, a sum which, no doubt, in its insignificance is conducive of much distress to the royal mind,—and yet, SIR ROBERT PEEL will not ask Parliament for an additional grant. If a young Princess is to be married, that she may enrich a pauper prince of royal German blood,—SIR ROBERT puts on the face of an unabashed mendicant, and boldly asks for thousands per annum. He asks, and has. He can speak out for a PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF CAMBRIDGE, but MINERVA herself might wither in a garret, with the regret of the Minister that HER MAJESTY had "only £1,200 a year" for every branch of knowledge. Wherefore, then, does not SIR ROBERT pluck up his courage, and ask for an additional thousand or two in the name of the humanities?

But literary and scientific men need not alms: they want no pensions. What they demand, and what sooner or later they *will* have, is a just recognition of their great claims on the consideration and gratitude of government. When a man of literary genius dies—a man who has enriched the world with immortal thoughts—with wealth imperishable—it is thought a mighty piece of benevolence on the part of a Minister if he bestows some fifty pounds on the dead man's family. Foolish, superficial folks, cry "what magnanimity!" Yes; this is deemed on the part of a Minister a humane and graceful mode of acknowledging the claims of genius. France, Prussia, and America, might teach us better. They invest their literary man with state distinction: they clothe him with office, as the noblest representative of national greatness. In England, the literary man is a creature disowned by the State; never permitted to come within the doors of the Palace, lest, we presume, the footmen should catch literature as children catch measles. He is considered by the English aristocracy as a clever kind of vagabond—a better sort of RAMO SAMEE, to amuse by books, instead of knives and balls. Had WASHINGTON IRVING been born an Englishman, he had never, even as a diner-out, seen the inside of St. James's. He is an American author, and, therefore, is he Ambassador at Madrid. What a wide, a monstrous look of contempt would aristocracy put on if it were proposed to send CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ. as Ambassador to Florence! How would the LONDONDERRYS have stared if the late THOMAS HOOD had been gazetted Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington! HOOD himself—it would have been thought—had never written anything so droll! But HOOD dies in penury, and it is a fine thing—a gracious act—for the English Prime Minister to bestow fifty pounds upon those the man of genius leaves behind! English Ministers can only play the MÆCENAS over a man's coffin. Why do they not reward him with dignified employment when alive?

Having alluded to HOOD, we may here express our delight that the subscription set a-foot for those who were dear to him, has been nobly contributed to by Manchester. The stout-hearted men of Birmingham and other places, will, of course, follow the goodly example.

THE CITY GRAND JUNCTION TURTLE AND GENERAL SOUP COMPANY.

WE have seen the prospectus of a new Company that will shortly be started in the City, under the patronage of the Common Council. The Company proposes to lay down pipes for supplying soup from BIRCH'S to Guildhall and the principal chambers and counting-houses of the metropolis. The terms, which are rated very low, will be so much a quarter, and persons will call to collect the "soup-rate" as regularly as they do the water-rate. The only difficulty will be in deciding upon the particular soup that is to be laid on in each street; but this has been already obviated in many thoroughfares by several houses accommodatingly having the same taste: for instance, amongst the Aldermen the unanimity for turtle was found to be wonderful. Prospectuses will be issued in a few days with maps of the city, through which this projected line and its different branches will pass; and shares can be obtained by applying at the Terminus of the Company, the back-kitchen, BIRCH'S, Cornhill.

SPORTS ABOVE STAIRS.

THE *Liverpool Mercury* says, "A cricket-match, between the Preston and Manchester Clubs, is on the *tapis*." This is the first time we have ever heard of a drawing-room being the best field for a cricket-match. We should like amazingly to have seen this match played on the *tapis*. We suppose the runs took place between the fireplace and the door, the wickets being made of the tongs and poker at one end, and umbrellas and walking-sticks at the other. The scouts, of course, were looking out on the balcony to catch the ball, if it came through the window.

THE ASCOT CUP DAY.

"Why are you on the crossing, James? Is your father Hill?
"No. He's drove mother down to Hascot.

STIGGINS IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the galleries of the Jesuit College of Rome hang a series of portraits, villanously painted for the most part, of defunct brothers of that Society. Round the foreheads of every tenth man or so, you see painted a little circle of vermilion—not by way of ornament, for it is an ugly head-dress, but to signify that the person so decorated has met with death, in the pursuit of his missionary labours among the Heathen.

At the Propaganda, where they teach, preach, and sing, in every language in the world, young men are pointed out to you, who in addition to the black dress, have a little red cord, which means that they are *doomed to death*. They go to China, take the native habit and dress, preach there until discovered, and die as hundreds of their brethren have done before them. These are the men whose abominable artifices and superstitions are constantly attacked in Exeter Hall.

This line of martyrdom is by no means the line of our missionary Fathers—Fathers, indeed, and with large families too; but though they labour more comfortably, they perform many wondrous things.

We suggest, that against next May meeting (there will be plenty of time) Mr. Dandeson Coates, the Secretary of the British Propaganda, should get up a picture-gallery for the edification of the good souls who come up to subscribe to the missions, and pay and console our martyrs before they go forth to their work.

In New Zealand, for instance, let us have pictures of their sufferings, persecutions, and the miracles they have performed—yes, miracles. There was Father Kendal: Mr. Buller tells us, in his speech, that he purchased *forty square miles of land with thirty-six axes*. Was not this working wonders? This martyr should be painted with an axe in the corner of the picture, as Bartholomew is with a gridiron, or Catharine with a wheel.

Father Williams, that Converter of the Heathen, should have a fine canvass dedicated to himself and his large family. "He got 11,000 acres of land out of the natives," Mr. Buller says—and Dandeson Coates declares this is what every family missionary ought to do.

Father Taylor got 50,000 acres. Fairburn got 40,000 (Dandeson says they are going *to give it back again*—a subject for another picture). Another little army of twenty-three martyrs put in their claim for 186,000 acres. Let all their portraits be painted, and hung up in Lincoln's Inn Fields for the encouragement of other missionaries, and to induce the public to give more money to poor fellows who can't cultivate their land without capital.

These proud achievements belong to the Church alone. The Roman Catholics in New Zealand have not asked or taken an acre. There is only one little job among the Wesleyans; and what was the consequence? The man who executed it was disowned, and immediately excluded from that unworthy and sectarian body. Let us trust he has found refuge in Dandeson's pale.

Mr. Jerningham Wakefield tells us in his book, that the admirable Fathers (bless them for their benevolence and Christian good-will!) have taught the natives not to put their trust in any man of the world, or to bargain with the European traders who might cheat them, as the Fathers never do; and they call all the non-missionary colonists *Devils*. Devils of course—and what is the duty of their reverences? Why, to cast out the devils to be sure, and to keep the natives from all danger.

THE FLEET STREET RACES.

A very animated race took place last Tuesday at this celebrated meeting. The City Tollman and the Butcher-boy started precisely at three from the corner of Chancery Lane, and went off in beautiful style, the Butcher-boy taking the lead, though he carried many pounds extra-weight, and maintaining it as far as St. Dunstan's Church. Opposite Serjeant's Inn, he was full two wheels a-head of the City Tollman, but when they neared Bouverie Street, the City Tollman picked up a bit, owing to the badness of the ground, and was gaining rapidly upon the Butcher-boy, when the latter, by dexterously applying the whip, shot by his adversary, and completely distanced him. He would certainly have won the race, in glorious style, if a Patent Safety driver, who was quietly exercising his horse up and down the middle of the course, had not cut in before him, and nearly thrown him from his seat. As it was, the Butcher-boy protested against the City Tollman pocketing the stakes. The winner was not claimed. We feel bound to state, before concluding our report of this well-contested race, that the police regulations all along the line were shamefully deficient, and that the grand stand was occupied as usual by the same number of unhired cabs.

GREAT MEETING OF CATS!

Not many nights ago, a large and very respectable meeting of cats was held on the tiles of the House of Commons, for the purpose of petitioning the members beneath them, for an act of protection similar to that one in the House for the safety of dogs. Mr. Finewhisker was unanimously called to the chimney-pot; and proceeded to open the business of the night. The idea of the meeting was wholly due to Mr. Hume, who had asked with a sneer why, if dogs were to be protected, cats should not be also made property by law? He (the Chairman) would also put that question, though not in the spirit of the hon. member, in whose teeth he indignantly flung back the sneer. (*Loud mewing.*) The fact was, they would never be safe, until they were made game of. He asked, why should not cats be placed on an equal footing with hares? (*Reiterated mewing.*) He saw very little difference between 'em. In fact, they had been known on a pinch to do the duty of hares, and why should they not be equally protected? He thought that Mr. Grantley Berkeley—for that true-hearted sportsman would make game of anything—should be entrusted with their petition.

Mrs. Creamlap next addressed the meeting—but in so low a voice that she was sometimes almost inaudible. However, we understood her to say, that the wrongs of cats were past belief. No creature suffered more from the tyranny of political economists. Even housemaids were bitten with the notion of superabundant population, and drowned kittens by fives and sixes. She herself had only a fortnight since lost four little ones—all of 'em soused in a pail. (*Sensation.*) She had, perhaps, no more right to complain than any other cat, but she begged to know—and perhaps Sir James Graham would answer the question—why the same principle wasn't carried out with babies at the Unions?

Mr. Mouser said it was an undeniable fact that certain Jews—(*Cries of "order"*)—he begged pardon—gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion absolutely traded in the skins of cats. They were flayed—it had been proved—alive to meet a demand for caps. No one present was certain that he should return home with his fur on his back! He asked, was this a state of things to be continued? (*Cries of "No!"*) It had been said that cats were of no value. He would not trespass on the meeting by any allusion to the cat of Whittington—neither would he speak of the famous Tortoise-shell Tom-cat, whose memory was embalmed in comic song; but he would ask, if greyhounds were to be guarded by the law—he would ask why mousers should be unprotected? (*Loud mewing.*)

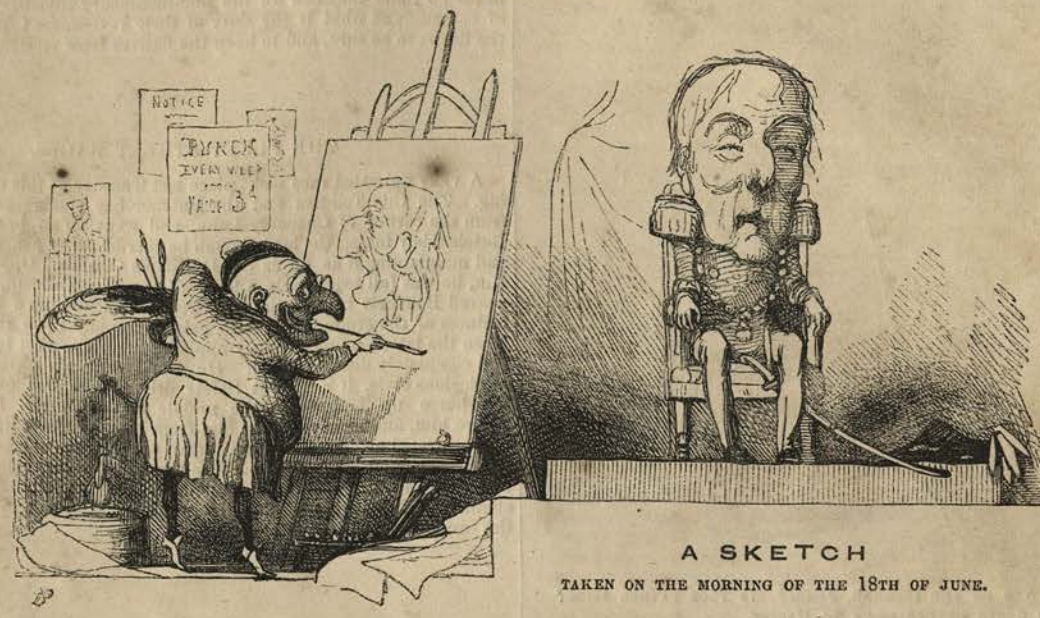
Certain resolutions were then passed, and a petition drawn up; and it was further agreed that Mr. Grantley Berkeley should be solicited to advocate feline interests. The Chairman, in returning thanks, produced a great effect by a beautiful quotation, beginning—

"Hereditary tabbies, know ye not—"

We regret that the rest escaped us.

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

From our own Reporter.



A SKETCH

TAKEN ON THE MORNING OF THE 18TH OF JUNE.

This gathering took place, as usual, at Apsley House, on the 18th—the glorious eighteenth. The *Morning Chronicle* says "covers were laid on this occasion for 76." This is a mistake; and as we shall subsequently show, a very important mistake. The number was 77!

All the arrangements were the same as those observed for a succession of years. There was the same gorgeous display of plate—there was the Wellington Shield in all its massive beauty and effulgence!

The dinner over, Her Majesty's health was drunk with acclamations. After which the Duke of Wellington rose to give the health of Prince Albert. His Royal Highness (said his Grace) was, indeed, a very young soldier; but his military ardour was most pleasingly conspicuous. (*Cheers.*) It was delightful to see him in the van of all the picture shops. His Royal Highness had been painted in, it was impossible to say how many uniforms: and if he, the Duke, knew anything of what made a soldier, he would argue from the bold and determined way in which, in his picture, his Royal Highness held his hussar-cap—he would (said the Duke) prophecy for the Prince, in the event of a war, a grove of never-fading laurel. (*Cheers.*) He could not sit down without also alluding to the graceful, yet sagacious way, in which his Royal Highness, in another picture, held his *bâton de maréchal*. It was very pretty—more than pretty; it was great. He would confidently refer the company to the window of Mr. Colnaghi to bear him out. His Grace concluded by proposing—"Health to the soldier, Prince Albert!"

Band,—"*How happy the soldier who lives on his pay.*"

His Royal Highness replied to the toast. It was not for him, in the presence of such veterans, to speak of his own military achievements. Yet he hoped he had done something for the service. He had sat and stood for—the number escaped us, but we think his Royal Highness said five hundred—military portraits of himself (*Cheers*). He was as ready to stand and sit for as many more! (*Renewed cheers.*) He hoped—in the flattering words of the distinguished Duke—he hoped yet to lead the van of the picture shops, as a Colonel of French Cuirassiers—as a Chief of the Cossacks—as an Officer of the Chapelgorris—as, in fact, an officer of any and every military force whatever! (*Enthusiastic cheers.*) He might also be allowed to state that he had made a new hat for a part of the army—(*Sensation*)—a hat that took away something from the hitherto inflexible sternness of the infantry, and gave to the wearer a certain air of low comedy—if he might use the expression—that, as he was credibly informed, had had a slaughtering effect on the Park nursery-maids (*Laughter*). He had also—though it pained him to speak of his military achievements—he had also invented a new uniform for his regiment. He had clothed His Own in cherry-coloured trousers; thereby expressing a significant hint to all the universe that he and his corps were ready to shed their blood for the defence of their country (*Loud cheers*). His Royal Highness in conclusion gave "The health of the Duke of Wellington—the laurel-crowned Wellington!"

The Noble and Gallant Host—amid enthusiastic cheering—rose. He said, the recurrence of that day brought him great pleasure, though not unmingled with pain. Looking around that board, he could not but feel that many who were last year present—many who had shared the storm of battle with him—were now no more. He would, however, not dwell upon the theme. His Royal Highness had been pleased to speak of his (the Duke's) laurels. He could not deny the possession of them; but whilst he did not underrate their value, it was his earnest prayer that the world would never again behold such a wreath; purchased with so much misery, so much anguish to the great family of man. In every leaf of the soldier's laurel were blood and tears. He had seen a great deal of the horrors of conquest, and it was his prayer that this country, at least, would for ever be spared a renewal of the misery. In a word, he trusted that War had had its day. (The Noble Duke, after a short pause, then continued.) His friends might be surprised to see among them Private —— (the name and the regiment escaped us, but his Grace pointed smilingly to a private soldier at the bottom of the table). They would perceive that he was an old man—that he wore the Waterloo medal. He (his Grace) had thought that as the chiefs of Waterloo were every year thinned by death—he had thought, he said, that it would be honourable to themselves, that it would be pleasing to the Army at large, to see at least one private soldier at that table—one private veteran, who had distinguished himself at Waterloo—so that whilst they paid due honour to humble worth in the person of an individual, they themselves might not for a moment forget that it was to the bone and muscle and indomitable courage of the masses of the British empire that the victory—under Providence—was to be ascribed. The Noble Duke then gave "The health of Private —— (again the name escaped us; so let us call him Private Seventy-Seven), and the common soldiers who fought at Waterloo!" (*Drunk with cheers.*)

Band,—"*A man's a man for a' that.*"

Private Seventy-Seven rose, made the military salute, tossed off his glass, and with swimming eyes and a voice touched with emotion, cried, "God bless you, gentlemen,—thank'ee!"

The simple eloquence of the man had a marked effect upon the veteran chiefs, who were evidently as much surprised as delighted by the unexpected invitation of Private Seventy-Seven by the Hero of a Hundred Fights.

The meeting separated at an early hour.

We have now, as faithful chroniclers of events, merely to observe, that we trust our contemporaries will in future give a more authentic account of the Waterloo Banquet. Not that we feel quite satisfied with ourselves that we have not obtained the name of the humble guest of the Eighteenth; and hereupon offer as a reward the Eight Volumes of *Punch* to any one who will favour us with the true name of the private soldier whom, in our need, we have been compelled to distinguish as Private Seventy-Seven!

THE NATIONAL DRAMA.

Some wicked wag last week wrote over the portico of Drury Lane, just under the statue of Shakspere, "This is the Original Bunn House."

THE "UNCROWNED MONARCH'S" NEXT LEVEE.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

BROUGHAM'S HAND-BOOK FOR POLITICAL BOXING.

The art of Political Boxing is one in the cultivation of which I have spent the best and most valuable part of my life, and I willingly give the world the benefit of my experience.

I am, by the by, prepared to take pupils, and specimens of my style may be seen almost every evening in full operation in the House of Lords. My favourite pupil Roebuck, known as the Bath Slasher, attends nightly for the same purpose in the House of Commons.

In hitting a blow at your adversary, be sure that you are quite ready to get away. My pupil Roebuck is a perfect master of this fine manœuvre. He hits out very fiercely, and gets clear off just as his opponent is preparing to retaliate.

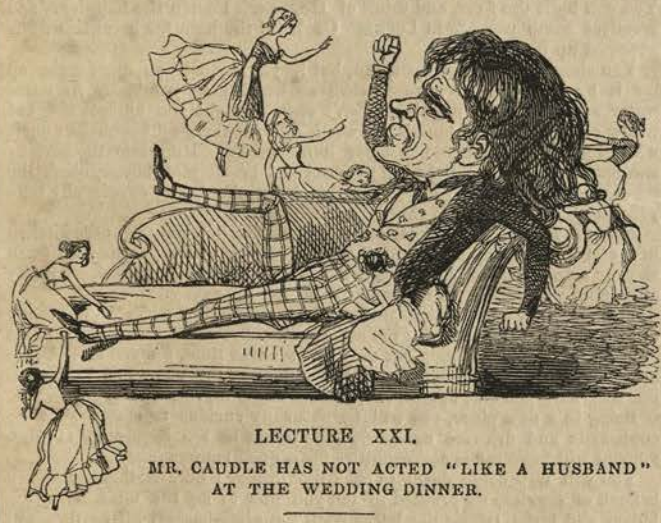
Getting the nob into Chancery is a very fine achievement. I once got several nobs into Chancery, and I certainly gave several of them severe punishment. This Chancery manœuvre has been a capital thing for me, as I still enjoy a pension on account of it.

Throwing is a good trick in political boxing. I have been thrown once or twice myself; I struggled for the fall, but down I went, though I contrived to punish my adversary pretty well afterwards.

In my political sparring I find it capital exercise to be always at it, and I think it a good plan to be constantly hitting out right and left at something and somebody. It is not a bad notion to spar with one's own servant, which I often do for exercise.

I may furnish a few more rules hereafter, if the above should be approved and are likely to be acted on.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.



LECTURE XXI.

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? *You never talked such nonsense?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; *I* have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!

"Yes, I *will* talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? *You couldn't sit beside me to-day?* That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! *How have you used me?* Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. *How* have you used me!

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! *How did you talk?* Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing: just as if she was a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? *And bad's the best?* If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. *You didn't say it?* What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here: that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? *I made you invite 'em?* Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? *Didn't I hear him say so?* Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her. *What do I mean?* Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so!—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there? No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—what do you say? *You might as well have married a hedgehog?* Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. *I* had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? *Only twice?* Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? *She praised my plum-pudding?* Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time—if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures!—what have *they* done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and *that* Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? *How was it*

managed? Why, plain enough. Of course, you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You 'd settled that, between you. Yes; and when she played a trick, instead of leading off a trump—*she* play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—It was impossible that *her* heart should mistake! And this, MR. CAUDLE, before people—with your own wife in the room!

"And MISS PRETTYMAN—I won't hold my tongue. I *will* talk of MISS PRETTYMAN: who 's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? *She sings like a mermaid?* Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings, but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. '*I love somebody*,' indeed; as if I did'nt know who was meant by that 'somebody'; and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

"However, MR. CAUDLE, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes CAUDLE, "she kept her word."

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

ETTY, "first catch your fish" is a golden rule for a cook, and first catch your situation is a very necessary piece of advice to be given to servants in general. The choice of a mistress requires as much judgment as the choice of poultry; and you should be careful not to pick out a very old bird in either case. The best market to go to in order to suit yourself is a servant's bazaar—as it is called—where mistresses are always on view for servants to select from. On being shown up to a lady, you should always act and talk as if you were hiring her, instead of wanting to be hired. You should examine her closely as to the company she keeps, and the number of her family; when, if there is any insuperable objection—such as the absence of a footman, a stipulation against perquisites, a total prohibition of a grease-pot, or a denial of the right of visit, by a refusal to allow followers—in either or all of these cases, it will be as well to tell "the lady" plainly that you must decline her situation. It is a good general rule to be the first to give a refusal, and, when you find you are not likely to suit the place, a bold assertion that the place will not suit you, prevents any compromise of your dignity. If you like the appearance and manner of the party requiring your assistance, but with some few concessions to be made, the best way to obtain them will be by declaring that you never heard of any "lady" requiring—whatever it may be that you have set your face against. By laying a stress on the word "lady," you show your knowledge of the habits of the superior classes; and as the person hiring you will probably wish to imitate their ways, she will perhaps take your hint as to what a "lady" ought to do, and dispense with conditions, which, on your authority, are pronounced unlady-like. If a situation seems really desirable you should evince a willingness, and profess an ability, to do anything, and everything. If you get the place, and are ever called upon to fulfil your promises, it is easy to say you did not exactly understand you would be expected to do this, or that; and as people generally dislike changing, you will, most probably, be able to retain your place.

When asked if you are fond of children, you should not be content with saying simply "yes," but you should indulge in a sort of involuntary, "Bless their little hearts!" which has the double advantage of appearing to mean everything, while it really pledges you to nothing. Never stick out for followers, if they are objected to; though you may ask permission for a cousin to come and see you; and as you do not say which cousin, provided only one comes at a time, you may have half-a-dozen to visit you. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot do any better, there is always the police to fall back upon. By-the-way, as the police cannot be in every kitchen at once, it might answer the purpose of the female servants throughout London, to establish police sweeps, on the principle of the Derby lotteries, or the Art-Union. Each subscriber might draw a number, and if the number happened to be that of the policeman on duty, she would be entitled to him as a *beau*, during a specified period.

Always stipulate for beer-money, and propose it less for your own advantage than as a measure of economy to your mistress, urging that when there is beer in the house it is very likely to get wasted. You will, of course, have the milk in your eye when proposing this arrangement.

Tea and sugar must not be much insisted on, for they are now seldom given, but this does not prevent them from being very frequently taken.

Having said thus much by way of preliminary advice, we commence our guides to service with

THE MAID OF ALL-WORK.

ON arriving in your new place you get from the servant who is going away the character of your new mistress. She has already had yours, and you have a right to know hers, which, as it is given by a domestic, who is most probably discharged, will, of course, be a very bad one.

When your predecessor has taken her departure, your mistress may, perhaps, come into the kitchen and tell you what you will have to do, or, at least, a part of it. She will show you the bells, and tell you which is the house bell, which the parlour bell, which the drawing-room bell, and which are the bells of the different bed-rooms; but she will not tell you how you are to answer them when they are all ringing at once, which may occasionally happen. As it will probably be late when you arrive, you will have to carry up the tray for supper, when you will be stared at, and scrutinised as the new servant, by the whole of the family. Let us now look at your wardrobe. Two of each article will be enough, for if the washing is done once a week you have a change; but if only once in three weeks you must contrive to supply yourself with the smaller articles, such as stockings and pocket handkerchiefs, from the family stock of linen.

As a maid of all work, you have the great advantage of being a good deal alone, and can therefore indulge in the pleasures of philosophy. You can light the fires, and think of HOBBES. Fasten the hall-door, and recollect some passage in LOCKE. Or broil the ham for breakfast while wrapped up in BACON.

You should rise early if you can, but if you cannot you must make up for it by hurrying over your work as quickly as possible. As warm water will be wanted up stairs, don't stop to light the kitchen fire, but throw on two or three bundles of wood, and set them all burning at once, when you will have some hot water immediately. Run into the parlour and open the shutters, light the fire, cut the bread and butter, clean the shoes, make the toast; and when this is on the table, devote any time you may have to spare to sweeping the carpet.

Now the family having come down to breakfast you may light the kitchen fire, and then run up and make the beds. After which you may sit down to your own breakfast, having previously, of course, taken the opportunity of helping yourself to tea and sugar from the tea-caddy.

You may now go up stairs, professedly to sweep the bedrooms, but really to look out of window, and if the street is a narrow one talk to the servant opposite. Besides, looking out of window saves time, for you are able to answer the fifty people who come to the door in the course of the morning with hair-brooms, apples, carpets and rugs, tapes and stay-laces.

Being in a new place, you will be naturally curious to examine all the cupboards and drawers up-stairs, but do not be too inquisitive at first, for you will have other opportunities for a good rummage.

You will now come down to cook the dinner; but, as this is another branch of service, we proceed to tell you how to lay the table. Lay the knives and forks, taking the latter from the plate-basket, where they will be kept, though they are probably only Britannia metal or German silver; nevertheless, call it "the plate," as it will gratify your mistress.

If the family should be addicted to display, without means, you will have to set round doyleys and wine-glasses, with a decanter containing a remnant of British wine, which will not be touched, but will be brought on "for the look of the thing" every day after dinner. The time has now arrived for your own meal, and make the most of it. Secure all the tit-bits, and if you cannot manage to get through the whole of them at dinner, put away part of them for supper.

About this time the afternoon's milk will arrive, and if you have beer-money you will take some of the milk out for your own use, taking care to fill up with warm water, so that you do not cheat your mistress of her quantity. You will be in the middle of washing up your dishes, when the family will want tea, and you will have just sat down to your own tea, when you will probably be asked to do some mending. The best way to put a stop to this is to turn sulky, do the work badly, or express the greatest surprise, declaring that all the time you have been out to service you never, &c., and would be glad to know who on earth, &c., &c., &c.

You must not forget to cultivate your mind, and for this purpose you had better take in the "Penny Magazine," and if you read it through every week, your head at the end of the year will be full of volcanic rocks, the solar system, primary strata, electric eels, organic remains, and hints for preserving gooseberries.

On washing days there will probably be a woman come to wash; and in the mutual confidence of the tub, you will probably become very friendly. You may, no doubt, be of great service to each other, you in giving her bits of this and that, while she may serve you by becoming the agent for the disposal of your kitchen-stuff.

Do not fall a victim to low spirits, and, above all, avoid sentiment. A morbid-minded maid of all work, whose heart has been carried off in the butcher's tray, the milkman's can, or the baker's basket, is for ever lost. Never hang your affections on a policeman's staff. The force is proverbially fickle, and many a servant girl has pined with a hopeless passion for one who has moved in a superior station.

One of the most trying situations for a maid of all work, is in a house where there are lodgers. She will, very likely, have to take everything at once to everybody at once. She will be having the first floor and the two-pair back clamouring at the same time for the only tea-pot in the house, while the parlour will be calling angrily for his boots, which have been taken by mistake to the garret, who is writhing in intense agony for his highlows.

But philosophy and the "Penny Magazine" will be a balance for all the annoyances which chequer the life of the MAID OF ALL WORK.

BOBADILS OF THE PRESS.

WHEN we read anonymous abuse of the dead, we more than suspect cowardice and malignity in the nameless scribbler; and sooth to say, such is our suspicion of the writer of what he calls *Personal Recollections of Thomas Campbell, Esq.*, now appearing in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Until we see the name of the writer affixed to them—until we can weigh that name with his statements teeming as they do with charges of meanness, dishonesty, and the grossest invective, we must even believe that the truth is not in him. Our doubts of him begin with the beginning of his theme. Let the reader judge of the spirit of truthfulness—of the decency of the person who spatters his ink upon the dead.

The writer first met CAMPBELL at one of the Polish balls at Guildhall, although he had—

"Little sympathy for those annual gatherings of shopkeeping fashionables and mountebank patrons of a brave nation—*for the benevolence and biscuits*, the humanity and *coffee swilling* exquisitely *blended*, which LORD DUDLEY STUART *believes to be the perfection of philanthropy*."

The writer tells us, he had "written a youthful diatribe against NICHOLAS;" and he further says—

"So many compliments had been paid to me on the excellence of my composition, that I thought myself in courtesy bound to go; and go I did, though not without many *an innate shudder* at the approaching meeting with *the tallow chandlers and pork-sellers, and* THE GREASY-FISTED CLARINDAS *in the City*."

Have we not quoted enough? Does not the reader at once appreciate the claims of this person to credibility? The poor creature who speaks of English gentlewomen, the wives and daughters of English merchants, as "greasy-fisted Clarindas," is of course to be believed when he puts in the mouth of the dead the basest and foulest sentiments that inventive malice can bestow.

And then who *is* the writer? Some fine young Irish nobleman, that he should feel "an innate shudder" at the thoughts of greasy fists? Will the Hibernian Grandee favour the world with his name and address, that, acknowledging his rank, it may even now sympathise with his late sufferings? Is he lord, viscount, earl, or marquess?

After the above, the reader will as readily believe in CAMPBELL'S cold, glassy eyes—"like those of a dead haddock"—and in all the blackguardism and abuse of his contemporaries put into his mouth by the "shuddering" nobleman, as in the existence of the "greasy-fisted Clarindas" at the ball in question, or at the like recent gathering on the 13th inst.

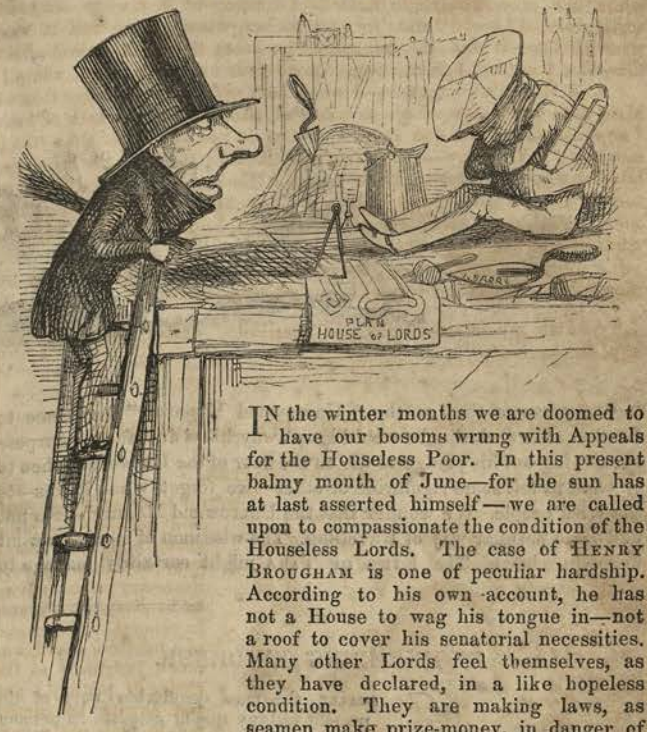
The "shuddering" anonymous inquires of CAMPBELL, "if there were any truth in a story which ALLAN CUNNINGHAM had published respecting him?" Whereupon—

"CAMPBELL'S lips quivered with rage. 'CUNNINGHAM,' said he, '*was the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland*'."

We believe that a son survives MR. CUNNINGHAM, and to his filial attention we consign the "shuddering" chronicler.

In conclusion, we ask the conductors of the Magazine, if they believe that they vindicate the true purposes of literature by giving currency to personal slander, unsupported as it is by any name? We well knew that there were unhappy creatures, willing to turn pen and ink to most malicious purposes; but we certainly believed that such persons would not be allowed to crawl in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE HOUSELESS LORDS.



IN the winter months we are doomed to have our bosoms wrung with Appeals for the Houseless Poor. In this present balmy month of June—for the sun has at last asserted himself—we are called upon to compassionate the condition of the Houseless Lords. The case of HENRY BROUGHAM is one of peculiar hardship. According to his own account, he has not a House to wag his tongue in—not a roof to cover his senatorial necessities. Many other Lords feel themselves, as they have declared, in a like hopeless condition. They are making laws, as seamen make prize-money, in danger of their lives. MR. BARRY long ago promised that they should be taken in, and properly provided for; and the Lords very properly complain that MR. BARRY has only carried out the first part of his promise. He even now refuses to say *when* the new Houses of Parliament will be ready. He shelters himself—LORD BROUGHAM more than insinuates—under the protection of PRINCE ALBERT; who, it is well known, is the head of the Commission for the Parliamentary Fine Arts; and it is, indeed, very loudly whispered in circles—as the *Post* would say—most likely to be well-informed on the matter, that the building now in course of erection, ostensibly for the accommodation of the Lords and Commons, will be solely devoted as a Picture Gallery for all the Portraits (if, indeed, without a further grant they can be crowded into it,) of the Head of the Fine Arts; that is, of PRINCE ALBERT himself!

Under these circumstances, the Lords must look after themselves. We do not see why they should not—as people hold their whist clubs—carry on the business of legislation at one another's houses; with easy-chairs, chicken and champagne, for the reporters.

We regret to observe that some very painful sparring has taken place between LORD BROUGHAM and MR. BARRY. His Lordship says, "MR. BARRY'S promise is not worth the paper it is written on;" and MR. BARRY, in a low voice, has been heard to declare that the surest way for his Lordship to make paper of no worth whatever, was to write upon it. On this point, MR. BARRY confidently appealed to LORD BROUGHAM'S publisher.

THE LINCOLN'S INN FLOWER SHOW.

A FLOWER SHOW on a somewhat extensive scale has taken place in Lincoln's Inn New Square within the past week, and the attendance of lawyers has been somewhat numerous. Among the specimens, we particularly noticed the *Daisy Lyndhurstiana*, or Chancellor's buttercup, which excited considerable attention. A *Marigoldia Knight Brucica* was also the subject of much admiration, and it obtained the prize of the japanned watering-pot, given by the Ironmongers' Society as an encouragement to horticulture. Among the shrubs, we particularly noticed *Ashica Mortua Facta Super*—a dead, done-up ash, which fell a victim to a disturbance of the system in its old age, having been violently torn away from its native land when turned forty.

One or two of these veteran trees have been already moved twice; and as three removes are said to be as good—which means as bad—as a fire, they may as well be burned at once, if there is any idea of further disturbing them.

ARRIVAL OF KING DAN.

We presume that as the "Uncrowned Monarch" has come to London, after declaring he would keep away, his visit is for the purpose of carrying out his pledge to die on the floor of the House, and then to go back to tell some rigmarole or other—we forget what it was—to the Irish people. We wonder that the Uncrowned Monarch does not find some peculiar way of travelling. The wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. The King of Tara might certainly manage to cross the water in a washing-tub. He has done almost everything else that clowns and mountebanks have attempted, so that he need not stop short at the feat of sailing along in a tub drawn by geese, which he could, no doubt, accomplish, if he gave his mind to it. He guides and drives geese on shore with considerable skill, so that it is not likely he would fail in the same achievement on another element.

ENGINEERING EVIDENCE.

Usually the most profitable part of the present railway mania consists in persons going before the committees of the House of Commons to give what is called engineering evidence. Engineers are consequently in very great request; and while they are at their present tremendous premium, *Punch* has it in contemplation to take a few pupils, and qualify them for giving their testimony at ten guineas a day from each committee before which they are examined.

Punch undertakes to qualify any one to pass an examination in the following triumphant style, for a bonus of fifty pounds, and a share in the profits of the evidence.

Q. Now, sir, can you explain the engineering advantages of this line?

A. I can.

Q. Do so, if you please, in your own manner.

A. It is obvious that if I take a mean isosceles triangle of three-and-a-quarter, it gives a gradient of five to the square inch; and thus tunnelling will be avoided through at least one-half of the line.

Q. But how about the embankments?

A. If I cut a square inch out of a rhomboid, and throw it off at right angles, it is clear that there can be no support to the sides. If, on the other hand, I establish a fulcrum on the surface of a spheroid plane, it is impossible that the embankments can fall in; and this, I take it, is the great advantage of the proposed line.

The Chairman. Allow us to ask, sir, whether you think a gradient of two will be sufficient.

A. Certainly I do. If I had a lever and a screw now in the room, I would undertake to show in five minutes that a patent axle, working on a broad gauge and going consecutively in rotation after a double stuffing-box, would be of itself sufficient to do all that is required.

This answer created the greatest excitement in the committee-room, and strangers were at once ordered to withdraw, that the committee might deliberate. In a quarter of an hour the public were re-admitted, and the chairman said he had only one more question to ask of the last witness. It was simply this: Can it be possible for the broad gauge to wear out the cylinder of a single valve, without tearing off the siphon-cock from the main boiler?

The witness, after making a few drawings in his note-book, and a reference to a five-foot rule, with which he measured the table in three different directions, answered deliberately, and with great emphasis—Certainly not.

The chairman immediately announced the preamble of the bill to be proved; and the rush to the door was so overwhelming, that our reporter was carried into Group Z, and thence on to the Palace-yard cab-stand. Expresses were waiting for every part of the kingdom, and the shares immediately went up to 75, at which everybody refused to realise; but a flaw having been discovered after every one had left the room, and before the committee had finally broken up, the bill was subsequently declared to be lost, and the shares fell to 2, with a downward tendency.

TEMPLE TACTICS.

It is to be regretted that professional success cannot always be accomplished by legitimate means, and we are sorry to see that several most deserving junior barristers have resorted to the system of posting placards on the outside of their chamber-doors, as an attraction to clients. We do not mean to say that they have enormous posters announcing—"alarming sacrifices;" "briefs at reduced prices;" or "motions of course, at one-third of the usual charge;" but we allude to a more delicate kind of puffing, which is becoming by far too general. The practice to which we allude, consists of shutting the outer door, and putting on the outside little notices, to the effect, that Mr.—— is at Westminster Hall or the House of Commons, when he is very possibly inside his chambers, cooking—or attempting to cook—his own chop with the Bachelor's Dispatch, which undertakes to boil an egg, fry a steak, toast a bit of bread, and heat a gallon of water, all in five minutes—a feat, which sometimes terminates with an explosion of the whole apparatus.

It would be a good speculation to print a few announcements for the doors of barristers' chambers; and we subjoin one or two, as specimens.

"Mr. ——, privately engaged with his honour, the Master of the Rolls."

"Mr. ——, lunching with the Lord Chancellor."

"Mr. ——, having just received a refresher, gone into the refreshment-room at the House of Commons."

Notices in the above style would add to the personal as well as the professional *éclat* which it is sought to gain by them.

Curiosities of Newspaper Literature.

Among the advertisements of the last week, we find the following remarkable announcements of facts, which fairly come under the head of phenomena. We are told in one place that there may be had "An airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide." The bed-room ought, indeed, to be airy to accommodate a gentleman of these dimensions. Again, we read of "A house for a family in good repair," which is advertised to be let with immediate possession. A family in good repair, means, no doubt, one in which none of the members are at all cracked. The last oddity to which we shall call attention, is an announcement of there being now vacant "A delightful gentleman's residence." The "delightful gentleman" must be rather proud of his delightful qualities, to allow himself to be thus strangely advertised.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXII.

CAUDLE COMES HOME IN THE EVENING, AS MRS. CAUDLE HAS "JUST STEPPED OUT, SHOPPING." ON HER RETURN, AT TEN, CAUDLE REMONSTRATES.

R. CAUDLE, you ought to have had a slave—yes, a black slave, and not a wife. I'm sure, I'd better been born a negro at once—much better. *What's the matter now?* Well, I like that. Upon my life, MR. CAUDLE, that's very cool. I can't leave the house just to buy a yard of riband, but you storm enough to carry the roof off. *You didn't storm?—you only spoke?* Spoke, indeed! No, sir: I've not such superfine feelings; and I don't cry out before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for nobody: that is, for nobody in your own house. I only wish you'd show some of your humanity at home, if ever so little—that's all.

"What do you say? *Where's my feelings, to go shopping at night?* When would you have me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gipsy's?" I don't see anything to laugh at, MR. CAUDLE; but you think of anybody's face before your wife's. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it. I dare say, now, if it was MISS PRETTYMAN'S face—now, now, MR. CAUDLE! What are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose MISS PRETTYMAN isn't so wonderful a person that she isn't to be named? I suppose she's flesh and blood. What? *You don't know?* Ha! I dare say.

"What, MR. CAUDLE? *You'll have a separate room? you'll not be tormented in this manner?* No, you won't, sir—not while I'm alive. A separate room! And you call yourself a religious man, MR. CAUDLE? I'd advise you to take down the Prayer Book, and read over the Marriage Service. A separate room, indeed! CAUDLE, you're getting quite a heathen. A separate room! Well, the servants would talk then! But no: no man—not the best that ever trod, CAUDLE—should ever make me look so contemptible.

"I *shan't* go to sleep! and you ought to know me better than to ask me to hold my tongue. Because you come home when I've just stepped out to do a little shopping, you're worse than a fury. I should like to know how many hours I sit up for you? What do you say? *Nobody wants me to sit up?* Ha! that's like the gratitude of men—just like 'em! But a poor woman can't leave the house, that—what? *Why can't I go at reasonable hours?* Reasonable! What do you call eight o'clock? If I went out at eleven and twelve, as you come home, then you might talk; but seven or eight o'clock—why it's the cool of the evening; the nicest time to enjoy a walk; and, as I say, do a little bit of shopping. Oh yes, MR. CAUDLE; I do think of the people that are kept in the shops just as much as you; but that's nothing at all to do with it. I know what you'd have. You'd have all those young men let away early from the counter to improve what you please to call their minds. Pretty notions you pick up among a set of free-thinkers, and I don't know what! When I was a girl, people never talked of minds—intellect, I believe you call it. Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up; and the sooner it goes out, the better.

"Don't tell me! What are shops for, if they're not to be open late and early too? And what are shopmen, if they're not always to attend upon their customers? People pay for what they have, I suppose; and arn't to be told when they shall come and lay their money out, and when they shan't? Thank goodness! if one shop shuts, another keeps open; and I always think it a duty I owe to myself to go to the shop that's open last: it's the only way to punish the shopkeepers that are idle, and give themselves airs about early hours.

"Besides, there's some things I like to buy best at candle-light. Oh, don't talk to me about humanity! Humanity, indeed, for a pack of tall, strapping young fellows—some of 'em big enough to be shown for giants! And what have they to do? Why nothing, but to stand behind a counter, and talk civility. Yes, I know your notions; you say that everybody works too much: I know that. You'd have all the world do nothing half its time but twiddle its thumbs, or walk in the parks, or go to picture-galleries, and museums, and such nonsense. Very fine, indeed; but, thank goodness! the world isn't come to that pass yet.

"What do you say I am, MR. CAUDLE? *A foolish woman, that can't look beyond my own fireside?* O yes, I can; quite as far as you, and a great deal farther. But I can't go out shopping a little with my dear friend MRS. WITTLES—what do you laugh at? Oh, don't they? Don't women know what friendship is? Upon my life you've a nice opinion of us! Oh, yes, we *can*—we can look outside of our own fenders, MR. CAUDLE. And if we can't, it's all the better for our families. A blessed thing it would be for their wives and children if men couldn't either. You wouldn't have lent that five pounds—and I daresay a good many other five pounds that I know nothing of—if you—a lord of the creation!—had half the sense women have. You seldom catch us, I believe, lending five pounds. I should think not.

"No: we won't talk of it to-morrow morning. You're not going to wound my feelings when I come home, and think I'm to say nothing about it. You have called me an inhuman person; you have said I have no thought, no feeling for the health and comfort of my fellow-creatures; I don't know what you haven't called me; and only for buying a—but I shan't tell you what; no, I won't satisfy you there—but you've abused me in this manner, and only for shopping up to ten o'clock. You've a great deal of fine compassion, you have! I'm sure the young man that served me could have knocked down an ox; yes, strong enough to lift a house: but you can pity him—oh yes, you can be all kindness for him, and for the world, as you call it. Oh, CAUDLE, what a hypocrite you are! I only wish the world knew how you treated your poor wife!

"What do you say? *For the love of mercy let you sleep?* Mercy, indeed! I wish you could show a little of it to other people. O yes, I *do* know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I won't. No—you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it: but that's no reason women shouldn't shop just as late as they choose. It's all very fine, as I say, for you men to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket-handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to keep it. That is, I do. You'll never catch me shopping until the very last thing; and—as a matter of principle—I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest. It does the young men good to keep 'em close to business. Improve their minds, indeed! Let 'em out at seven, and they'd improve nothing but their billiards. Besides, if they want to improve themselves, can't they get up, this fine weather, at three? Where there's a will, there's a way, MR. CAUDLE."

"I thought," writes CAUDLE, "that she had gone to sleep. In this hope, I was dozing off, when she nudged me, and thus declared herself:—'CAUDLE, you want nightcaps; but see if I budge to buy 'em till nine at night!'"

Readings in Natural History.

THE ROEBUCK.

"THE Roebuck," says GOLDSMITH, "is the smallest of the deer kind known in our climate;" and it appears to have been growing 'small by degrees, and beautifully less,' till it is now one of the most insignificant animals to be met with even in the Commons. This extraordinary animal sheds its horns, and, indeed, it has been known sometimes to lose its head, particularly during the sitting of Parliament. "The Roebuck," continues GOLDSMITH, "with humble ambition, courts the rising slope." It does not, however, rise very high, though it once took a leap at a bar which astonished every one. The Roebuck's motions are very easy, consisting chiefly of motions of course, which are the easiest of any. It is possessed of much cunning, and is found to make a very good retreat by its various windings. The Roebuck is not a social animal, and though very easily subdued, can never be thoroughly tamed. It is subject to terror without a cause, and, indeed, it seems seldom to have in view a cause of any kind. The Roebuck is never to be entirely relied on, for it has capricious fits of fierceness. This animal is more appreciated in America—particularly in Canada—than it is in Europe.

IMMENSE OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Ainsworth, "on whom the Editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* has devolved," parades a list of contributors to that brilliant periodical, and says he has secured the aid of several writers "*eminent not only for talent*, but for high rank."

Are they of high rank as authors, or in the Red Book? Mr. Ainsworth can't mean that the readers of his Magazine care for an author because he happens to be a lord—a flunky might—but not a gentleman who has any more brains than a fool. A literary gentleman who respects his calling, doesn't surely mean to propitiate the public by saying, "I am going to write for you, and—and Lord Fitzdiddle is going to write too."

Hang it, man, *let* him write—write and be—successful, or write and be—unsuccessful, according to his merits. But don't let us talk about high rank in the republic of letters—let us keep *that* place clear. Publishers have sought for lordlings, we know, and got them to put their unlucky names to works which they never wrote; but don't let men of letters demean themselves in this way.

No, William Harrison, trust to your own powers and genius—trust to the harrowing influence of the "Revelations of London"—trust to the contributors "who have shed a lustre over the Magazine," the enterprising and erudite Whatdyecallem; Thingamy, "whose domestic tales have found an echo in every bosom," and the rest. But don't let us hear any more of high rank as a recommendation.

If we do—look out to hear farther from

PUNCH.

Sonnet,

ON SEEING A STEAMER UPON WINDERMERE.

BY THE LAUREATE.

What incubus, my goodness, have we here,
Cumb'ring the bosom of our lovely lake?—
A steamboat, as I live—without mistake—
Puffing and splashing over Windermere!
What inharmonious shouts assail mine ear?
Shocking poor Echo, that perforce replies—
"Ease her!" and "Stop her!"—frightful, horrid cries!
Mingling with frequent pop of ginger-beer.
Hence, ye profane! To Greenwich, or Blackwall,
From London Bridge—go, steam it if ye will,
Ye Cockneys! and of whitebait eat your fill;
But this is not the place for you at all!
I almost think that, if I had my will,
I 'd sink your vessel with a cannon-ball!

VIEWS ON RAILROADS.

Since we never go anywhere without having an eye to the picturesque, we took our sketch-book with us, intending to make views of the scenery during one of our recent trips by railroad. Seeing the country, we know, is one of the chief delights of travelling, and we supplied ourselves therefore with a telescope, as well as drawing materials, for the purpose of fully enjoying the beauties of nature, and transferring them on the instant to the immortal pasteboard. Unfortunately, whenever we succeeded in catching a glimpse of any thing that we thought worthy of the imperishable lead, it was whisked away from our vision; and just as we had commenced foreshortening something thirty miles off, some fresh object was suddenly brought close up to the window of the carriage, to the exclusion of everything else that our eyes had been resting on. A castle in a momentary perspective was suddenly blotted out by a policeman's hat, and a hanging wood was abruptly curtained in by a flying signal. A background of peaceful meadows was broken, as if by magic, with the smoking chimney of a screeching engine, and sheds seemed sliding past on a groove, like a moving panorama, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Having heard that there was a beautiful bit of still life at about twenty miles from London, we determined to make a desperate effort to catch the favourable moment for sketching it. The sun was shining brilliantly, and we thought the weather had conspired with Nature to add loveliness to the spot; but alas! the express train was proceeding at such a rapid rate, that the following was the only sketch we had an opportunity of taking. Though it scarcely gives an adequate idea of the beauty of the spot, the picture will not be contemptible in the eye of a true admirer of the beauties of Nature.

The mile-post in the foreground, standing bravely up under the intense heat of a July sun, has its story prettily told by the shadow that proceeds from it. A rich background of wild grass shows the reckless luxuriance of Nature, and the whole scene is one of delicious calm, which will be found very soothing to the spirit.

The next view we were enabled to take is of another character, and indicates the presence of agricultural industry. It shows the labourer—or, at least, his legs—walking to his work; and there is an expression in the foot—a fine manly tone in the heel—a determined activity in the toe, which tells the characteristic energy of the British Yeoman. That foot, in the hands of Pickersgill, might have taken its place by the side of that great effort of art—the bone in his picture of Professor Owen.

We had not the time to throw into the foot all the soul we could desire; but such as it is, and such as it appeared to us in our rapid transit by the rail, we have no hesitation in giving it. But it was in the Tunnel that the true artistical feeling came over us. We there fancied we were going through some of those subterranean passages through which the Sibyls used to pass before the invention of sewers provided them with a fitting thoroughfare.

There was something sublime in the emotion with which, amid the roar of the engine, the rattle of the rails, the screams of the whistle, the choking sensation from the smoke, and the tingling of the cheeks and eyes from the ashes, we made the annexed sketch of what we saw in our passage through the Tunnel.

We were so pleased with that last result, that we determined on proceeding again by night through the same Tunnel; and we were rewarded by witnessing a figure that the pencil of Maclise could alone do justice to. We are still haunted by the demoniac glare of the policeman under the strong lurid light of a bull's-eye.

Description would, however, faint quite away in any exertion it might make to describe the awful object; and we therefore give the sketch exactly as we made it.

Our readers will perceive that genius can draw beauties from the most unpromising subjects: and as the gentlemen described by Shakspere drew "sermons from stones"—rather hard reading, by the way, those sermons must have been—so have we been able to elicit a series of sketches of scenery taken during a trip by railroad.

A PUMP AND A WELL.

We have not unfrequently heard the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science styled, generally, a set of Pumps. We could not, therefore, help considering it a curious coincidence, that one of that learned body, the Rev. T. Rankin, described the other day at Cambridge in "Section A," some "observations made by him in a deep *well* at Huggate." The question, what a Pump could get out of a well, may be an interesting one to the British Association; but the world at large, we take it, is sufficiently satisfied on that point already. We do not know what observations a scientific mind would make in a deep well; but a common one might give utterance to some such as the following. The common mind is supposed to be at the bottom of the well, in a bucket.

Obs. 1. I wonder how deep the water is.
2. It is very cold: I wish I had put on a great coat.
3. As soon as I get up I 'll have a stiff glass of brandy-and-water hot.

We question if the conclusion of the common mind is not as philosophical as any that the Rev. T. Rankin came to.

"APPEAL TO ROME!"

When the Irish Colleges' Debate was coming on at the beginning of the week, the *Chronicle* kindly took the pains to consult Hansard for Mr. O'Connell, and put before the old gentleman his early opinions upon the beauty and loveliness of mixed education. His arguments were very strong and his language charmingly pathetic :—

"*Can you, who are convinced of the truth of your church, dread the consequences of a fair development of the public mind by education?* I have heard a great many arguments against this plan of education in common—but it is a powerful argument, on the other hand, that there is nothing more desirable than that the youth of this country, separated as they are by twenty-five or twenty-six leading persuasions, should, *while the unsophisticated and affectionate feelings of youth are warm in their bosoms, have the inestimable advantage of mixing together in friendly and undoubting intercourse*, so that the angry and jealous passions which may afterwards come upon them may be assuaged by the gentle recollections of their youthful friendships."

Beautiful! beautiful! it 's as touching as the Sorrows of Werter. Dan must have been very much obliged to the *Chronicle* for bringing these "gentle recollections" of his forward : though they may possibly have spoiled "a speech of remarkable power" in a different way.

But if the old Liberator could not speak, there was a young one at hand with the new doctrine—and a very pretty doctrine it is too—which, as we all know the freedom of speech which the Liberator allows to his members, may be supposed to be that of the devout papa as well as the godly son who propounds it.

Because Mr. Wyse, of Waterford, approves of the Irish Colleges' Bill, Mr. John O'Connell says, Wyse is a schismatic Catholic ; and consigns him—never mind whither.

The Irish Bishops don't approve of the Bill—every Catholic ought to listen to his Bishops—if he refuses he is a schismatic, and the end of schism is—never mind what.

If you are dissatisfied with the Bishops, Mr. John says, you have one remedy—an appeal to Rome. So Rome is to be the mistress when the empire is disunited ; and Repeal means the supremacy of the Pope in Rome! One can hardly believe the words, though they stare you in the face.

Mr. O'Connell said,

"He obeyed the prelates of his Church (*hear*) ; for who were the ecclesiastical authorities for the Catholics of Ireland, but the Bishops of Ireland? He told the right hon. gentleman again, that he ought to look to Rome, and not to the House of Commons, for advice on this subject. Even if this house were composed wholly of Roman Catholics, it would be no tribunal to bring a question before, which was between him and the Bishops of Ireland. Here was the declaration of the Catholic Bishops—the authority which he believed to *be the supreme authority in Ireland, controllable only by the Sovereign Pontiff*, declaring this bill was dangerous to the faith and morals of the Catholic people."

Look here, gentlemen Repealers, at the kind of freedom which your Liberator has in store for you.

If people are to pay filial obedience to these ghostly fathers, there is no end to the paternal homage they may see fit to exact. If the Bishops interfere about a lecturer on anatomy or jurisprudence, why not about a family matter, a bargain, or a lease? They have a right to choose your library : suppose they advance a right to control your ledger? Suppose the Bishops demand it, as a Catholic you must obey—always with the liberty of appealing to Rome.

Here is the O'Connell creed in the nineteenth century :—'Down with the British, and on your knees to the Pope. Away with the Saxon, and put your trust in the Roman.' As we write this, we begin to boil and foam over like the *Standard*.

There is Mr. Davis, of the *Nation*, who pants for freedom, and would not mind a little blood-letting to procure it. Well, Mr. Davis, suppose the Saxon done for, and see what comes next—a reign of Catholic Bishops and the Pope supreme.

Dare you preach against this as you preach against English tyranny? Dare you rebel against Dan and his supreme Pope, as you would against us oppressors over the water? Do you men, who assume to be the leaders of the Liberal party in Ireland, acknowledge this doctrine? acquiesce in a supremacy which has been tried in, and kicked out of, all Europe? It would seem as if you did. It would seem as if those ardent spirits that bluster about cutting English throats are so cowed, that if O'Connell were to set up the Inquisition they daren't protest—and these are the men who shriek out for liberty, and gasp for the freedom "for which Sarsfield fought, and Tone organised!"

Ask any Committee Man.

Did you ever know a Railway from a place no one knows where to a place no one ever heard of before, with branches everywhere, of which the gradients were not easy, the cuttings few, the tunnelling next to nothing, and the traffic immense?

RAILWAY SLAVES.

The Members of the House of Commons on the Railway Committees complain with some show of justice that they have to undergo perfect slavery. It is cruel of Counsel to weigh them down with such a fearful load of talk, and such a frightful weight of evidence. Can such slaves as the members of the Railway Committees be the representatives of a free people? Is it in vain to appeal to Counsel, and entreat of them to show some mercy to the unhappy sufferers? We recommend that a copy of the annexed sketch should be affixed to the standing orders of the House of Commons on Railway Bills, and that attorneys should be bound to paste one—immediately under the endorsement of the fee on all the briefs of Counsel.

AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?

WHERE ARE THE HACKNEY-COACHES GONE TO?

To the Editor of Punch.

"Dear Punch,

"My wife, Mrs. Charles Ralledge, generally goes out of town about this time for a week, to give the children the benefit of a dip in the ocean at Gravesend.

"As we have four—I may say, as fine children as you ever saw—their clothes must be attended to, and their baggage is pretty considerable.

"Mrs. R. travels with four large camel's-hair trunks, three portmanteaus, four carpet-bags, her bonnet-boxes, twenty-three articles in all, besides the basket for baby—no mother and lady can travel with *less*. Cloaks and umbrellas of course, I don't include. *That* you understand.

We generally (that is, Mrs. R. and the family, for I can only go down on Saturdays a bit) go to the boat in a hackney-coach. We have done so, I may say, ever since I was in business, and I did so with the first Mrs. R.

"This morning I told my light porter, who has invariably fetched the coach for me for twenty-three years, that my wish was as usual for the vehicle.

"He brings me back word that our hackney-coach died last April ; that there was no hackney-coach within three miles of us in this dense, populous, commercial city!

"He says *there are only three Hackney Coaches in all London!* One on Tower Hill (with funeral horses) ; one in Piccadilly ; one which has been seen occasionally in Oxford Street, but only at three o'clock in the morning.

"Is this, I ask, tolerable? Are we Britons, or are we not? Are we or are we not in the first city in the world? If so, I ask, why are there *not* more hackney-coaches, and why was my family prevented from leaving home this morning? Cabs are out of the question. Mrs. R. is a large figure, and will not let one of the children out of her sight.

"I subjoin my name (in confidence), and am

"Your constant reader and a regular subscriber,
Which the former my family certainly is ;

Monday. C. F. M'Q. R."

EMIGRATION.

A Dentist and family left their happy homes last week to settle in one of the back shops in the interior of the Exeter 'Change Arcade. The scene at parting was heart-rending.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

We have been frequently and urgently pressed to adopt the admirable examples of our fascinating *protégé* Jenkins, and devote, from time to time, a column to what he so aptly styles "Table Talk."

The convenient position of our box at the Opera, known as the *Punch* omnibus, will enable us, in our own proper person, to pick up the chit-chat of the week on Saturday nights; and as we are always too happy to receive between the acts, and during the *ballet*, our multitudinous friends, including Brougham and Sibthorp, we shall probably learn more of even legislative news, than we can glean from the cumbrous reports of the morning papers.

Our prime favourite the Ex-Chancellor amused us, on Saturday last, with an account of a bill which he had introduced to the House of Lords some time back, for the express purpose of "Securing the Real Independence of Parliament." The very idea of the thing made us laugh so as nearly to split our hump, for there is nothing more calculated to give intense piquancy to a joke, than gravity and command of countenance in the telling it. We were sceptical, and sent our boy Dick, the first thing on Monday, for a copy of the bill; and the preamble, we find, seriously contains the following words:—

"And whereas, Persons *should no longer be suffered to assist in making the Laws which they continually do violate:* Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this Act if any Judgment shall be given against any Peer or any Member of the Commons House, for any Debt, and it shall be found that such Peer or Member hath not paid the Money into Court, or that the Debt shall remain unpaid, then and in that Case such Peer or Member shall be altogether incapable of sitting and voting in either House of Parliament, unless within Twelve Calendar Months from the Process being issued against him he shall pay the Debt."

When the bill is sent down to the Commons, it is intended to give a more extended effect to the great principle involved in it. An entire purification of both Houses will be proposed, and no person will be allowed to make laws who is in the habit of violating them; not only bankrupts, but adulterers, dicers, duellists, sabbath breakers, all who swear and get drunk, and talk scandal; those who smuggle cigars or *Eau de Cologne;* every man who underrates his income to the commissioners, or ventures to the Queen's costume ball, without paying the tax on hair-powder,—all, all will be *chassé'd*, and we shall at length have a Parliament after our own heart. Go it, Brougham, we devoutly say, and more strength to your elbows!

MOST NOBLE FESTIVITIES.

When the first part of Lady Londonderry's Tour was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, there appeared, *Mr. Punch*, in your columns a wicked attack upon the work, which especially fell foul of her Ladyship's grammar. I can't say it was in consequence of your remarks, *but somehow there was no bad grammar in No. 2.*

"Have the goodness to keep your eye upon the man who writes the paragraphs about the *fêtes* at Holderness House: and correct that slave as you have admonished his noble mistress.

"I just read in the *Herald* (that is, in the *Standard*, which is the same thing) that 'The Marchioness of Londonderry will have a *thé dansante* at Holderness House: nearly 300 cards of invitation have been circulated among the leading aristocracy. *The line* is fixed at from 3 to 8 in the afternoon.'

"What the deuce does this mean? How do you fix a line to a *thé dansante*, and how do you go on fixing it for five hours in an afternoon? What is a *thé dansante*, and when was *thé* of the feminine gender? It is neuter in this country, but has always been masculine in France—as stronger than most of the drinks imbibed there.

'About the noble Marquis, the same journal contains a paragraph, not conspicuous for eccentricity of grammar, certainly, but noble in its own way—in fact there never *was* a puff about Holderness House that had not some fun in it. The paragraph in question runs as follows:—

"'On Monday evening a grand banquet was given by *General the Most Noble the Marquis of Londonderry*, to the officers of the Second Life Guards, of which distinguished military corps the Noble Marquis is Colonel. Several *other eminent military commanders*, connected with other regiments, both cavalry and infantry, had also the honour of receiving an invitation.

"'Every preparation suitable to so *important an event* was made by the *noble and gallant Lord of Holderness.*'

"I think it is only at Holderness House that you get this most noble style of writing. Commoners can't come near it. What a noble figure of speech that is in which the Marquis, because he lives at Holderness House, Park Lane, is called the Lord of Holderness—in the same way, my Lord Lansdown might be called the Marquis of Piccadilly, or your humble servant the gallant Lord of St. Alban—from St. Alban's Place, Haymarket, where I and many other 'eminent commanders' have cheap and airy lodgings.

"That touch about the 'other eminent commanders' can't be passed over without admiration. There were other military eminences, 'both cavalry and infantry;' therefore the Marquis is an eminent military commander, and greater than the others whom he 'honours with an invitation.' That is the way to make a dinner pleasant—call it 'an important occasion;' tell your guests

THE MAN WOT PLAYS SEVERAL INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE.

that they are honoured by being invited, and so make them comfortable.

"Well, every man to his taste; for my part, I prefer dining with some 'military commanders' (at 3*s.* 6*d.* a-day), off a shilling's worth of beef and cabbage in Rupert Street, where we are not obliged to swallow 'honour' along with our modest victuals, and where we were just discussing the above paragraphs in the newspaper.

"Your obedient servant,
"ANDREA FERRARA.

"*Half-Pay Club, June* 25."

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

THE NURSERY-MAID.

ANY one may undertake the place of a nursery-maid. As every female has, when a girl, been in the habit of carrying, letting fall, snubbing and slapping either her own or some one else's little brothers and sisters, it is easy to say you have been accustomed to children.

Supposing that you enter service as a nursery-maid, there will, perhaps, be an upper nurse, who will be, in fact, your mistress. Your care at home will be to wait on her; and when walking out, you will have to keep the children at a convenient distance while she flirts with her *beau*, who will probably be one of the British soldiery. This will be very tantalising to you at first; but you must recollect that your own time will come, if you wait patiently.

Some places are very different from others. You may go into a wealthy family where the children are kept up stairs, like live lumber, in the nursery, and are only brought out now and then for show, like the horses of the state carriage, or the best tea-set. If you curb their spirits that they may be docile on those occasions, and turn them out to the best advantage as far as appearance is concerned, you will be a favourite with your mistress. In some places you will be what is called "assisted" by the mother; or, in other words, interfered with, just enough to destroy all your attempts at discipline. In this case, your mistress will doubtless tell you, that if you cannot manage the children, she must find some one who can, and will give you warning accordingly.

It is not necessary to give you any particular directions about your dress, for the penny *Belle Assemblée* will furnish you with all the latest fashions; and you have only to do in cottons and stuffs, what your mistress is doing in silks and satins. You should bear in mind, that you are not obliged to make yourself a dowdy to please any one; for nature has doubtless given you a pretty face, and the gifts of nature ought to be made the most of. Besides, if you are a servant at home, you are a lady out of doors; and you may even keep a parasol at the greengrocer's, to be ready for you when you take a holiday.

When you go to a new place, your mistress will, perhaps, tell you the character of each child, that you may know how to manage their different tempers; but you will, of course, use your own discretion. If one is pointed out as a high-spirited little fellow, you may be sure that he is fond of killing flies, tying toys to the dog's tail, striking you, and crying, as if you had struck him, when he hears his mamma coming. If you are told that one of the dear boys has a turn for finding out how everything is made, and he must not be checked, as his papa intends him for a civil-engineer, you may be sure that the juvenile spirit of inquiry will be shown in pulling your work-box to pieces, unless you turn his attention to the furniture, which he should be encouraged to dissect in preference to any of your property.

When you have a baby to take care of, some say you should be particular in its food; but if the child cries you have no time for this, and you must stop its mouth with anything that comes handiest. Indiscriminate feeding is said to lay the foundation of diseases which remain with the child through life; but as you do not remain with the child so long, this is not your business. A nurse who knows thoroughly what she is about will keep a little Godfrey's Cordial, or some other opiate, always at hand—but quite out of sight—to soothe the infant; for nothing is so distressing to the mother, or such a nuisance to yourself, as to hear a child continually crying. When there is only one infant these soothing syrups must be cautiously applied, lest the necessity for a nurse should terminate altogether, and you are thrown out of your situation.

An infant sometimes requires example before it will take to its food, and, as it is very nice, you may as well eat one half of it first, to encourage the infant to eat the other. Use sugar in children's food very sparingly, and, lest the infant be tempted to want some of the sugar that is saved out of the quantity allowed, lose no time in locking it up out of sight in your own tea-caddy. If you wish to save your beer-money, recollect that milk is heavy for children, unless mixed copiously with water. As nothing ought to be wasted, you can drink what remains, instead of beer, at your dinner.

There are many very troublesome duties that some nurses undertake in order to amuse the child; but as Nature is acknowledged to be the best nurse, you had better let Nature try her hand at all the hard work, while you confine yourself to that which is easy.

When a child reaches a certain age it will begin to want amusement, when, if there are no toys, you may give it the poker and tongs, or set it down on the floor before the coal-scuttle. Opening and shutting a box is also an amusement; and as it involves occasionally the shutting in of the child's own fingers, the operation combines instruction also. As a child may be troublesome while being washed, give it the powder-puff; and as every thing goes to the mouth, the dear little thing will commence sucking the powder-puff, which will keep it quiet.

A very interesting age in children is when they begin "to take notice." When taking a walk with the children it cannot be expected that you can always have your eyes on *them*, and you must therefore accustom them to take care of themselves as much as possible. Besides self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and a child cannot too soon be taught to follow it. Thus if you are looking about you and the children get into the road, while a carriage is passing, you will probably not be aware of their danger till it is past, when you will begin slapping and scolding your little charges that they may know better for the future.

It is a very fine thing to encourage generosity in children, and you should therefore talk a great deal about the presents you have received on birth-days and on other occasions from the little dears in the place where you last lived. This will of course give your mistress a hint as to what she ought to do. For the children will naturally ask to be allowed to make you presents, and the parents not liking to check the amiable feeling, and desirous of not being thought shabby in comparison with your former employers, will no doubt give—through the hands of the children—what you may have occasion for.

If you have nephews and nieces you may supply them with many little articles of dress that are pronounced to be "past mending." If your mistress notices that the stock of children's things diminish, you can suggest that "things won't wear for ever," which often passes as an apology for a sensible diminution in the number of socks and pinafores. You may observe that Master So-and-so is such "a spirited little fellow, that he does wear his things out very fast," and your mistress will be satisfied if she thinks her child's spirit has caused half his wardrobe to evaporate.

If you follow all these instructions to the letter you will make as good a Nursery-Maid as the best of them.

THE SPREAD OF HOMŒOPATHY.

A MELANCHOLY spectacle was last week presented at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, where no less than eighty unfortunate gentlemen, actuated by one common delusion, met together to hold what they called a festival in behalf of the Homœopathic Association. The mania of homœopathy has indeed come to a pretty spread! Poor LORD WILTON presided over these infatuated individuals, and unhappy LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR supported him: hence a gloom will be cast for ever over Wilton Street, leading from Grosvenor Place.

MR. STAPLES, the landlord, provided an excellent dinner for them, and the meeting wore the aspect of the most extreme conviviality; but it is painful to reflect on the state of mind concealed under this show of merriment. There is something appalling in the idea of these eighty gentlemen being gentlemen at large. There is no knowing what they may do; but, at all events, those who will spend money on homœopathy ought not to be trusted with property. We hope MR. STAPLES did not give them steel knives and forks; they ought only to have been allowed wooden spoons. Had we to entertain such a company, we should certainly apply their own principle of infinitesimal dilution to their liquors, out of consideration for their heads, whose infinitesimal brains a very little might upset. We would also have several barbers and a number of strong men in attendance, with a large assortment of strait-waistcoats ready.

The Poetry of the Rail.

We have already pointed out the alteration likely to be made in poetry and song-writing by the introduction of Railroads, and we this week give another specimen of the probable effect of the change. We shall hear no more now of the Lily of the Vale or the Village Rose, but the Pearl of the Refreshment-room and the Daisy of the Rail will supersede the once popular maidens alluded to. The following touching ballad is supposed to be addressed by one of the luggage superintendents to one of the female waiters at the same station, and may be called—

THE PORTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Oh maiden, but an instant stay,
And let me breathe my vow;
I know the train is on its way,
I hear its thund'ring row.

Another moment crowds will stand
Where now to thee I kneel;
And hungry groups will soon demand
The beef, the ham, the veal.

Turn not away thy brow so fair,
'Tis that, alas! I dread;
For thou hast given me, I swear,
One fatal turn a-head.

I 've linger'd on the platform, love,
My brow with luggage hot;
A voice has whisper'd from above,
"Porter, take heed, love knot!"

O'er thee mine eye doth often range:
I 've mark'd thee take the pay
From those who, ere you bring their change,
Rush to the train away.
Turn not, &c. &c.

THE EUREKA.

That notable invention, the Eureka, or Latin Verse-grinder, was tried yesterday before a committee of young gentlemen from the public schools, who are anxious to have their Latin exercises done with the least possible trouble.

The proprietor asked the young gentlemen to fix a subject upon which the instrument might perform, accordingly Mr. Snooks, of Westminster, proposed the quarrel between Roebuck and Somers.

The machinery of the wondrous instrument was set in motion, and the following lines ground out to the music of a barrel-organ:—

Sligonis membrum, Bucki vult pullere nasum,
Transfugit Arcturus Rhetoris in gremium.
Hunc pius Ashleius laudat, decus Exeter Aulæ,
Pontificumque comes Bobbius Inglisius.
Hunc laudat Dominus Peeleides turnabout agri,
Laudat Humusque ferox ille tremendus aper.
Desine Bucke Domum nostram exanimare querelis
Inque potatones, Padde, retro propera.

As some decidedly English expressions had crept into the lines, the inventor explained that he was educating his machine to grind English verses likewise; hence, that for the present a little confusion might arise between the languages. A translation of the above verses was then called for by Master Spoon, of Charterhouse, when the following appeared, the organ playing "Rule Britannia."

When Sligo's member aims at Roebuck's nose,
The frightened Buck to Speaker's bosom goes.
Him Ashley praises, piousest of lords,
And Inglis, known at missionary boards:
Him Hume the Caledonian boar so stout
Admires, and Peel, the Lord of Turnabout.
Buck, plague the House no more! and Paddy clap
A 'tato into thy potato-trap.

Several double-barrelled Eurekas were ordered for Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and we hear of a forthcoming *soireé*, where Lord W—m L—nn—x proposes to perform some choice fantasias on this extraordinary instrument.

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS."

Brougham should adopt this motto. He is continually complaining of the ridiculous consideration shown to art in the building of the new House of Lords. "What has art to do with legislation?" says Brougham. "Everything," answers *Punch*. We will make a proposal to his Lordship. Rather than the hopes of artists and lovers of art should be dashed by a too hasty completion of their Lordships' house of call, we respectfully place

BROUGHAM'S LAST MISERY.—NO HOUSE.

at their disposal our back shop. As the average attendance of their Lordships is half-a-dozen, they would have room enough, and Brougham is at home there already, and could correct the reports of his own proceedings for our journal without the delay now experienced in the journeys of our Devils to and from Grafton Street.

Proof-sheets of the forthcoming number would be furnished to their Lordships, and they would thus obtain that amusement they are now reduced to seek in the sparring exhibitions of Campbell and Brougham.

Or, if Brougham's antipathy to art be incurable, and he wish to testify it strongly, let the National Gallery be turned into a House of Lords. Thus the notion of any connection between architectural beauties and the upper house would be at once done away with, and a new and more suitable residence might afterwards be provided for our national pictures.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—Being an encourager of the fine arts, I employed a young friend of mine, who seemed as full of promise as a promissory note, to decorate my house in *fresco*, and I gave him the subject of the siege of Troy; for I know that enthusiastic youth delights in aiming so high that it shoots very often out of sight altogether. I did not interfere during the progress of the *fresco*, and the result was, that my wall was adorned with the following spirited battle-piece.

You will perceive that the conception is fine, though the treatment is awkward. The idea of putting the Trojan General quite out of danger, looking through a telescope, betokens an instinctive knowledge of the art of warfare. There is also novelty in the treatment of the cannon-ball, which is placed half-way between the cannon and the object it will hit, so that doubt, which is one of the first sources of the sublime, is thus attained. Nevertheless, I thought the artist wanted education, and I sent him at my own expense to the School of Design, when, after two years' hard study under WILSON, he rewarded my patronage with the following:

I can't say I admire the sort of thing he has been taught to do so much as the style of thing he did when he followed the natural bent of his own genius. In the first *fresco* he did give me entire figures, but in the above I only get men with their legs, feet, and arms broken short off, or Egyptian hieroglyphics of men capering about on Etruscan Vases. It is true there is a flower-pot, with a flower in it, that leaves a good deal to the imagination, and is, I suppose, some bulbous root dug out of the ashes of Pompeii or Herculaneum, to the study of which, I am told, the pupils of the School of Design are chiefly confined.

My object in writing to you is to apprise you what you may expect your son to become—if you have a son—should you send him to the School of Design, which you probably might have thought of doing.

Believe me your obedient reader,
And very humble subscriber,
— —.

The Capabilities of the Electric Telegraph.

WE understand the electric telegraph will shortly be applied to several domestic purposes. The experiment will first be tried at one of the large houses at the Albert Gate, Hyde Park. A servant will be stationed in one of the garrets, and another servant will be placed in the cellar, and a communication will be sent through the telegraph for the latter to bring up a bottle of wine. Should this be found to answer, wires will then be hung from floor to floor, and an anxious mother in the back parlour will be able to learn in a second what is going on in the nursery without any of the trouble of going up there. By this method, seven flights of stairs will be cleared in one sentence; and the house, once brought down from its extreme height, may have a chance of finding a tenant.

The only difficulty in families working the telegraph, will be in procuring servants who know the electric alphabet, but this will soon be got over, now that the schoolmaster is so much more "at home," than he used to be. It is expected that in large establishments, where several servants are kept, a saving of fifty per cent. will be effected in maids-of-all-work alone, whilst it stands to reason a stair-carpet will last twice as long under the new *régime* of messages being carefully delivered by the electric telegraph.

Several eating-houses, too, intend working an electric telegraph, so as to bring the *cuisine* on a greater level with the dining-room. The clamorous speaking-pipe, in that case, will be dispensed with, and the inconvenience of hearing every other minute "One Mock," or "Two Greens," bawled out whilst you are ruminating over a piece of green fat, or are in the depths of a leading article, will no longer be felt by the tympanum of those gentlemen who prefer silence to noise.

By this method, also, gentlemen at taverns, where there is singing in the evening, will be enabled to hear a song right through without any of those interruptions in the middle of it of "Two Rabbits," or "Chop well done," which are proverbial for destroying the sentiment, and mutilating the melody, of the finest bacchanalian songs.

Lastly, the lonely condition of the tollmen on Waterloo Bridge—who are at present in a very depressed state, owing to the opening of Hungerford Bridge—might be humanely bettered, if an electric telegraph were established along the lamp-posts on either parapet of the bridge. They might then know what it was to hear the voice of their fellow-man, and be cheered in their solitude by exchanging with one another those speculative remarks about the weather, which, in minds constituted for society, make up one half of the amenities of life.

A FEW NEW WORDS FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

ALBERTISE. To fail in design—to alter for the worse.
BROUGHAMDICATE. To talk a great deal to little purpose.
BUNNIC-VERSE. A term applied to poetry, or compositions, not understood, or, if understood, not worth understanding.
ELLENBROEJECTION. The act of sending a wanderer home to his friends against his own will.
FERRANDIC. Fabulous—very imaginative.
GIBBSIDIOUS. Unaccountable.
GRAHAMITIVE. Inquisitive about other people's affairs.
OCONNELLIZATION. Distraction, anarchy, confusion, discord; also beggary.
PEELORIC. Ambiguous.
PEELVERSOTIOUS. Given to turning—not to be depended upon.

Faults on both Sides.

MEMBERS in England, and Deputies in France, are always comparing the navies of the two countries, and their complaints are so much alike, that from their catalogue of faults, it would seem to be, as far as the number of efficient ships is concerned, literally six on one side and half-a-dozen on the other. Let us hope this is so far true that it will be a long time before there is known to be any real difference between them!

GLASS HOUSES.

THE newspapers contain an account of an importation of a thick description of window-glass intended for roofing. This kind of residence, however, will never do for MR. ROEBUCK, and such members as are in the habit of throwing stones.

"A NIGHT WITH BINKS."

"DEAR PUNCH,—Travellers see strange things—especially commercial travellers. I have recently taken the road myself—(I represent an extensive firm in guano and galvanic rings)—and I shall be most happy to let you into a few of my experiences, if you are agreeable: I shall indeed.

"Bagmen, sir, are a great class. You have never yet immortalised us in your pages; but I promise you we are the right shop for some very luminous men-and-things-iana, which only require to be known to go down with the town amazingly. At present, sir, we blush unseen—a peculiarity which will be admitted by all who know anything about us. I tell you what, sir—I speak as a friend—if you want a few new ideas, something very prime and gentlemanly, come among us; you 'll find us uncommon good company. We take you in, sir, to a man; and as for wit, and all that sort of thing, we do largely in the commodity among ourselves. But 'our samples are our best weapons' (that's a golden rule on the road); so I 'll just give you a notion of the sort of society we make to-night at the U———, the best commercial house in L———. The landlord travelled himself for forty years in pig iron, and then renounced it for the bar. He is a prime fellow, sir; so respect his household gods, and print only the initials of his sign.

"MR. ATTITUDE is in the chair—the fastest man and the saddest dog

PORTRAIT OF MR. ATTITUDE.

that ever booked an order. Grocery is his fate, but gallantry is his nature. Providence has been munificent to him in the leg, and he is not a man whose calf is thrown away upon him. He is such a perfect gentleman, that no lady can have a moment's peace in the same house with him. He usually commences a convivial meeting by acquainting the company that it annually costs him from seventy to eighty pounds for clothes; adding, with an easy precision, that 'of course he does not consider jewellery as clothes.' After this remark, he becomes a kind of animated Encyclopædia, with the article on 'Woman' perpetually turned down. He can accuse himself, sir, can MR. ATTITUDE, (on the shortest notice) of two cases of consumption, one of lunacy, and one of nunnery. His feelings are always being harrowed by these recollections; and perhaps that repeated tillage may in some degree account for their wonderful fertility. Every little condiment of his attire reminds him of his fascinations and his perfidies. He usually keeps a broken heart in his

PORTRAIT OF MR. BRASSFEATURES.

pocket-handkerchief, and has had a shattered hearth in his fob ever since I have had his acquaintance. Nay, he is a man of such extemporaneous susceptibility, that he will buy a pair of gloves in any given High Street of an afternoon, and will have an early grave, or a separate maintenance, at his finger's end throughout the evening.

"Quite another man is MR. BRASSFEATURES, our comic genius. His imitation of a grindstone in full work is a painful reality; and he is also perfectly at home in the hencoop, and without a rival among cats or puppies. But his railway-train is perhaps his master-piece: so perfect is the illusion, that one can positively distinguish the first, second, and third-class carriages as they pass his lips. MR. BRASSFEATURES is moreover very familiar with some of the leading insects. His bluebottle is a gem; and in his cockchafer he succeeds miraculously in the hum.

"Next to him sits a gentleman, (I cannot see his face, for the smoke of his endless cigars, but I know he is a gentleman by his patent boots, which are deposited, with their contents, on the table close to my brandy-and-water,) a gentleman who sings a very good song out of the *Bohemian Girl*—that is, the words of it are out of the *Bohemian Girl:* as for the air, not being quite familiar with the original, he sings it to the tune of the *Chough and Crow*, and a great treat it is, I can tell you, to hear him.

"But the Muses are never unrepresented in the commercial room. Parnassus always demands its traveller. MR. SLAB is a man whose conversance with *Don Juan* and the poetry of *Bell's Life* exhibits an imagination drenched in Helicon. Some of his own sonnets, too, clearly demonstrate that, though a man may be a woollen-draper, he may yet roll his eye in a superfine frenzy out of business hours.

"Then we have our sporting character; in a cutaway coat, spotted cravat, cords and tops—real sporting, I assure you: and a gentleman who 'does just what he likes with his firm, and might have been a partner years ago, only he couldn't bear the notion of mixing up his name with TWISTER AND BRIGGS—but nevertheless doesn't know that he shan't go in some day under a Co.': and another who has a brother on the stage, and who gives undoubted imitations of small actors at the minimum theatres of London—imitations the fidelity of which nobody can criticise, as the originals are not so well known as their talents deserve to make them. But I forbear to raise your admiration higher. It is enough if you know, as we know, that the most remarkable men of our country are to be found in our country's commercial rooms. We seek not the acclamations of the popular voice. To you only do we offer to unmuzzle our wisdom, and in the peaceful retirement of our slippers and our cheroots, we shall content ourselves with the reflection that, while all the world &c. &c. &c., you—you will &c. &c. &c. us! With this sentiment I conclude, remaining,

"My dear *Punch*,

"Yours till the last Number,

"FELIX NOBBY."

"P.S. I must give you one caution on entering our company. Offer us no presents, or you make enemies of us at once! A bagman never accepts anything—he only borrows it till "next journey." By-the-by, you don't happen to play on the cornopean, do you? I used, but I parted with mine to—a relative. Bring your instrument with you, and I 'll just give you a few of my airs."

A MOTTO FOR MR. GEORGE ROBINS.

"Grandis in ætherio . . . . . *auctio* fiat Olympo coganturque Dei vendere quidquid habent."—*Martial*, b. ix., *Epigram* 4.—(*Literally translated:*) May there be a grand auction on Mount Olympus, and may the Gods be obliged to part with the last article of furniture.

THE HEIGHT OF MORAL COURAGE.

BOWING from the top of a Kensington 'bus to a lady with whom you have danced at ALMACK'S the night before.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

LECTURE XXIII.

MRS. CAUDLE "WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE, OR NOT, THIS SUMMER—THAT'S ALL."

"Hot? Yes it *is* hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken; yet not a word have you said of the sea-side yet. Not that I care for it myself—oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say—but I won't—that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes: I dare say you think so—of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you shan't vex me. No; I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: do you intend to go to the sea-side this summer? *Yes? you'll go to Gravesend?* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt-cellar in the New River, and call that the sea-side. What? *It's handy for business?* There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle—not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

"You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet—I know you, Caudle—you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? *Margate's so expensive?* Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall all be ill—every one of us—in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence: I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

"What do you say? *How much will it cost?* There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or to Greenwich, you never ask, how much will it cost? What? *You never go to Blackwall?* Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a plate for whitebait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A guinea for whitebait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? *You don't grudge 'em anything?* Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No; we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter—every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall all be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Don't call me 'woman,' and ask 'what it will cost.' I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now—certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

"That's right, Mr. Caudle; go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! *How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh?* I suppose you mean to call me the splinter?—and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no; I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What? *Don't?* Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!

"Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! if I'd only married Simmons—What? *Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He *was* a gentleman. *You can't tell?* May be not; but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London! and when the painters are coming in! *You won't have the painters in?* But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

"*Why can't I tell you what it will cost?* How can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living in your own house. *Pooh! You know that?* Well, if you did, Mr. Caudle, I suppose there's no treason in naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No: and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure, I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about the beach by myself, to be stared at through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"*What will I do at Margate?* Why isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and arn't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel—whatever it is, to read—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the sea-side. No, it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the day-time, I think. But as I was saying—only you always will interrupt me—the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the sea-side—specially when the tide's down—I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? *What will it cost?* Oh, there—don't talk of it. No: we won't go. I shall send for the painters, to-morrow. What? *I can go and take the children, and you'll stay?* No, sir: you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"*What will it cost?* What a man you are! Why, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty: it's seventy pounds, and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say—*You'll see?* There's a dear. Then, Monday."

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

LAW AND THEATRICALS.

A few days ago a case was brought before the Court of Exchequer, the merits of which turned on the question whether the part of *Ferdinand* in the *Tempest* is or is not light comedy. *Ariel's* description of *Ferdinand* was placed on the record to prove that he is light comedy, and the other side had been served with notice to produce *Prospero's* last speech, which was admitted under a judge's order. There was also in Court an office-copy of *Miranda's* reply to *Ferdinand's* declaration, with a counterpart of the assignment executed by *The Duke*, and an affidavit of service on the part of *Ariel*. Unfortunately the Chief Baron put an end to the case by suggesting that it should be referred, and the fun of the thing will consequently be confined to the chambers of the learned gentleman who is appointed arbitrator.

THE ABDICATION OF DON CARLOS.

We have taken our time about publishing the only authentic account of that august event, which is contained in the following letter :—

SIR LANCELOT GREAVES, KNT., TO LORD JOHN MANNERS.

"*Bourges, May* 22.

"My Lord,—I have witnessed to-day an awful, a noble ceremony. The newspapers have already acquainted you with our beloved Don Carlos's affecting manifesto *àpropos* of his resignation of the Crown of Spain. He takes the title of Count Molina ; and his son, that of Count Monte Molin—Count Mount Windmill —one of the titles of the ingenious hidalgo of La Mancha, after his heroic attack on the well-known fortresses of that name.

"The act of abdication has just been solemnly performed at Bourges. The great officers of the Crown, and some of the faithful allies of the unfortunate monarch, were present. Not one of his former friends in France would come to attend the sad ceremony. One and all turned on him the cold shoulder. Perish the dastards ! But from England, some of the true and chivalrous supporters of the exiled Charles hastened to wait upon him. Among these were Lord Ranelagh, Peter Borthwick, Esq., M.P., —— Jenkins, Esq., M.P. (*Morning Post*). Having ratted from Carlism since the change of proprietorship, the *Morning Herald* was not present.

"The party assembled was a select rather than a numerous one. Misfortune generally has such company. The King's Confessor, who is also Grand Inquisitor, Home Secretary, and charged with the War Department, Don Basilio Sombrero, Archbishop of Crocodilopolis (*in partibus*) ; the Finance Minister, Don Lazarillo de Tormes (who likewise waits at table) ; and a few more of the great officers of state ; were assembled in the 'Saloon of Ambassadors' in the two-pair back. The Throne-room was gorgeously decorated with the curtains of a French bedstead that usually stands there, but which was replaced for the occasion by a large velveteen settee.

"Before the settee was a teapoy, upon which the Royal Insignia were deposited, laid on a noble cushion worked in worsted by the Royal Consort of the King. Chairs, stools, &c., were placed for the rest of the august party. As the Crown Jewels were not forthcoming, a handsome crown and sceptre were borrowed from the theatre at Bourges, by the kind permission of the director.

"He attended as 'guardian of the crown jewels,' wearing the costume of the Cid ; and I am ashamed to say that a pawnbroker of the town, with whom the impoverished monarch has had some dealings, said he would not let the stars, cordons, laced uniforms, &c., entrusted to him, out of his sight ; on hearing which, the good-natured Prince of the Asturias said—'Let him attend *as Uncle of the Royal Family.*'

"At one o'clock, punctually, the Royal Donkey Chaise, driven by the Master of the Horse, was heard in the court-yard. The King ascended with the Prince of Asturias on his arm. The Uncle of the Royal Family invested the royal pair with their stars, epaulets, and cordons, and stood by their sides (never leaving them), as the great doors of the Throne-room were flung open by Don Lazarillo de Tormes. The ambassadors were then admitted, to kiss the hand of the august Exile.

"When Beau Brummell was dying in dotage and poverty, his biographer tells us, the poor old man would often be visited by comfortable illusions, and, sitting in his ragged dressing-gown, in his garret, fancied he was entertaining there the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire, and Charley Fox and Samuel Rogers, Esq., and the young bloods, bucks, and beauties of that brilliant day.

"A similar beneficent delusion has taken hold of Don Carlos. He fancies that all the ancient possessions of the Spanish Crown still belong to it. And on this solemn occasion, and before he retired into private life, he made a distribution of what poor dear Simpson (almost the last remnant of chivalry in England) used to call the royal property.

"The court ceremonial being arranged, the Princes seated, the ambassadors, officers, &c., standing round, Charles V. rose, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said :—

"'Before resigning my kingdom to my beloved son, I think fit to signify to him my royal dispositions.

"'1st. I had appointed as Generalissimo of my forces, N. Senora del Carmen, to whom I paid much honour, embroidering a petticoat for her by my Queen's royal hands, and giving her her pay regularly as General-in-Chief of my armies. As she did me no good service, (otherwise, how should I have been an exile here at Bourges ?)—I, the King, dismiss Field-Marshal Nuestra Senora del Carmen from the command of my troops, and place in her stead, N. Senora del Pilar, to whom I transfer the rights, pay, rank, and embroidered petticoat, of her predecessor. Our War Minister, the Archbishop of Crocodilopolis, will make out the brevet at once.'

"The Prince and Don Basilio bowed at this, and all the company cried 'Long live the King !'

"'I have other appointments to make,' continued the Monarch, 'and rewards to confer upon those who have been faithful to me in exile.' (*Cheers*). 'Noble Cavaliers, your number, alas ! is but few ; but the fewer the better, where rewards are to be had.'

"'As I have no present means of paying the wages of my faithful secretary and barber, Don Joachim Strappado, I give him an order upon the Intendant of my silver mines of Mexico for twenty-five thousand donkey-loads of ingots, and make him Duke of Latherero.'

"Poor Don Joachim pulled rather a long face when he heard of the twenty-five thousand donkeys, and said, 'If I go to Mexico, there will be twenty-five thousand and one.'

"'My excellent Mariquita, waiting-woman of my august Queen, and chief intendant of my kitchen, whose fidelity to my royal race, but especially whose skill in cooking my favourite dish of Garbanzos in oil has touched my august heart, I propose to reward suitably. When my fleets arrive from the Indies, I shall present her with a diamond stomacher as big as any *omelette* she ever fried for me, and a kitchen-service of rubies and gold. I hereby give her an estate in Peru, whereof the title-deeds shall be made out in her name, so soon as the revolted province has returned to its allegiance. Meanwhile, I create her Duchess of Olla-Podrida.'

"The Duchess declined, however, to take the title, because the Royal Chancellor wanted fifteenpence as a fee for entering it in the Golden Book of the Grandees of Spain.

"'Come forth, Don Geronimo Widdicombo, faithful master of my horse ! Since the reverse of my fortunes, I have had indeed only a donkey ; but thou hast well and truly curried him. I appoint thee Viceroy of my kingdom of Naples, Knight of my order of the Golden Fleece, and invest thee with the collar of the same.'

"As there was no collar at hand, Don Geronimo was invested with the collar of poor Dapple the donkey, which dragged the chaise of the King and Queen ; and he disappeared, grinning most lugubriously through that ornament.

"The King then asked the knife and boot-boy, who performs the minor offices about the palace of the Royal Exiles, whether he would prefer having his wages paid in full ; or, when the King came to his own again, would like to become Governor of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia ? 'Try me !' said the boy, delighted, and holding out his hand, whereupon he was immediately advanced to the governments in question. This seemed a good deal to disappoint the knife-boy.

"It now came to the turn of the King's English adherents. Turning to Lord Ranelagh, the King said, 'My lord, in the action off Bilboa you admirably distinguished yourself against the English navy.' His lordship was proud to own he did. 'I appoint you, then, Admiral of the Spanish Armada.'

"Carlos Quinto next called upon Don Tommaso Jenkins, the advocate of legitimacy in all countries. Jenkins stepped forward, in his Spanish costume, and was squeezed in the old Monarch's arms so heartily, that tears came into the loyal servant's eyes. 'How, Don Tommaso, shall I reward you and the Press of England ? As for your noble comrade the *Morning Herald* ——.'

"'The *Erald*? My Grandmother !' interposed Don Tommaso, scornfully.

"'I shall make him Chief Herald of my son's court, and hereby create him Lord Nightcap, King-at-Arms. But what shall I do for you, my cousin, as I have given away all the dignities of my crown, and all my foreign governments ? No, stay ; there is Brussels. Jenkins, you shall be the modern Duke of Alva, and my Governor of the Low Countries.'

"'The *Low* Countries !' shrieked Jenkins ; 'does your Majesty think I 'd go to *hany* place as was low ?' and, tearing the cockade out of his hat, he left the room.

"'Try and console our fiery ally, my good cousin.' Don Pedro Borthwick ! it is now your turn, my friend. Titles I know you heed not—prouder to be a member of the British Cortes than a Spanish Grandee of

the first class. But if you heed not rank, perhaps you may want money; your eyes say yes! Ho my treasurer! Pay to Don Pedro on the instant five hundred millions of reals.'

"That sum was immediately handed over to Don Pedro in Carlist six per cent. bonds, signed by the Baron de Haber, which a butterwoman at Bourges agreed to take at the usual premium.

"The august ceremony was now concluded. Don Carlos descending from the throne, the Count of Molina led the Prince of Asturias up to it, and, saluting Charles the Sixth, exclaimed, 'Long live the King!'

"Such of the courtiers as had hats waved them tumultuously, and uttered the same loyal shout. And 'Long live Charles the Sixth' every true heart will say that loves the antique glories and the future prosperity of Spain.

"I have no more, my dear Lord, to add. The Duchess of Olla-Podrida provided a collation, which smacked so strongly of the national garlic, that you need not wonder if my feelings overpower me.

"Farewell, with every sentiment of respect I am your Lordship's faithful

"Lancelot Greaves."

THE POET BUNN'S ADDRESS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Some surprise and disappointment have been manifested in various quarters that the address delivered by the poet Bunn, on the very auspicious event of the closing of Drury Lane Theatre, was not couched in verse, as might have been expected from the peculiar talents of the manager.

The fact seems to be that the poet had prepared an appropriate speech in numbers; but in the agitation of the moment, and fortunately for the audience, he forgot what he was going to say. We have been fortunate enough to get a copy, which we embalm for the benefit of posterity:—

POETICAL ADDRESS,

Which ought to have been spoken on the closing of Drury Lane, by the Poet Bunn *(for the first time), in character.*

If other lips could venture to impart
The gratitude that fills another heart;
If, 'mid the solitude of marble halls,
I hear a British public's tuneful calls,
At such a moment, wheresoe'er I be,
I only ask, you will remember me.
(*Expected applause.*)
When fair Terpsichore, with lute or lyre,
Gives unto each, what all perchance require;
When old Apollo, bursting from his cloud,
Makes ophicleides and serpents shriek aloud;
When time, amid its ever-changing haze,
Brings up once more the light of other days;
When slumber's pinions linger round my head,
In the deep anguish of a four-post bed;
When music's strains are heard within this pile—
Oh, smile on me as you were wont to smile!
(*Anticipated enthusiastic cheers.*)
'Tis true old Shakspere, with immortal name,
No longer habitates the niche of fame;
But, if the changing of the public taste
Has all Shaksperian memories effaced,
What could I do? how execute my task,
Kind friends, at such a moment, I would ask?
You do not to the question put reply,
Then waft forgiveness in a heart-drawn sigh;
Like hidden memories which flash around,
Leaving a symbol, but without a sound.
(*Expected shrieks of "Beautiful!" "Go it,* Bunn!" *&c.*
I pause a little moment, to review
The course which I have run, urg'd on by you.
Upon this stage what sacred memories throng!
Processions nearly half an acre long:
The horse's neigh, the lion's splendid roar—
All this I've done—say, could I have done more?
No carpet green this glorious stage displays,
Give me the laurel, let them take the baize.
Ha, ha! I see the joke electric run
From mind to mind. You understand my pun!
Thanks for that smile. And now, kind friends, adieu
I go to France, but leave my heart with you;
That heart, by anxious sorrow often vex'd;
Be tender with it—till September next.
(*A probable whirlwind of rapture, ending in a hurricane of enthusiasm, and a whole conservatory of bouquets.*)

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Oh! Here's a go! Blowed if I ain't lost my Diamond Ring!"

WANTED A GOVERNESS, ON HANDSOME TERMS,

BY A PRETTY FELLOW.

We lately met with the subjoined advertisement in a morning newspaper:—

GOVERNESS.—A comfortable home, *but without salary*, is offered to any lady wishing for a situation as GOVERNESS in *a gentleman's family*, residing in the country, to instruct two little girls *in music, drawing and English; a thorough knowledge of the French language is required.* Direct to A. B.—*Times, 27 June.*

An advertisement long enough fully to suit A. B.'s purpose would, we know, have cost that economical "gentleman" too much. We perceive, clearly, that A. B. is one of those nice persons who love to divest the flint of its integuments; and out of very pity for the poor creature, we will ask, free of expense, the following questions of any lady desirous of his "comfortable home."

How few slices of bread, with how little butter upon each, will she be content with for breakfast? Can she drink her tea without sugar; or if not, what would be her smallest number of knobs? Will she engage not to want ham should there be any on the table at that meal? Will she, though ever so hungry, always abstain from lunch? Will she promise never to take fish or soup at dinner, to ask only once for meat, decline taking wine when invited to do so before company, and altogether eschew malt liquor? Can she agree to dispense with supper before going to bed, notwithstanding she may feel faint for the want of it? Can she sleep in a garret upon a straw mattress, without curtains; and how few blankets will she need to cover her? Will she find herself in all requisites for her toilet, including soap, unless she is prepared to put up with common yellow?

And now, having asked these questions for A. B., we will ask a few more of him. Pray, does he give his cook and housemaid any wages? If so, does he consider their menial services more valuable than the instruction of his children? What, according to his ideas, is the equivalent, by weight, in victuals, to "music, drawing, and English," with "a thorough knowledge of the French language?" Does he regard a governess as a horse, that he would work her like one, and on terms corresponding to keep and stabling? And lastly, on what principle or pretence does he presume to call his family "a *gentleman's?*" Answer that, A. B.! Answer that!

To Authors about to Publish.

Mr. N. P. Willis, the American author, has arrived in this country. We mention this fact for the benefit of those would-be literary gentlemen who are anxious to appear in print, as an invitation to Mr. Willis for dinner will be certain to secure them the advantages of publication, without any risk or expense. Literary gentlemen are cautioned, however, against speaking too freely in their conversation after dinner, as mistakes have been known to occur in the best regulated memories—even in Mr. N. P. Willis's. For testimonials, apply to the Editor of the *Quarterly*, or any one mentioned in Mr. Willis's American works, when he was last in England.

RAILWAY PASTORALS.

THE iron hand of Railway enterprise is fast tearing up by the roots all the pastoral and poetical associations of our youth, and cottages near woods, as well as mossy cells or leafy nooks, are being superseded by Railway termini. Where the cow once lowed, the engine now screams, and the pipe of the gentle CORYDON is completely put out by the funnel of the locomotive. PHILLIS is sent flying by the power of steam, and the hermit of the dale is compelled to break his staff or cut his stick, to make way for the immense staff of officials required on the Railways.

What is to become of those long accustomed to a pastoral state of existence, we are quite incapable of conjecturing. They cannot remove themselves by *certiorari* to the woodlands wild or the vale sequestered from the hum of men; for it would indeed be a hum of the most grievous kind to encourage them in the hope that anything in the shape of sylvan seclusion is now open to them. As we perceive that the Isle of Dogs is to be sold right out, we recommend its being taken as a colony for the pastorally-disposed population, where the shepherd might still play variations on the flageolet to a flock of sheep, undisturbed by the row incidental to every Railway. PHILLIS might also "go a-milking," with a cage containing a couple of turtle-doves in her hand, which, according to the poets, appears to have been the old pastoral practice. As to the gentle hermit of the dale, we see nothing left for him but Herne Bay, or the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, where, since the opening of Hungerford, an anchorite with fifteen shillings a week might make himself very comfortable.

BRITISH HONOUR.

A GENTLEMAN who frequents the House of Commons, dropped the following fragment of a letter in Westminster yesterday.

He can have it by calling at our office, and producing, or accounting for the corresponding fragment.

(*Private and confidential.*)

"DEAR BOB,—I have read through the Cuba and Porto Rico Sugar papers. The Spaniard SOTOMAYOR says England is pledged by treaties to consider Spain as the most favoured nation. If the most favoured nation, why are her sugars taxed at a higher rate than those of the United States and Venezuela?

"SOTOMAYOR asks for fair play for his country. Our friend ABERDEEN replies—'Yes, England *is* pledged by treaties; but the obligation imposed upon us is, to treat as the most favoured nation THE SUBJECTS of Spain, but not to treat THE PRODUCE of Spain as Great Britain is now to treat the produce of the most favoured nation.'

"When LORD STANLEY, at the Colonial Office, can thimblerig the New Zealand Company — when LORD ABERDEEN, as a British Minister and gentleman, can sign his name to an argument like this—good Lord! why is the Cabinet scrupulous? and how come you to strain at FITZROY KELLY?

"As for the South Eastern Railway business, upon my honour——"

* * * *

Here the letter is abruptly torn away; and we cannot tell what the exalted writer's opinions upon the South Eastern Railway were.

APROPOS OF A MISSING PICTURE.

A FEW weeks since we visited the National Gallery. We had just sustained an hour's infliction of the Academy Exhibition, and rushed, as is our wont after the dose, among the old pictures, to repose our eye, and take the taste of the Academy out of our mouth. We saw and criticised a *Holbein*—a new acquisition. "There are better pictures of the master," we soliloquised; "but, nevertheless, this is in place here, and we bid it welcome."

A week after we took *Judy* and our child to visit the old pictures. We are forming the boy's taste in art. To our surprise, the *Holbein* had disappeared. We questioned the gentlemen who dose about the door-ways, and received the usual official answer—"Don't know anything about it." So, in despair, we called upon LORD ——, one of the trustees. "Where is the *Holbein*?" was our question. His Lordship blushed slightly, twiddled his eye-glass, shifted uneasily in his chair, and replied evasively—"The *Holbein*?"

"Yes, that was added to the Gallery last week."

"We gave 600*l.* for it," said his Lordship, with a sort of sigh.

"But where is it?"

"Why you see, my dear *Punch*, we have since discovered—"

We smiled at the idea of the trustees discovering anything.

"That is," said his Lordship, correcting himself, "Mr. ——, the eminent dealer, assures us it is no *Holbein* at all—very difficult to distinguish a copy from an original at times—immense caution required—"

"Before buying," we suggested. "But where is it?"

"Why we hope to induce Mr. ——, from whom we bought it, to take it back again. We have offered to give him 200*l.* to take it off our hands," said his Lordship, now really blushing. "But he is very obstinate—quite unpatriotic, in fact."

"Of course the 200*l.* is to come from the trustees' pockets?"

His Lordship opened his eyes very wide.

"I don't understand you," he replied.

"Nor pictures either," we added, jocularly.

"A great comfort that we have these eminent dealers to apply to," said his Lordship. "How we should manage without their advice, I cannot imagine."

"How you manage *with* it, is perfectly apparent," we rejoined, rather angrily (for our blood was up), and taking our hat, left the room, reflecting what a blessing it is to have trustees of the National Gallery who have such a proper distrust of their own judgments, and such a readiness to repair an error, even at a cost of 200*l.*—*to the nation.*

THE MOSAIC CROMWELL.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been created throughout the country by the expected dissolution of the Parliament through the seizure of its goods and chattels. The celebrated passage in history which describes the entrance of CROMWELL and his soldiers into the House of Commons, when the Protector, pointing to the Speaker's mace, bid them "take away that bauble!" is likely to find a parallel in the proceedings in HOWARD *v.* GOSSETT—though the actors in the scene will be much more ignoble than those who took part in the affair that happened at the time of the Commonwealth. It is anticipated that the part of CROMWELL and the soldiers will be personated by Officers of the Sheriff; and the words, "Take away that bauble!" will be used in the sense of "Seize that mace in execution!" If the House of Commons should have all its sticks seized, what on earth will become of SIR VALENTINE BLAKE and a few others?

IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN will not attend the Committee of any English Railway. To state this, he has written a very long letter. This was certainly the most Hibernian method of informing the British public he wanted "to drop a few lines."

DISTRESS IN ST. STEPHEN'S.—HOWARD *v.* GOSSETT.

SHERIFF'S OFFICER. "TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

THE CLERK.

THE word Clerk, which was formerly synonymous with clergyman, included all who had taken orders, and the clerk to this day takes the orders of the customer, or follows the orders of his principal. Clerks are those engaged in the departments of trade or business that require the pen, and any clerk ought therefore to be pen-ny wise, though he should by no means be pound foolish.

There are almost as many varieties of clerks, as there are different sorts of cloth, from the extra superfine government official down to the coarse copying article in an attorney's office.

The education of a clerk is of course a matter of importance, and the following instructions to a parent, intending his child for the desk, should be implicitly followed. First take your son, and soak him well in spelling and writing. Grind in a few ounces of grammar, stuff with arithmetic, and season with geography. Lard with a little Latin, and baste with birch whenever you find it requisite. Serve up on a high stool, at the first convenient opportunity. As our guide is not intended for the parents of clerks, but for clerks themselves, we proceed to give the latter a few general directions for their moral and intellectual guidance.

Recreation will probably be the first consideration with the clerk himself, and we therefore proceed to give this branch of the subject our very earliest attention. The term "recreation" does not necessarily apply to the time after office-hours, for in the absence of the principals the course of the day will furnish many opportunities for relaxation from the toils of business. The newspaper, for instance, expands the mind, and is easily put down when you hear any one coming; while in some offices, not liable to very sudden intrusion, a game at cribbage—which is a great quickener of the faculties—may be ventured on. Where the clerks are all on friendly terms, and particularly in a government office, leap-frog is an agreeable exercise; for it not only fills up the time, but obviates the chief objection to the employment of a clerk, on the ground of its being sedentary. After office-hours you will of course be your own master, and the improvement of your mind will be your chief object.

The great struggle for the emancipation of the commercial intellect is one in which you are interested, and perhaps no revolution was ever so important as the great counter-revolution which the metropolitan shopmen are now engaged in. You will of course range yourself under the banner of "early closing," and will rally round the said measure in defence of your evenings to yourselves, your domestic hearths, your half-prices at the theatres, your mental improvement, your billiards, your books, your Mechanics' Institutions, your free-and-easies, your cigars, your philosophy, and your brandy-and-water. You will fraternise with those gallant linendrapers who have sworn to bring freedom home to their country's counters, and who would rather perish at the scissars' point than lose one quarter of a nail of the great principle they are contending for.

Amid the recreations you may select for the evening, you will be told to avoid excitement, and certainly an excited clerk must be an object of some curiosity, if not of downright ridicule. Beware of literary ambition, and do not covet the mad enjoyment of contributing an occasional pun or gush of poetical passion to the pages of a periodical. Many a clerk has found a premature garret, and sunk into an early workhouse through having given way to the promptings of poesy. We knew a case of a poor boy who soared on the wings of a conundrum into the Temple of Fame, and out of the Inner Temple, where he held the situation of clerk to a very promising junior barrister. Avoid the printer as you would the devil; and eschew the Pierian Spring as you would the plug, when the water is rushing fiercely out of it.

Having given a few directions for the guidance of all clerks in general, let us look at some of the particular kinds, and set down a few rules applicable to each of the various classes.

The first clerk of all is the Government Clerk, whose situation is the most difficult of all; for the filling up of the office-hours from ten till four will require a great amount of ingenuity. The newspaper will furnish conversation, and, in the early part of the month, the magazines will afford light reading that will be a relief to the dreadful monotony of doing nothing. It need hardly be suggested, that if a stranger should enter, he must be received with a stare and a yawn, while some of the old authorities recommend the whistling of a popular air from the last new opera.

The Bank Clerk differs from the Government Clerk apparently, rather than essentially. If an individual enters with a cheque to be changed, be sure not to raise your eyes from a desk at which you are engaged, in drawing some figures on a pad, probably for your own amusement; and if you are laughing or joking with a fellow-clerk, do not cut short a good story to attend to an impatient fellow who comes to pay in or draw out money.

Railway Clerks are next in importance, and they should endeavour to show their dignity by declining to speak to any one who addresses them. If information is wanted, there are the printed bills to afford it; for the duty of the Railway Clerk is confined to taking the fares, and giving the tickets. If you are in this situation, you should not make yourself too cheap, and you should therefore only be visible a few minutes before the starting of the train, when, as a crowd will have been waiting impatiently for you for some time, you will be sure at least of a welcome. Always give the tickets very slowly; for as patience is a virtue, you should take every opportunity of teaching others to practise it.

We now come to Law Clerks, who are divided into Articled Clerks, Attorneys' Clerks, and the Clerks of Barristers.

Articled Clerks, who have paid a good premium, may imitate those in the government offices to a certain extent; but they must be guided by discretion, for people will not always put up with airs from any one in an attorney's office.

The Copying Clerk can only enhance his dignity by using the word WE when speaking of the firm, and talking of his principal to other clerks as So and So, without the complimentary prefix of *Mister* to his surname. The poor fellow may also flirt with the house-servant, in the hope of getting an occasional draught of small beer or a hunch of bread and cheese when he pops down into the kitchen.

We have now nothing left but the Barrister's Clerk, who derives his consequence or the reverse from the standing at the bar or the utter brieflessness of his employer. A Barrister's Clerk should never expose the professional secrets of his master; but if a client should come with even a simple motion of course, the clerk should search a large book containing an imaginary list to see whether *We*—for the Barrister's Clerk usually says *We*—are retained for the other side. If you have nothing to do at chambers, you may endorse some dummies with tremendous ideal fees in very large figures, and write in a very legible hand "WITH YOU, MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL," or "CONSULTATION AT THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S CHAMBERS AT SIX," and these should be left lying in such a position that every one who comes into the chambers cannot avoid seeing them. If your master's practice is so notoriously nominal that this "dodge" could not by any possibility succeed, you, who are his clerk, will probably be a boy, and you will require juvenile recreation. For this purpose there is the whole of the Temple, where pitch-and-toss may be played at all reasonable hours with any other juvenile clerk who may be disposed for the pastime alluded to.

One of the greatest accomplishments of a Barrister's Clerk consists in knowing how to shirk attendance at chambers, and what notices placed on the door are the best adapted to lull suspicion. "Return in an hour" is a standard rule in all cases of vagueness, for the chance of your coming back is so void for remoteness, that few would come to test the validity of the document at the time when you have made yourself returnable. "Gone to Westminster" looks extremely well upon the door, and may apply to your master as well as to yourself. So that when you know he is either fishing or shooting in the country, and is sure not to come back and find you out, you may put up the notice alluded to with credit to all parties.

Epigram.

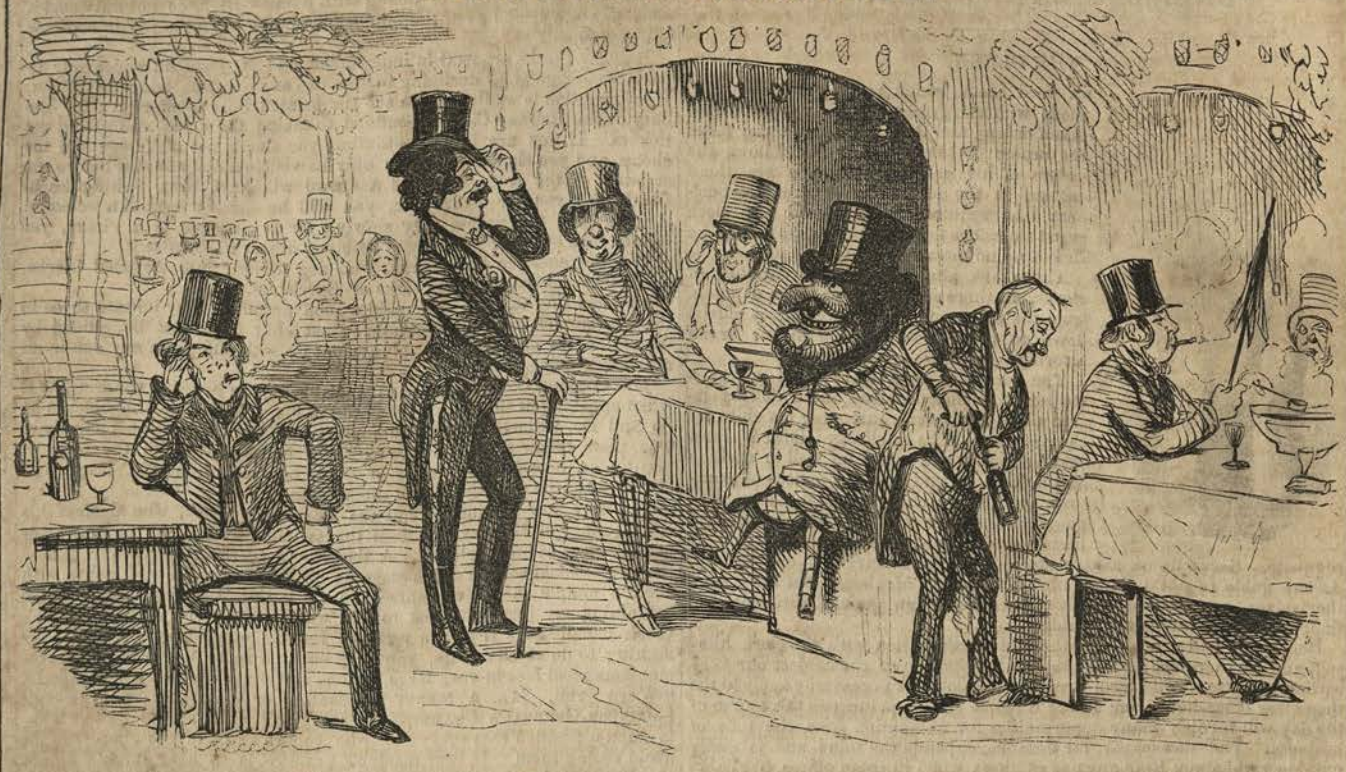
SAYS AINSWORTH to COLBURN,
"A plan in my pate is,
To give my romance, as
A supplement, *gratis*."

Says COLBURN to AINSWORTH,
"'Twill do very nicely.
For that will be charging
Its value precisely."

LEGAL RETRIBUTION.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited among that happily limited portion of the bar which comprises attorney, counsel, clerk, and client, all in one, by the unceremonious disrobing of one of the crew, which the Benchers of Gray's Inn have very properly resorted to. The learned individuals who hang about the outskirts of the Old Bailey, extending their bags for briefs, and holding out their wigs in the hope of getting fees thrown into them, have been subjected to a heavy blow and great discouragement. Self-instruction may be all very well in an educational sense, but when a counsel begins instructing himself, the transaction is sure to be dubious. We are delighted at the determination of the Benchers of Gray's Inn to keep the forensic bombazin unsullied, and the white cravat of the Courts completely spotless. The wig of the advocate ought not to be even suspected, lest he bring down the legal horse-hair in shame and sorrow to the grave.

PUNCH AT VAUXHALL.



In spite of the rumours that Vauxhall Gardens are going to be built upon; that a crescent is to take the place of the orchestra; that a line of street to be called Supper-Box Buildings is to run along one side; while Rotunda Row is to occupy the other, on the ground where the Rotunda now rears its proud *papier mâché* chandelier: in spite, too, of a report that the Hermit is to be knocked down by public auction; that the lamps are to be submitted to the hammer; and that the British Crown done in wire will become the property of any Pretender; while the large illumination anchor is doomed to take its place in a collection of marine stores:—notwithstanding all this, we find that the royal property is once more in all its glory—with its five million additional lamps, its fireworks on an increased scale of brilliancy, and its grand galas embracing everything and everybody that was ever before seen, imagined, or heard of.

By the way, it would make a very tidy sum in arithmetic to compute the number of lamps at present burning at Vauxhall Gardens, for as there have been five million additional occasionally clapped on, the lamps must have by this time reached an amount that would have kept that calculating old cock, Cocker, continually adding up to get a correct notion of. As five million additional lamps are to the year 1830, so is 1845; or, "to put the syllogism thus," as Sir Bulwer Lytton says,—if Vauxhall took five million additional lamps fifteen years ago, and it has been going on at the same rate ever since, what on earth will it all come to! But Vauxhall is open, and *Punch* has paid a visit to the royal property.

It is customary to observe that Vauxhall has all the peculiarities of Fairy Land. If the fairies listen to brass bands and comic songs—if the little elves eat lobster salad and drink arrack punch—if *Puck* and his associates plunge into bottled porter with fowl and ham,—then, but only then, is Vauxhall invested with all the peculiarities of Fairy Land.

On entering the gardens, there arose amid the sylvan branches of the lamp-lighted trees an old familiar voice, shrieking out some comic distich on the subject of America. The name in the bill was not the name of old, but the voice was the same. The comic singer at Vauxhall is the comic singer at Vauxhall, and the buffo by any other name would be equally welcome. The comic singer might actually be made up like a medical prescription. Take a white waistcoat, put a man into it, add a blue coat, garnish with white stock, flavour with brandy-and-water, stir with music, and dish up to some popular tune, when you will have an excellent Vauxhall comic singer. On nearing the orchestra, we found the band still wearing those old traditional cocked-hats, which have travelled from pole to pole for the last hundred years. Some of them were, of course, too large, and that of the double-bass advanced so far on to the bridge of his nose, as to have completely excluded from his eyes all sight of the bridge of his instrument. The flute, on the other hand, could hardly keep his hat on, in consequence of its being too small for him; and if Nature's band of wind instruments commenced playing some gentle airs, the perplexed musician was obliged to remove his fingers from the stops of his flute to stop his hat, which would otherwise have executed a *capriccio* movement.

Having listened to the Vocal Concert, which was of the usual musico-sandwichian character, including a slice of comic, or ham, between two bits of sentiment, or bread and butter, we hurried away at the sound of the bell to see the Ballet. This was so beautiful, yet so unintelligible; there was such a quantity of white muslin and dark mystery, so ingeniously blended together, that we took down the following to serve to future visitors of Vauxhall as the

Libretto of the Ballet.

The scene represents a vast African Desert, with a vase on one side, and a rout-seat, partially covered with red calico, on the other. Some maidens, in muslin, are expressing their joy and innocence in a dance of six, when a young Emir or Pacha, of about fifteen years of age, in a Persian turban, a *Richard the Third's* robe, and a Greek jacket over that, throws himself on to the rout-chair, in a state of evident despondency. His Grand Vizier, in a sort of German tunic, made of green baize, trimmed with door leather, endeavours to console him by showing him the six innocent maidens in white muslin, who come up to him one by one, with the right leg poised in the air, as much as to say by the expression of the foot—What do you think of me? He disdains the innocent creatures with much rudeness, and once more throws himself on to the rout-seat, and buries his head in his hands—a species of funeral solemnity which is perfectly natural. At length a fair creature enters in a Polish head-dress and British petticoats, a body of pink Persian, generally used for lining, and a skirt of book muslin. She capers up to the young Emir with much activity, and smiles benignantly on the audience, when the Emir examines her features; but drawing his hand down his face, and mournfully shaking his head—a gesture expressive of his wanting something a shade or two lovelier—he repairs once more to his rout-seat, while his Grand Vizier "draws a one side," as the cabmen say, and the young innocent in demi-Polish costume is joined by a real red satin Pole, with whom she commences dancing the Polka—the Emir looking on with a sort of melancholy patience which is truly praiseworthy.

The Polka being concluded—in the course of which the Emir is several times obliged to put his feet under his seat to prevent them from being trodden on, and the Vizier is frequently flung violently back by the boisterous gyrations of the joyous couple—the Polka being at an end, the Emir appears doomed to finish his life, or at least the ballet, in single cursedness, when a faun-like thing in shamefully short petticoats comes frisking along, and the Emir is evidently struck "all of a heap" by the brilliance of her rouge, the chalky whiteness of her skin, and the more than Indian

inkiness of her eyebrows. He is suited at last, and retires to the rout-seat to witness a dance; when a Greek youth advances, in a state of slavery, which is shown by a chain of most considerate lightness passing from one hand to the other. A few appealing *pirouettes* from the maiden soften the Emir's heart, and the fetters are taken by the Grand Vizier from the youth's hands, when a *pas de caractère* commences, in the course of which the Emir and his Grand Vizier disappear—the latter taking the rout-seat in his hand. The *pas de* love and gratitude having terminated, an individual enters in a suit of black, accompanied by Mr. Canfield, the American Samson, who breaks cables into little bits, gives a back at leap-frog to a cannon which is let off, and lifts three or four men, among whom we distinctly recognised the Grand Vizier. What has become of the Emir during all this time does not appear, but it is supposed that he abdicates the rout-seat of power, and is succeeded either by the youth and maiden who danced the Polka, or by the other youth and maiden who danced the *pas de caractère*, and it is probable that the introduction of the strong man was intended to show that force was necessary to alter and settle the dynasty. Such was the Vauxhall *ballet*, as far as we, without the aid of a book, could follow out its incidents, and we trust that our attempt to provide a *libretto* will be duly appreciated.

Understanding that there was an attempt to realise Vesuvius in a corner of the gardens, we inquired of a waiter the way to Naples, and ascertained that we should find the celebrated bay by taking the first turning on the left after the last supper-box. We were soon gazing on a Neapolitan sea-scape under a Vauxhall sky, and it was only a slight difference in climate, with a powerful odour of punch, that made us remember we were not at Napoli: Vesuvius was smoking mildly, as if the demon of the mount were in the act of enjoying a cigar after dinner. After shedding a tear—just one—over the fate of Pliny, we hurried along the dark walk, at the end of which is a splendid allegorical representation of Neptune laying on the water to all parts of the world through the nostrils of some horses, made of plaster of Paris.

We beg leave to call the attention of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to this splendid group, which would be a vast improvement on the Fountains in Trafalgar Square, if a swap could be effected. Turning smartly to the left, we came upon the well-known Hermit, whose position is lively and social compared with that of the real hermit—the miserable wretch who is compelled to remain in attendance all night, for the purpose of keeping the moon perpetually snuffed, and poking or trimming the hermit's fire.

The mind turns anxiously from the darkness of the Vauxhall Hermit's cell to the brilliance of the Vauxhall fireworks. To describe the latter would be impossible. The enthusiastic "Oh's!" the enraptured "Ah's!" the universal "My's!" and occasional "Lookee there's!" not only beggar description, but reduce him to a state of hopeless insolvency. The rapid descent of Joel il Diavolo along a wire, with a firework fizzing from the end of his nose, and a blaze of brilliancy pouring out from his elbows, must be seen not to be understood, and witnessed in order to be utterly indescribable.

Of Widdicomb we say nothing. There are some subjects too serious to be joked upon, and Widdicomb, at Vauxhall, is one! With this mournful piece of philosophy, we bring our notice to a close.

THE DUSTY STREETS.

"Down with the dust," is now the universal cry; and we are happy to find that an association has been formed to employ 40,000 able-bodied men in scouring the town instead of leaving them to scour the country in idleness and poverty. The complaint of the individual who hires a gig on Sunday, and cannot cut a dash because the dust completely envelopes him, has at last been heard; and a great sweeping reform is in progress, by which 40,000 men will daily sweep the great London thoroughfares.

It seems, from the statistics of sweeping, that one man can keep clean an area of upwards of a thousand yards; and it is ascertained that twenty-six into Fleet-street will go once and two over; while a broom and a half per man will be about the average of the consumption of besoms. A public meeting has already been held on this great question; and we can only say that it has *Punch's* finest sympathy.

TO THE AFFLUENT.—A young gentleman, who from a habit of dining out at parties, has acquired a taste for Champagne and other expensive wines, but whose means, alas! do not admit of his indulging in the same at his own expense, makes this earnest appeal to the benevolent and kind-hearted, in the hope that, through their liberality, his small but too empty cellar may be supplied. Even single bottles would be most thankfully received.—Please to address to the Hon. X. Y. Z., 92, Fleet Street.

LONG DURATION OF SLEEP.

The trance under which Mr. Barry has been labouring for weeks past, still continues as bad as ever. He passed a very restless day on Monday, owing to the noise made by the incessant firing at the review in Hyde Park. Prince Albert has been unremitting in his inquiries; and strict orders have been given by his Royal Highness that Mr. Barry, as long as he continues in his present hopeless state, is not to be disturbed by anybody.

Lord Brougham called in the course of the week, but was instantly denied. His Lordship left word that he would look in again shortly, as he was most anxious to know how Mr. Barry was getting on. Mr. Barry is still quartered at the new Houses of Parliament, it being the spot where his singular complaint first began. Should there be no signs of improvement, however—that is to say, of his getting rapidly wide-awake—there is a loud talk of removing him.

Princely Precaution.

It is rumoured that Louis-Philippe is in treaty with the proprietor of the Electric Gun for the purchase of the secret of its construction; for, since the statement has been published that it discharges 1,000 balls a minute, His Majesty has been most anxious to get the gun into his own hands, lest its deadly powers should ever be tried upon some of the finest buildings in France, particularly the fortifications of Paris. Should the secret be bought up, we advise His French Majesty to have boards set up the whole length of the *enceinte continuée*, with the inscription of "Electric Guns set on these premises." It will effectually save his subjects the shame of any more "glorious" days of July.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some surprise has been excited in legal circles that the promotions have not included our friend Mr. Briefless. It was confidently expected that the coif would have been pressed upon him, or that his stuff gown—now nearly worn out with constantly sitting down, for he is never on his legs—would have been replaced by a silk one. We are told that Mr. Briefless intends bringing his case under the notice of the public in a pamphlet to be called *Who, When, Why, and What*, addressed to the Lord Chancellor.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

A Poem, in Two Cantos.

CANTO THE FIRST.

COURTSHIP.

FAIREST of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow,
Lo! at thy feet, I swear to love thee ever;
And, by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
To be extinguished—never, dearest—never!
Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
CATHERINE! my own sweet KATE! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring;
And we will live in solitude, nor care
For aught save for each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

CANTO THE SECOND.

MATRIMONY.

Now, MRS. PRINGLE, once for all, I say
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
Tears, MRS. PRINGLE, will not gull me now.
I say I won't allow ten pounds a-week:
I can't afford it; Madam, do not speak!

In wedding you, I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;—
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what 's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I 'll make them quiet!

PAINFUL TOYS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I want to know whether you think any moral or intellectual good can be done to the world by a species of toy that I now see in many of the shops, and which is something like this:—

Two pieces of board are fitted together with a piece of leather at the edges, and when these are pressed together, the air goes through a hole with a noise resembling the word "fitch!" The figure on the outside represents a young gentleman suspended from some railings by the seat of his "continuations," and, by a curious arrangement, his mouth opens whenever the noise is produced. Sometimes the figure represents a sportsman with his foot in a trap; sometimes a man having a tooth extracted; but all agree in this point, that the squeak of the boards is intended for an expression of pain by the party depicted outside.

Now, sir, I look upon these toys highly objectionable.

First, from a moral point of view, as I think a constant exhibition of pain anything but wholesome to the young mind.

Secondly, from an intellectual point of view, as I assure you no human being in pain ever uttered a noise like that of this little machine. I recently tried the experiment on my six sons, to whom I gave in succession a smart pinch. The first growled out—"Come now!" the second exclaimed, "I say!" the third ejaculated, "Oh, crikey!" the fourth, whistled "Phew!" the fifth uttered "Oh!" alone, and the sixth and youngest, sat down and bellowed like a bull. Not one of them, *Mr. Punch*, said anything like the monosyllable "fitch."

Pray, *Punch*, if you agree with me, insert this letter as some check to the propagation of error.

PATERFAMILIAS.

MIKE GIBBS AND BILLY GIBBS.

THE LORD MAYOR was placed in an awkward situation the other day by the following burst of honest indignation from the lips of a policeman, at the Mansion-house:—

"My lord, this BILLY GIBBS is one of the worst characters we are acquainted with, and I should be glad to know whether I am not at liberty to apprehend him in this case."

Whether it was tenderness towards a namesake, or for some other cause, we know not; but certain it is, that MIKE GIBBS would not sanction the apprehension of BILLY GIBBS: "for," said the LORD MAYOR, "I cannot see any ground for apprehending BILLY GIBBS in the present case; but, as he is a person of such desperate character, he must in all probability soon fall into the hands of the police."

MIKE GIBBS thinks there is no occasion for BILLY GIBBS to be brought to book at present. His time will come some day or other, and so there is to be no hurry. MIKE GIBBS disapproves of BILLY GIBBS being called to account just at present.

England's Wooden Walls.

A RAILING is being put up round the Wellington Statue opposite the Royal Exchange. The shabby boarding, however, still continues round the Nelson Column. We think, after the handsome present of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, they might have bound this work of art in something better than plain boards. A column does not improve, any more than good wine, by being kept too long "in the wood." We certainly take a pride in giving the column this railing,—because we feel, that, if it is left to the public, it will never get one. The Committee, too, we think, requires blowing up just as much as the boards.

TREMENDOUS SUFFERINGS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.

The papers have the following article:—

"THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.—On the 1st of July the 1st Life Guards will march from Regent's Park to Hyde Park; the 2nd Life Guards from Hyde Park to Windsor; and the Royal Horse Guards from Windsor to Regent's Park."

Bless the gallant fellows, wherever they go!—Every Briton's heart must kindle as he reads of their heroic hardships and sublime gallantry.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

PUNCH AND THE "PICKERS AND STEALERS."

OLD PLUTARCH speaks of a little bird that lives by picking its daily morsels from the teeth of the alligator.

Now *Punch*, though most unlike an alligator, has, who shall say how many, of these living toothpicks? Not a tit-bit can he have in his mouth, but thievish birds—literary jays and magpies—clamour about his jaws to carry the morsel off. True, in his charity for all mankind, it may be some consolation for him to know that these daily morsels afford nourishment to many, who, foregoing the larceny, would necessarily be doomed to the ignominy of honest labour. Nevertheless, when a man's pocket is picked of a guinea, the loser—unless most harmoniously touched by divine philosophy—finds little satisfaction in the thought that the thief can regale himself with rump-steak and port by means of the plunder.

Punch is now little better than four years old; and never was any creature of that tender age more barbarously stripped than he. Petty larceny quill-nibbers of all sorts have plucked at him. Even the great VIDOCQ would be tasked to classify the foolscap thieves that have beset him.

Foremost in the rank are the pen-and-ink swindlers: the fellows who come before the town looking as much like *Punch*, in the cut of their page, and pattern of their cover, as they can, that they may obtain some threepences, some threehalfpences, under false pretence; in fact, cheating and embezzling under the guise of *Punch*. Alas! as the song says, "they flutter and they die!" *Punch*, though but four years old, may say with NESTOR, "Three generations of men (grubs) have I beheld on green Pylos."

It is a pity that the present imperfect state of society does not afford us a literary police-court, whereat such offenders might be justly sentenced. Then might we see even Lords picking rags for paper; aye, men of "high rank," as the gentle AINSWORTH, "ever in the haunch" of his advertisement sings, doomed to manipulate printers' ink for the use and benefit of worthy pressmen. Every honest soul must sigh for such a tribunal; but then, how much has honesty to sigh for in this slippery world!

The second class of robbers are those who, struggling for *Punch* yet reeking from the press, in a few hours afterwards oppose him on the mart with some of his choice articles. Honest this, isn't it? to steal the golden pippins from a man's garden, and then, bringing them to market, to put them off against their kindred apples at half-price. But then, thieves can afford to undersell the folks they rob; and there *are* people who love a bargain so passionately, that they cannot nose in it any taint of moral felony, though strong enough to poison Newgate.

The next class of forlorn criminals comprises those who weekly fill their columns from *Punch*, never naming their benefactor, but putting off the goods as their own peculiar make. Benighted men—besotted creatures! And can ye—in the low wriggling of your souls—can ye hope that the robbery passes undetected by the world? If the bold BLOOD had made off with the regalia, would the magnificent thief have walked the streets with the crown on his head, insanely believing that men would think the glory his own private property? And yet there are newspaper thieves who weekly crown themselves with our CAUDLE cup, and, in their forlornness of intellect, hope the Cup will be taken as a thing of their own family. We now give them warning: if this wickedness continues, we shall gibbet the names of the robbers. Though we should as soon hope to call blushes into the dust of JONATHAN WILD as to shame these people into truth,—nevertheless, for the sweetness of our own private revenge, we *will* gibbet them!

We find another sneaking class in those who, imitating the outside look of *Punch*, call him their "friend," and modestly ask the world to receive them also for their "friend's" sake. Avaunt! Clutch not hold of our robe; seek not—monkey-like—the eminence of our hunch! *Punch* loves to believe that he has friends; men with honest faces, and plain hearty words of their own; not gentry of the swell mob of letters—smashers worthy of a literary Tothill Fields.

Again are we robbed and shamefully disfigured by the stage-thief; by the man who, scissors in hand, and his eye twinkling on paste-pot, watches the birth of the new book, clothing and feeding himself, Hottentot-like, with its intestines. And this man has the same relation to the dramatist as *Old Fagin* has to SAMUEL ROGERS, banker—stolen pocket-handkerchiefs to virgin bullion! And thus, by this man, is chaste and decorous MRS. CAUDLE—one lump of propriety as she is!—belied and slandered at a playhouse in Oxford Street! And *Punch*—save in the boundless sympathies of all honest men—has no redress.

Nevertheless, we here declare war—inextinguishable war—against the "Pickers and Stealers." We will erect a weekly pillory, and woe to the offenders. *Punch dixit!*

A New Court Circular.

AS HER MAJESTY seems to go only to those places of amusement which are foreign in their entertainment—such as the Italian opera, the French plays, and the Brussels opera—it must follow, as a matter of course, that her movements can only be interesting to foreigners. It is therefore proposed to publish the Court Circular in a foreign tongue, so that the persons who derive any satisfaction from the QUEEN'S visits to places of amusement may be able to read the accounts of the proceedings of Royalty.

We subjoin a specimen:—

"*La Reine et le Prince Albert ont joui leur promenade habituelle à la bonne heure, dans les jardins du Palais Buckingham.*

"*Leurs Altesses Royales le Prince des Baleines, la Princesse Royale et la petite Alice ont été pris un échauffage* (were taken an airing) *dans une voiture et quatre, accompagnées par milady Littelton.*

"*La Reine et le Prince ont visité le grand opéra de Bruxelles hier au soir pour la seconde fois dans la semaine.*"

Or perhaps it would be desirable to occasionally print the Court Circular in Italian, for the benefit of those who take a more immediate interest in the Italian objects of HER MAJESTY'S patronage. We give a specimen:—

"*Il piccolo Principe è stato sul cavallo nella matina nelle giardini del palazzo Buckingham.*

"*La Regina e il Principe Alberto sono stati all'opera Italiana dopo pranza.*

"*I cantatrici Italiani hanno cantati davanti il circolo reale, e sono stati ben pagati per il lavoro di loro* (were well paid for their trouble)."

THE DOG DAYS.

A TAX of fifteen francs has been proposed in the Chamber of Deputies to be levied upon dogs. We should not wonder if the whole French canine species, seeing that they were treated *comme des véritables chiens* in France, did not emigrate to England, where the race does enjoy the protection of the Legislature. But, in the event of this visit, we hope a lunacy doctor or two will be sent down to the coast to establish a *cordon sanitaire*, so that any dog, not in sound possession of his senses, may be caught tripping at once; because, now that the warm weather is at 92¾ Parliamentary heat, if we are to be bitten by a mad dog, we prefer taking the hydrophobia from one of our own country. We should not like to go out of the world with the notion that we were a French poodle.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXIV.

MRS. CAUDLE DWELLS ON CAUDLE'S "CRUEL NEGLECT" OF HER ON BOARD THE "RED ROVER." MRS. CAUDLE SO "ILL WITH THE SEA," THAT THEY PUT UP AT THE DOLPHIN, HERNE BAY.

"CAUDLE, have you looked under the bed? *What for?* Bless the man! Why, for thieves, to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed without? Don't tell me it's nonsense! I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that; not that you'd —hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes; that's like you; laugh! It would be no laughing matter if—I'm sure there *is* somebody!—I'm sure there is!

"——— Yes, MR. CAUDLE; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked himself: especially after my sufferings on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why you're not going to sleep! What do you say? *It's the strange air—and you're always sleepy in a strange air?* That shows the feelings you have, after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! CAUDLE, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

"No; I *couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out—yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say, you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure I'm to have, if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman!

"Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No: I shan't be well in the morning. But nothing ever ails anybody but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, MR. CAUDLE, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. If once I wouldn't have given all the world for anybody to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, MR. CAUDLE? But I know what you mean—of course, you'd never have stirred to stop 'em; not you. And then you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day; but that's why you came.

"Whatever I should have done if it hadn't been for that good soul —that blessed CAPTAIN LARGE! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in sea-sickness, and so much of a gentleman! How I should have got down stairs without him when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you—you might have seen I was ill. And when everybody was looking like a bad wax-candle, you could walk about, and make what you call your jokes upon the little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

"Yes, CAUDLE; we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come—what are you clasping your hands at?—a thousand years to come I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day. You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill—oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy-and-water—you thought I didn't see you; but ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy-and-water; and you sipped 'em, and drank the health of people you didn't care a pin about; whilst the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy-and-water, and *I* left—as I may say—alone! You didn't hear 'em, but everybody was crying shame of you.

"What do you say? *A good deal my own fault? I took too much dinner?* Well, you are a man! If I took more than the breast and the leg of that young goose—a thing, I may say, just out of the shell —with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say? *Lobster salad?* La!—how can you speak of it? A month old baby would have eaten more. What? *Gooseberry pie?* Well, if you'll name that, you'll name anything. Ate too much indeed! Do you think I was going to pay for a dinner, and eat nothing? No, MR. CAUDLE; it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that.

"But, of course, you were better engaged than attending to me. MR. PRETTYMAN came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. *It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper?* I daresay; ill as I was, I had my eyes. It was the smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But of course, a letter from MISS PRETTYMAN——Now, CAUDLE, if you begin to cry out in that manner, I'll get up. Do you forget that you're not at your own house? making that noise! Disturbing everybody! Why we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink "forward" as you called it. What? *You couldn't smoke anywhere else?* That's nothing to do with it. Yes; forward. What a pity that MISS PRETTYMAN wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of MISS PRETTYMAN? After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips! Yes; I'm to be brought away from my own home, dragged down here to the sea-side, and made ill; and I'm not to speak. I should like to know what next.

"It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned; not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have had his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as—*It's no such thing?* It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander among steam-engines. No, I won't let you sleep. What a man you are! What? *I've said that before?* That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could never have a little rational conversation. No, I shan't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

"A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. *You came a dozen times?* No, CAUDLE, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill, that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must have been my feelings to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—something like husbands!—and I was left to be ill alone? Yes; and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how could I know that you didn't come to the cabin-door? That's just like your aggravating way; but I'm not to be caught in that manner, CAUDLE. No."

"It is very possible," writes CAUDLE, "that she talked two hours more: but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed —and, soothed by the sweet lullaby (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy-and-water) I somehow fell asleep."

A Word in Season.

NOTWITHSTANDING—indeed we should rather say in consequence of—the heat of the weather, ice in large quantities is to be met with in every street, at various pastry-cooks. It is to be wished that the Humane Society, or somebody, would have these places marked "Dangerous," for the especial benefit of young ladies, who frequently hurt themselves by venturing too often on the ice.

REASONS

WHY I SHALL NOT SEND MY SON, GUSTAVUS FREDERIC, TO TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

BY MR. *PUNCH*.

The young men of Trinity College, Cambridge, assume greater rank than the members of other colleges in that University. They wear blue gowns while other youths wear black; they number more noblemen and fellow-commoners than all the University put together; they call all the rest of the world "small college-men." Old Lickspittle, from Baker Street, sends Young Lickspittle to Trinity that he may form "connections" there, and become acquainted with sucking lords, with whom he may walk down Pall Mall in after life.

And yet, from accounts which reach me, I won't send my son Gustavus Frederic Forrester Chesterfield D'Orsay *Punch* to Trinity; I wish Gustavus Frederic to see good society, certainly, but not at such a price as he must pay under Dr. Whewell's Mastership.

Suppose Dr. Whewell were to take a fancy to that dear child, as I have no doubt he would; he would invite him to the lodge to tea, which is a very wholesome drink for my darling boy. But he would not be allowed to *sit down and drink it.* No; the Master of Trinity does not allow undergraduates to sit down before him. If a raw lad dares to take a chair, there 's a kind sub-tutor in the way, who whispers to the young gentleman this wish of the master.

I wouldn't have my Gustavus Frederic go into any company where he is considered unworthy to sit down. His legs are strong, but I won't have them tried in *that* way.

Even when I see ladies and gentlemen standing behind Prince Albert and Her Majesty, I blush. To be a flunky after all is *not* an honourable position—to be a flunky and stand behind even a Queen. I pity the poor devils of White Rods and Aides-de-camp when I see them at the Opera, and the Prince in his chair. I feel ashamed somehow.

And if ashamed of a gentleman standing before a prince, how much more of a gentleman standing before a Dr. Whewell!—The Doctor has written a Bridgewater treatise, and I 'm sure only acts from humility; it is for his office sake, and not for his own, that he degrades young gentlemen so; and I 've no doubt when Her Majesty was at Trinity Lodge, he gave the Queen his arm, or walked before her, as Doctor Busby did before King Charles. But my beloved boy's proud spirit would burst over the lodge muffins and tea, if obliged to swallow them standing. He has not been accustomed to take his victuals in that way; no, nor to stand before any person—not even his own father.

And suppose I were to go down to see him. His tutor would ask me to dine in the hall, no doubt, as Mr. S—— asked Mr. Jerdan and a party the other day. Doctor Whewell sees a party of *distingué*-looking fellows dining with Mr. S——, and invites him and his friends to the lodge. But he hears that in the party is a literary gentleman by the name of *Punch*, on which the Master writes a letter, to say—"Dear S., I expect all your party *except Mr. Punch.*" Dr. Whewell did this the other day to the editor of another eminent literary periodical.

Suppose such a thing were to happen to me, what would Gustavus Frederic do? What would I do? I might be angry. I might use strong language. I shudder to think what I might say or do.

Neither of us can afford to mix with good society at that price; and therefore, as long as the Master of Trinity maintains his present opinions, Gustavus Frederic shall be a small college-man.

THE EUREKA.

If the Eureka can really do what it professes to do, and put words mechanically into poetry correct as to meaning and metre, what an invaluable discovery it will prove to all classes of society, but particularly to politicians. The idea is so invigorating, that it has inspired us with the following

EPIGRAM.

Such an invention were, indeed, a treasure,
Since there would be no longer a pretence
For Peel's not bringing in a perfect measure,
And for poor Sibthorp's never talking sense.

How ministers would hail it in due season,
If by its potent aid they could but reach
The art of putting either rhyme or reason—
Or both together—in the royal speech!

THE LAST POLITICAL STEP.

Great things have been said of Taglioni's *pas de caractère.* But they are not to be compared to Mr. Fitzroy Kelly's. Why? His *pas de caractère* is so notorious that it has actually got him a position in the cabinet!

APPALLING FAMINE AT GRAVESEND.

Last Sunday a scene occurred at this favoured spot,—a scene unparalleled in the memories of the oldest butcher and baker. Half London having emptied itself into the town, neither bite nor sup was to be had after 1 P. M. Five shillings were freely offered—so thronged was the place—for a three-legged stool; and door-steps had lively purchasers at half-a-crown the fourteen inches. We saw many respectable families seated on the hot pavement; and being under a vertical sun, were in many instances heard as if slowly grilling.

Ginger-beer never went up so in the memory of man; rising per bottle as high as three shillings.

The heads and tails of shrimps went at two-and-sixpence a pint.

We are informed—though we do not vouch for the truth of the report—that three mice were sold at eighteenpence a-piece, and cooked for a stockbroker.

A pious and respectable family were detected breaking into the larder of the rector. We are not yet at liberty to give their names.

An Italian boy sold a live tortoise for a sovereign, to make mock-turtle for a common councilman.

Pigeons were pelted with five shilling pieces, and in several instances brought dead to the ground, and broiled on the flags.

A very respectable bald-headed attorney, happily having some parchment deeds about him, soaked them in brandy-and-water (which he providentially carried in a pocket-pistol), and then divided them among his exhausted family; thereby unconsciously, but no less beautifully, realising the fable of the pelican feeding with its own blood its own little ones.

There were other cases of equal horror; but out of decent respect to the sensibilities of our readers, we reluctantly suppress them.

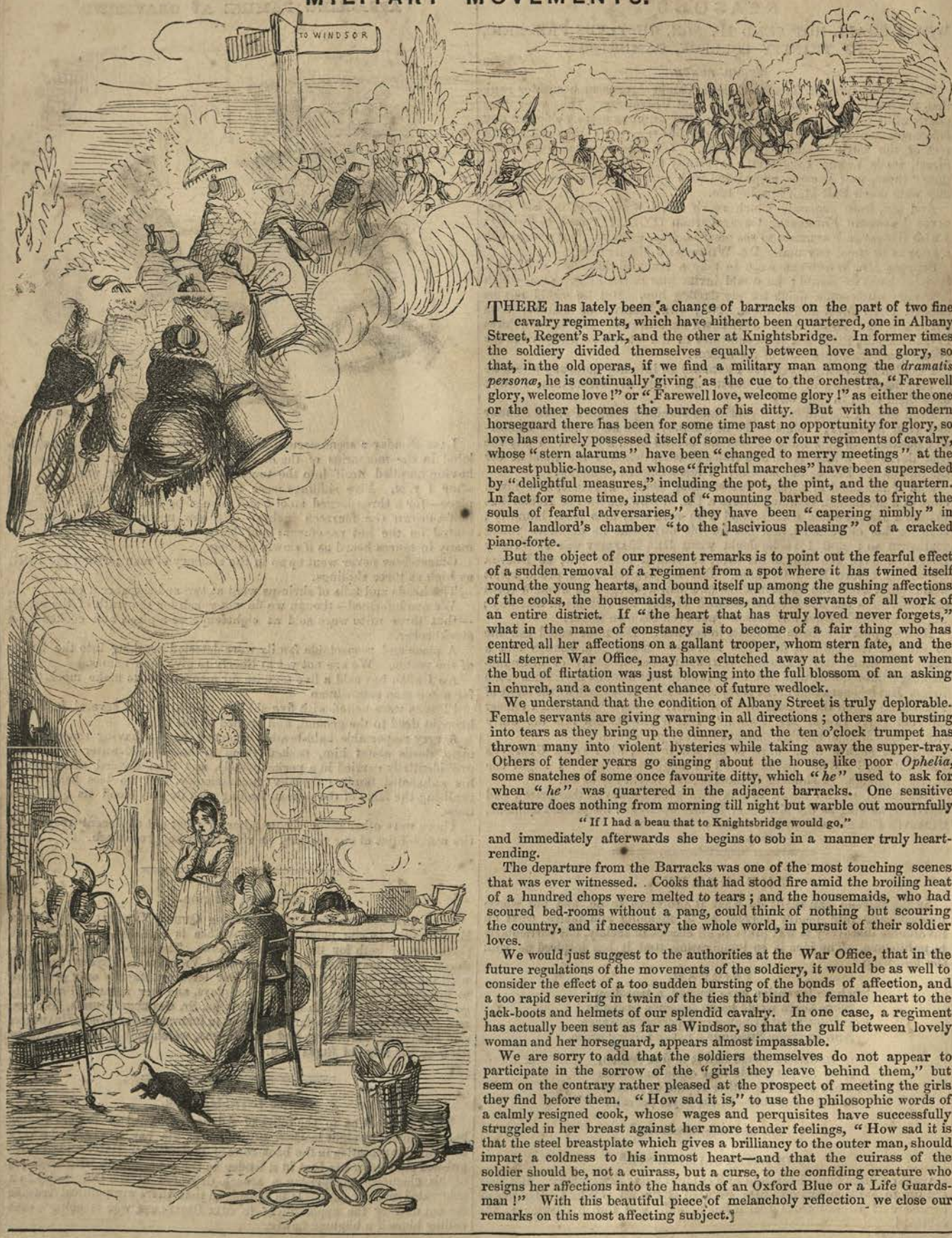
Kindred Spirits.

Some persons are fond of comparing Queen Victoria with Queen Elizabeth. In one point the resemblance is perfect—and that is, the patronage of both for the English Drama. The age of Elizabeth produced a William Shakspere—that of Victoria is already immortal with the name of Alfred Bunn! But let Her Majesty only persevere in her frequent visits to the French plays, and her name will assuredly go down to posterity with those of Scribe, St. Georges, Dumas, Leuven, and Brunswick—names far surpassing in lustre those of Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson, which only throw a rushlight glow on the reign of Elizabeth.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

The statement as to the office of Advocate-General at Bengal having been declined by eight learned gentlemen at the bar, has created a very considerable sensation in the back-rows of Westminster Hall; and a distinguished stuff gown has sent in a tender to the government, with a sample of his eloquence, comprising a speech delivered at the Old Bailey in a celebrated murder case. It is whispered that there are political reasons for not offering the appointment to Mr. Briefless, who is going about calling himself a blighted flower.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.



THERE has lately been a change of barracks on the part of two fine cavalry regiments, which have hitherto been quartered, one in Albany Street, Regent's Park, and the other at Knightsbridge. In former times the soldiery divided themselves equally between love and glory, so that, in the old operas, if we find a military man among the *dramatis personæ*, he is continually giving as the cue to the orchestra, "Farewell glory, welcome love!" or "Farewell love, welcome glory!" as either the one or the other becomes the burden of his ditty. But with the modern horseguard there has been for some time past no opportunity for glory, so love has entirely possessed itself of some three or four regiments of cavalry, whose "stern alarums" have been "changed to merry meetings" at the nearest public-house, and whose "frightful marches" have been superseded by "delightful measures," including the pot, the pint, and the quartern. In fact for some time, instead of "mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls of fearful adversaries," they have been "capering nimbly" in some landlord's chamber "to the lascivious pleasing" of a cracked piano-forte.

But the object of our present remarks is to point out the fearful effect of a sudden removal of a regiment from a spot where it has twined itself round the young hearts, and bound itself up among the gushing affections of the cooks, the housemaids, the nurses, and the servants of all work of an entire district. If "the heart that has truly loved never forgets," what in the name of constancy is to become of a fair thing who has centred all her affections on a gallant trooper, whom stern fate, and the still sterner War Office, may have clutched away at the moment when the bud of flirtation was just blowing into the full blossom of an asking in church, and a contingent chance of future wedlock.

We understand that the condition of Albany Street is truly deplorable. Female servants are giving warning in all directions; others are bursting into tears as they bring up the dinner, and the ten o'clock trumpet has thrown many into violent hysterics while taking away the supper-tray. Others of tender years go singing about the house, like poor *Ophelia*, some snatches of some once favourite ditty, which "*he*" used to ask for when "*he*" was quartered in the adjacent barracks. One sensitive creature does nothing from morning till night but warble out mournfully

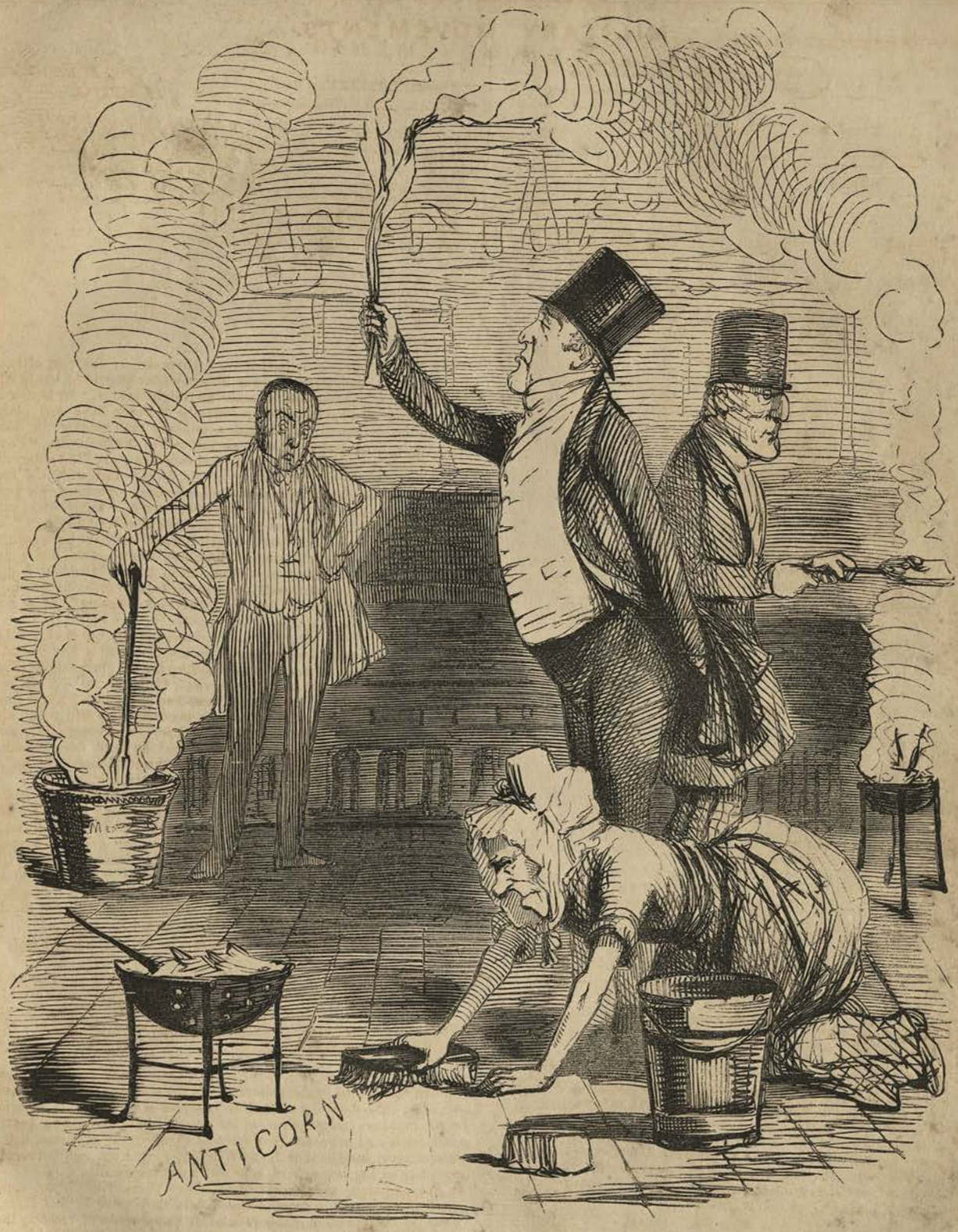
"If I had a beau that to Knightsbridge would go,"

and immediately afterwards she begins to sob in a manner truly heart-rending.

The departure from the Barracks was one of the most touching scenes that was ever witnessed. Cooks that had stood fire amid the broiling heat of a hundred chops were melted to tears; and the housemaids, who had scoured bed-rooms without a pang, could think of nothing but scouring the country, and if necessary the whole world, in pursuit of their soldier loves.

We would just suggest to the authorities at the War Office, that in the future regulations of the movements of the soldiery, it would be as well to consider the effect of a too sudden bursting of the bonds of affection, and a too rapid severing in twain of the ties that bind the female heart to the jack-boots and helmets of our splendid cavalry. In one case, a regiment has actually been sent as far as Windsor, so that the gulf between lovely woman and her horseguard, appears almost impassable.

We are sorry to add that the soldiers themselves do not appear to participate in the sorrow of the "girls they leave behind them," but seem on the contrary rather pleased at the prospect of meeting the girls they find before them. "How sad it is," to use the philosophic words of a calmly resigned cook, whose wages and perquisites have successfully struggled in her breast against her more tender feelings, "How sad it is that the steel breastplate which gives a brilliancy to the outer man, should impart a coldness to his inmost heart—and that the cuirass of the soldier should be, not a cuirass, but a curse, to the confiding creature who resigns her affections into the hands of an Oxford Blue or a Life Guardsman!" With this beautiful piece of melancholy reflection we close our remarks on this most affecting subject.



PURIFYING COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

"THE cause of this removal from their (the Brussels *troupe*) former quarters, it is generally understood, is the fact that the connexion of Covent Garden with the Anti-Corn Law League was a bar to the patronage of HER MAJESTY."—*Times, July 5.*

THE QUEEN AND THE CORN LAWS.

VICTORIA, our GRACIOUS MAJESTY, has withdrawn her countenance from Covent Garden Theatre. It is a doomed, bad house: its character as a respectable mass of bricks and stucco gone for ever, in consequence of the naughty people—the Anti-Corn Law Leaguers—who have held their revels there. Thus, the Court, fearing to catch free-trade principles—as folks catch typhus from foul buildings—attends at that unpolluted temple of taste and genius, Drury Lane, ordering thither the Brussels nightingales. We trust that the *custode* of that pure fane, the poet BUNN, will be knighted; —that the glitter of his spurs may, if possible, cast a still brighter lustre on the building in which his genius has already lighted many blazes of triumph. For the greater the glory of the Lane, the blacker the shadow on the Garden. The League *was* "a great fact;" a stirring giant, with a hundred brawny arms, shaking the pillars of monopoly. Alas! it is now gone—defunct: a mass of dead clay, "brained with a lady's fan."

All signal and soul-striking as is the visitation of HER MAJESTY'S displeasure on that dumb, dead playhouse—that cold carcase of a tenement, Covent Garden—still do we think it insufficient to the punishment of the crime of which it has been guilty. Any other bricks of any other building would have felt the rebuke *like* bricks, and have tumbled into a heap of ruins, smitten by the whirl of the royal carriage wheels, as they rolled towards triumphant Drury. The exterior *relievo* figures would have blushed a deeper red than was ever yet flaunted in the inside saloons. But no! There is something strangely hardening in a playhouse: for even bricks and statues become harder and harder still, exposed to its indurating atmosphere.

Nevertheless, we would have the whole of the theatre demolished, carried away; and to commemorate the defeat of the League and the triumph of the Corn Laws, we would have the site turned up by the plough, and then sown with the very best British wheat. A very imposing spectacle might be made of the ceremony. Sure we are, that to teach so great a moral lesson, the DUKE OF RICHMOND—the farmer's friend—would have no objection to throw the grain broadcast. We can picture him—the homely, out-speaking DUKE, the starred-and-gartered ADAM of the soil—dressed for the occasion in a smock-frock of white satin, with amber-coloured smalls of the same web. A few Young Englanders with oaten pipes and silver crooks might also attend as shepherds.

Nor would we end here. We would have all the actors and actresses—who at any period of their lives had formed a part of Covent Garden company—sought out and punished; so that the sins of the bricks might be visited upon those who, at one time or the other, had kept them company. MR. CHARLES KEMBLE has, we believe, an interest in Covent Garden. MR. CHARLES KEMBLE'S son JOHN is the Deputy Licenser of Plays. Let him be immediately degraded. Hitherto the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund has received an annual subscription from HER MAJESTY'S purse of 100*l*. Of course this donation can never again be repeated. No: we would have the warning and punishment complete and terrible. If bricks and mortar be thus significantly reproved, why should men and women escape? Let equal magnanimity chastise all alike.

In the meantime, we would suggest that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN should for at least an hour a day walk Bow Street, bearing a paper lantern—made out of the *Court Circular* that announced the royal visit to Drury Lane—with an inscription underneath showing these awful words:—"*Beware of an Anti-Corn Law House!*"

TAILOR'S LATIN.

WE all owe much to our tailor in one sense; many of us in more senses than one. How shall society repay its tailor? At least, by elevating him in the social scale. Let his art rank henceforth among the liberal professions. Why prefer the individual who gilds a pill to him who clothes a man? Educate the tailor, not to that limited extent which would simply give him the schoolboy knowledge of what is Latin for goose, but so as to place him on a level with the apothecary. Tailors' Latin, we doubt not, would be as good as doctors' Latin. Let gentlemen prescribe their clothes instead of ordering them. As—

℞. Super-Saxoniæ Opt:
Valenciæ Qualitate Præstant:
Alberti Mist: āā quant: suff.
Fiant tunica, subucula, braccæque laxæ, horâ prandii gerend:

Part of a preliminary examination at Merchant Tailors' Hall might consist in causing the student to translate such prescriptions, as, for instance, the above, thus:—

Take, of Best Super-Saxony,
of Fine Valencia,
of Albert Mixture, each, a sufficient quantity.
Let a coat, a waistcoat, and trousers be made, to be worn at dinner-time.

But while we would exalt the tailor, would we allow the milliner to remain where she is? Certainly not. For an artist who is to execute classic drapery, what can be better than classical instruction? The father, the husband, the brother, may prescribe ladies' dresses; whereby economy will be consulted as well as elegance. As thus:—

℞. Serici Cœrulei Virgas vjjj
Tæniarum Coccin: Virg: v.
Ut fiat vestis, secundùm artem, rosis elegantèr ornata, quâ se vesperibus adolescentula induat.

That is to say, young ladies—

Take, of Blue Silk, eight yards,
of Crimson Ribbons, five yards.
So that a dress may be made, according to art, elegantly trimmed with roses, which let the damsel put on of evenings.

And let us say, in conclusion, that a physician would often find this prescription most serviceable in cases of low spirits and ill-humour; very many of which we will lay a heavy wager that it will relieve.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

WHERE AVE YE BIN? WHY, TO SEE THE COVE UNG, TO BE SURE!

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

THE FOOTMAN.

THE FOOTMAN, in the present age of false appearances, should be like one of those patent articles that serve several purposes at once; such as a chair that pulls out and forms a bed, or shuts up and looks like a chest of drawers, or lets down and makes an ottoman, or sinks in and constitutes a packing-case, or falls down at the sides and serves for a sofa, or opens with a hinge and acts as a pair of library-steps, or tumbles to pieces—as it often will—and comes to nothing.

In our present Guide we do not address ourselves to the pure footman, but to the general flunky practitioner. We have not the gold-headed cane in our eye, nor shall we tie ourselves down to the shoulder-knot; but we shall address ourselves to that admirable domestic CRICHTON, the man-servant who is "willing to make himself generally useful."

The footman of this class is a sort of man of all work, who must have been accustomed to boot-cleaning, plate-polishing, waiting at table, cow-milking, the care of a horse, mat-beating, driving one or a pair, the management of bees, French-polishing furniture, making bread, cleaning windows, looking after poultry, brewing, gardening, rearing, feeding, and killing pigs, pickling pork, trimming lamps, and cutting bread-and-butter. If he has been used to all these things a little, and to some of them a good deal—if he is willing to try his hand at anything that does not immediately lie within the scope of these accomplishments—if he has a good temper and a respectable calf—if he will find himself in white Berlin gloves, tea and sugar, and overalls,—he may stand a chance of getting a place as footman in a genteel, and perhaps even in a serious family.

But it is not everything to know how to get through the duties of which we have given a catalogue; for there are numerous other accomplishments necessary, without which all the rest would go for nothing. The things we have enumerated must not only be done, but they must be done with so much tact and discretion, that visitors to the house should not be aware that there is but one male servant on the establishment. A general footman in a family should recollect that "all the world's a stage," and that "each man in his time plays many parts," the difference between the footman and other people being, that while they play only one part at a time, he has to play his all at once; so that, in fact, he is engaged constantly in a species of monopolylogue, in which he sustains at the same time about half-a-dozen different characters. He will also be required to carry out the parallel of a monopolylogue, by frequently changing his dress with great rapidity, and a little knowledge of ventriloquism would be of use, to enable him to vary his voice, making it sound as if it came from two or three different rooms, and thus keeping up an illusion in the minds of visitors that there are several male domestics in the establishment. When acting as groom, it would be as well to adopt the *voce di petto*, or chest voice, as being best adapted to the stable; while in the drawing-room the *voce di testa*, or mild falsetto, should be resorted to. A powerful command of the features and a collection of wigs, are also very desirable adjuncts to a young man going into service as a general footman; for if he is quick at changing his dress, he may appear one minute as a gardener, going round the garden with his master and his guests, while the next moment he may be standing at the door of the dining-room as an in-door servant in a suit of pepper-and-salt, worn, of course, under his fustians and blue apron, which are slipped off with the rapidity of the change of costume in a pantomime. This is pleasing to the employer, for it gratifies his vanity by inducing his visitors to believe that he has an efficient staff of male domestics, while in fact he is at the expense of only one.

It is difficult to give particular rules for the guidance of a general footman, as he must regulate his work according to circumstances. After beating the mats, cleaning the boots, and rubbing down the horse, he should slip off his fustians, and slip on a white apron with a clean striped jacket, to appear in the breakfast-room. If he has to drive his master to town, he should contrive to put the horse to while breakfast is going on; and by having his livery-coat and hat outside the door, he may manage to announce the carriage as a butler, and be on the box as coachman, in a complete change of costume, within an incredibly short period. On his return he should put up his horse, and commence his duties as a gardener; but he should be able to slip on his jacket and apron, with a pair of Berlin gloves, to bring in the tray for luncheon; when he should ask if there are any orders for the coachman, which he will receive in his character of footman, and execute in his capacity of out-door servant. He will probably have to fetch his master home; so that he should wear his pepper-and-salt trousers carefully concealed, by wrapping the box-coat over his knees; and when he comes home, he has only to put on his in-door coat to be at once a ready-made servant for waiting at dinner. He must put up his horse before taking tea into the drawing-room; and when the family have retired to rest, he can wash his carriage, clean his harness, thoroughly groom his horse, and do any other little odd jobs, in accordance with his engagement to make himself generally useful. He must be up at daylight, to clean his boots, his knives, and his plate, to beat his mats and brush his clothes, when he will have the satisfaction of feeling that he is forward with his work, so that if he has any spare time it will be at his own disposal.

YOUNG OXFORD.

YOUNG OXFORD is a fine young man,
As any you will see,
And eke the young ASTYANAX
Of his fond family.

So spruce a blade the livelong day
You scarce might hope to find:
He wears a shooting-jacket short,
With buttons low behind;

And round his neck a satin tie,
A tie of pattern large;
And in that tie a great round pin,
A pin of costly charge;

And in his mouth a mild cigar,
And in his hand a cane;
And at his heels a curly dog
With coat like lion's mane.

Young Oxford loves each afternoon,
To saunter in the High,
And deems he is the cynosure
Of every neighb'ring eye.

Young Oxford eats a wondrous meal,
And drinks a lot of beer,
And in the morning oftentimes
Full seedy does appear.

Young Oxford for his little-go
Gets plucked; when rashly he
Gets drunk, and rusticated is
For terms, one, two, or three.

Young Oxford's father never back
His son to college sends;
And so he dies a natural death,
And so my story ends.

ΟΛΔ ΟΞΦΟΡΔ.

Military Intelligence.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has just made his grandson, a young Prince of three months old, a Colonel of the Imperial Guard.

Two Captains have been appointed to assist the young officer; MRS. BIBSKI to dress him, and MRS. TUCKERWITZ to nurse him.

The regiment has adopted the uniform of the Colonel, viz. long petticoats, lace cap, and the national cockade.

They look splendid in this uniform: though it rather impedes the movements of the troops on field days.

The field officers of the regiment ride in superb go-carts.

A splendid service of silver pap-boats has been presented by the Colonel's Imperial Grandmother to the regimental mess.

When the Colonel cuts his first tooth he is to be advanced to the rank of Major-General; when he is weaned he is to be made Field-Marshal.

A baton of barley-sugar is preparing for his Imperial Highness, and the devoted subjects of the Emperor say he will make as good a Field-Marshal as a certain eminent and Royal warrior, who enjoys the same rank in this country; and who was seen at a late review reading the Orders off a paper on his saddle, and asking his Aides-de-Camp "What was to be done next?"

UTOPIA AT LAST.

"*Les Braves Belges*" are at present without a ministry. "*O nimium fortunati, si sua bona nôrint!*"

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT IN HIGH LIFE.

LAST week, at St. George's Church, was married a young lady of rank!—and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON did *not* give her away!!!

Educational Advertisements.

READING over the papers at this season of the year, one is charmed at the quantity of parental kindness to be met with in the advertisements. It would seem that England is gushing with fatherly and motherly love from one end to the other; while the suburbs appear to be particularly rich in tenderness towards juveniles. The number of "happy homes" within three miles of Hyde Park Corner, must be seen to be conceived; and the quantity of people ready to bestow on young gentlemen from three to eight, a vast amount of maternal solicitude, the Supplement to the *Times* can alone give a faint conception of. Parental care at five pounds a quarter, without extras, is liberally streaming down the columns of all the newspapers; and, in some cases, affectionate superintendence of mind and morals is offered in *lieu* of beef and mutton; for we are told "there is an opening for the son of a butcher, on terms of mutual accommodation." In some places it is proposed to give grammar in exchange for grocery; and the piano is advertised to be imparted as an equivalent for coals, or the harp is to be taken out in cheese and butter.

Some advertisers, in a fit of enthusiastic devotion to the best interests of humanity, propose to enter into a sort of barter; and one gentleman obligingly offers to receive a little girl into his family if any one will take his two great thumping boys to board and educate by way of equivalent.

GENERAL MEDICAL ILLUMINATION.

THE blue bottles of medicine have been shining with unwonted radiance lately, throughout both the country and London; the general practitioners having everywhere illuminated, to testify their joy at the abandonment of SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S Physic and Surgery Bill.

Numerous inscriptions and emblematic devices, in variegated lamps and transparencies, expressive of the sense—or nonsense—of the profession respecting that happy event, have come under our own cognisance.

From certain peculiarities in their general style and character, we apprehend that, for their design and execution, the medical men who displayed them were greatly indebted to their pupils.

We noticed various legends and mottos, surrounded with garlands and stars of great brilliancy; as also several transparencies, such as Britannia shielding Medicine from the Home Secretary; Quackery, with a box of life pills, prostrate beneath Medicine's feet; and Medicine and Surgery (with their names beneath them, to prevent mistakes) dancing a sort of Polka, hand-in-hand. But that which most struck us was the transparency of a Pure Surgeon, so beautifully managed, that whilst it was quite plain for whom it was meant, the words, "Smuggled Charter," and "Self-constituted Fellow," were clearly visible behind it, as were the letters "*£ s. d.*," the real motto of the College of Surgeons. In short, the figure was as perfectly transparent, as if it had been one of those living humbugs who pretend to practise pure surgery, but who are now seen through by everybody.

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

IT is with no every day feeling of delight that we copy the following from the *Court Circular*:—

"BARON DE LANGEN, *attaché* of the Prussian Legation, had the honour of delivering to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT two of the new fine helmets of the Prussian infantry and cavalry guards, as a present from HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA."

Happy the genius when enshrined in royalty! This present of the "new fine helmets" is, of course, only a touching acknowledgment of the vastness of thought, the grandeur of intellect, and unspeakable delicacy of taste, shown in the Albert hat. We believe that, following out the true bent of his genius, the Prince intends to establish a museum for head-gear of every description, from the ancient head-piece to the present Nassau tile. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON has, in the handsomest manner, already subscribed two of his peculiar beavers; and *when* Ireland is no longer under the dominion of the brutal Saxon, O'CONNELL has promised to forward to the collection his cap of repeal. We believe that, in a short time, the Prince's museum will be opened to the inspection of the nobility.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

POOR SIR ROBERT PEEL! His late embarrassment has touched our sympathies. He has been compelled to make MR. APPLEPIP KELLY Solicitor-General. With many shudderings must he have done that noisome handiwork. MR. KELLY has thereupon opened his manifesto of principles—the poverty of language does sometimes compel us to use strange words—to his late Cambridge constituents. He says—among other things—

"Civil and religious liberty have been protected. We are at peace with every nation in the world. *Our wealth*, [the wealth of how many?] *resources, and power are rapidly increasing*. Taxation upon the necessaries of life, and the commodities in most general use, *has been largely reduced, or altogether taken off*. AGRICULTURE, trade, and commerce *prosper*. [Agriculture prospers!] Capital, in its immense accumulation, has found new channels of investment, *giving unlimited employment to labour*, and reward to industry. EVEN IN IRELAND agitation has ceased, and tranquillity [with murders at the church-doors] and *contentment* begin to prevail."

Will any arithmetician count us up the number of flaws, direct and implied, in the above paragraph?

THE GOMERSAL MUSEUM.

POSITIVELY there is no truth whatever in the report that the *Gomersal Museum* is to share the fate of the *Napoleon Museum*, by being submitted to public auction. The *Gomersal Museum* will be offered to the nation on moderate terms, at the close of the Astleian career of the great creature who has collected it.

The following are some of the principal articles comprised in it:—

The snuff-box in which he pinches JEAN COSTER'S fingers, when the latter accompanies his taking a pinch from the Emperor's box, by a critical remark on the Emperor's policy.

The epaulette torn by the Emperor off the lieutenant who had disgraced himself before the walls of Moscow, by flirting with the affianced bride of one of the Russian peasantry.

The enormous property telescope through which the Emperor looks at the six French cuirassiers directly they have finished a movement round the stage, and while they are still going off at the wing within six feet of him.

The boots, with the horse-guard tops, worn by the Emperor for one hundred successive nights in the Battle of Waterloo.

The cross of the Legion of Honour given to the sergeant in the Scotch Greys for bullying the Emperor in his own tent, and uttering some claptraps complimentary to the British policy.

The cork with which the Emperor corked his eyebrows, and the hare's foot with which he made up his face, throughout the whole Russian campaign, and subsequently at Waterloo.

It will be seen from the nature of the above items, that the *Gomersal Museum* is by far too valuable and interesting a collection to be lightly scattered away to the highest bidders. We strongly recommend the trustees of the British Museum to look to it. We are sure that it might take its place worthily by the side of some of the spifflicated black beetles and other articles to be found in that great national receptacle of good, bad, and indifferent rarities.

A DUKE WANTED.

WHEREAS sundry reports affecting the character of a noble Duke have of late been most industriously circulated, and the said noble Duke—who is believed to have vast estates somewhere in Sutherlandshire—having taken no measures whatever to rebut the calumnies, the friends of his Grace have naturally become most anxious as to his whereabout, believing him to have been clandestinely spirited away into some remote cranny of the earth where the *Times* does not circulate. It is hereby declared that all such parties withholding from the aforesaid Duke a knowledge of the matters brought against him, will be punished according to the highest penalty of public opinion. Should this happily meet the eye of the Duke himself, he is implored, if possible, to return to the good graces of his friends, by instantly disproving the charges so wickedly set forth against him.—N.B. The eyes of England and of Scotland are upon him.

Character no Object.

WE suppose SIR ROBERT PEEL in his own household, whenever he is hiring a new servant, always studiously inquires whether he has a "good character from his last place." We only wish, when he is engaging a servant for any public situation, he would exercise the same discretion. If a question to the above effect had only been put to a certain Solicitor-General, who has lately been taken into the service of JOHN BULL, we are sure the gentleman would have been told to suit himself with a place elsewhere.

The Irish Tell.

SCENE—Interior of the House of Commons.

Enter Members of the House of Commons.

Chorus.

How exceedingly sad is our lot!
We ought to be objects of pity,
For whether we like it or not,
We must serve on a Railway Committee.
'Tis really tyrannical quite;
Let our fate be to others a warning.
We attend in the house all the night;
In committees the whole of the morning.
Sing, Fol de rol lol, &c.

[*Enter some of the Speaker's officers, who walk across the stage with the Speaker's wig on a pole; and, fixing it up, they bring out the people one by one to bow to it. At this moment,* Smith O'Brien *and* J. O'Connell *enter on one side, and* Dan O'Connell—*the Irish Tell—on the other.*

Grand Concerted Piece.

First Officer.

Now let the people hither one by one
To bow before this Wig. (*One bows.*)
My friend, well done!

Dan O'Connell. (*Aside.*)

Oh, sweet land of my birth,
You ever will be
First flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea.
See those tight Irish boys,
Will that blackguard so big,
By his threats and his noise,
Make them bow to that Wig?

O'Brien *and* J. O'Connell. (*Aside.*)

We are tight Irish boys,
And that blackguard so big
Shan't by threats or by noise
Make us bow to that Wig.

Recitative. (First Officer.)

I think that I behold two wayward chaps
Who for that Wig don't seem to care two raps;
But I will make them change their notes, I vow;
So bring them hither to the Wig to bow.

[*An officer advances, and motions to them that they must bow to the Wig.*

Allegro.	Agitato.
O'Brien *and* J. O'Connell.	Dan O'Connell.
Pooh! pooh!	Whew! whew!
Who are you?—Who are you?	This will do—this will do.
Know that just now	They'll not follow, I vow,
The true Tory rig	The true Tory rig,
Is to crouch and to bow	Of making a bow
Very low to a Whig.	Very low to a Whig.

Recitative (First Officer).

Bow to the Wig, I say.

O'Brien.

No, if I do,
I'll be—what must occur in time to you.

[O'Brien *and* J. O'Connell *knock down the pole, and trample on the Wig.* Dan O'Connell *rushes forward and embraces them, while the* Officers *rush out alarmed, and the curtain falls to the following*

General Chorus.

He's a man! I'll swear, a man!
Bravo, John! and bravo, Dan!
Worthy stock, and worthy scion;
Bravo, also, Smith O'Brien!

British Manufactures.

If there are many more home-made pictures in the National Gallery, like the Clerkenwell *Holbein*, which has been sold at a dead loss of 200*l.*, the collection might appropriately be called "Pictures of the English, painted by themselves."

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXV.

MRS. CAUDLE, WEARIED OF MARGATE, HAS "A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE."

LESS me, arn't you tired, CAUDLE? *No?* Well, was there ever such a man! But nothing ever tires you. Of course, it's all very well for you: yes, you can read your newspapers and—What? *So can I?* And I wonder what would become of the children if I did! No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for—no, CAUDLE, no: I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it; when you like, you're an aggravating man, CAUDLE, and you know it.

"*What have you done now?* There, now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep: otherwise, we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done, indeed? That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. *Saw what?* How can you lie there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course, it was a planned thing—regularly settled before you left London. Oh yes! I like your innocence, MR. CAUDLE; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her own husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

"Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear, indeed, to you, when you bring down MISS PRETTYMAN to—there now; you needn't shout like a wild savage! Do you know that you're not in your own house—do you know that we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us? You needn't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? *Why don't I hold my tongue then?* To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. MISS PRETTYMAN's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she *has* followed you; and if you were to go before a magistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, CAUDLE; I wouldn't.

"*Very well, then?* Ha! what a heart you must have, to say 'very well;' and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my own home—dragged down here to the sea-side—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she puckered up her farthing mouth—and—what? *Why did I kiss her, then?* What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, MR. CAUDLE; and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looked as cold and as formal at her as—well, CAUDLE! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!

"There, now; I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you've a heart like a sea-side flint! Yes, that's right. That's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in ploughman's boots; 't would be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. MISS PRETTYMAN's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt.

"I thought when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world, the better. What do you say? *Nothing?* But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, MR. CAUDLE. What? *You'd not try?* Wouldn't you? I know you. In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it.

"CAUDLE, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. *Can't I be quiet then?* Yes—that's like your artfulness: anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended upon me, we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good night, CAUDLE. What do you say? *Bless me!* Well, you are a dear soul, CAUDLE; and if it wasn't for that MISS PRETTYMAN—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, CAUDLE; you don't.

"CAUDLE—I say, CAUDLE. Just a word, dear. *Well?* Now, why should you snap me up in that way. *You want to go to sleep?* So do I; but that's no reason you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. *You don't recollect it?* Yes—that's like you: you don't recollect many things you've promised me; but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday for Boulogne, and comes back the day afterwards. *What of it?* Why, for that time we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. *Nonsense?* Of course: if I want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down here to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty—the same donkeys—the same everything. But then, I'd forgot; Margate has an attraction for you—MISS PRETTYMAN's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours—there! there!—I've done: I can't open my lips about that creature, but you always storm.

"You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the French cliffs—just to tantalise me, and for nothing else. If I'd remained at home—and it was against my will I ever came here—I should never have thought of France; but,—to have it staring in one's face all day, and not to be allowed to go; it's worse than cruel, MR. CAUDLE—it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris; but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing—yes; just on purpose to make me look little, and for nothing else.

"*Heaven bless the woman?* Ha! you've good reason to say that, MR. CAUDLE; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh yes! that's your old excuse,—talking of the children. I want to go to France, and I should like to know what the children have to do with it? They're not babies *now*—are they? But you've always thrown the children in my face. If MISS PRETTYMAN—there now; do you hear what you've done—shouting in that manner? The other lodgers are knocking overhead: who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning? *I* shan't—breaking people's rest in that way!

"Well, CAUDLE—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are!—tell me, shall I go to France?"

"I forget," says CAUDLE, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere—whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place—she went to sleep."

A Frenchman's Fate.

DURING this month there have been more prosecutions against the press in France, more convictions, and, of course, more imprisonments and fines. The invention of this new way of celebrating the "Fêtes of July" belongs exclusively to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and as the merit of the thing is decidedly his, we hope no other country will show a mean jealousy by imitating it. Let us leave the French to their own way of enjoying themselves!

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.—LOVELY WAR!

THE Christian French—employed in the civilisation of the Moors—have made a bonfire of eight hundred men, women, and children! Eight hundred human creatures have been given to the flames,—an offering to the stern necessity of war, of lovely war! COLONEL PELISSIER was the demon in command on the occasion. Beautiful are his laurels gathered in the caverns of the Dahara, manured by the roasted flesh and charred bones of a multitude of shepherds!

The *Akhbar* speaks of the atrocity, as though it narrated the roasting of oxen for a public feast. When the Ouled Riahs first took refuge in the cavern, the gallant Colonel offered them terms. They were refused.

"This state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when, *losing all patience*, and no longer having a hope of otherwise *subduing these fanatics*, who formed a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the fire was renewed *and rendered intense*. During this time the cries of the unhappy wretches, who were being suffocated, were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the faggots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered and found 500 dead bodies. About 150, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them died afterwards."

Later accounts show that, in all, COLONEL PELISSIER has sent eight hundred souls to bear witness against him at the day of judgment!

We know that the wisest, the most humane government, may at times be compromised by the stupidity, the brutality of its instruments; but if it fail to punish the offender, then it is a sharer of the infamy.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE prides himself upon being a very respectable king; a monarch with a proper notion of all the domestic virtues. It is said he is a humane man; not at all the military bloodhound that Young France, in its love of gore and glory, sighs for. We therefore wait, with much interest, to see what his royal benevolence will do with the man-roasting Colonel. Will he rebuke and call home the murderous incendiary, or will he suffer him to add to the heap of human ashes that already make an accursing monument to his memory?

It is in this way that the French are to civilise the Arabs—in this way that the benighted infidels are to be taught the lovely meekness of the Christian faith! One omission may be placed to the account of the Colonel. When the roasting was over, wherefore did he not order the celebration of *Te Deum* to complete the blasphemy!

There is, of course, a party in France who will sing songs of triumph to the Colonel, seeing that he is only working out the mission of a conqueror. Indeed, we should not be surprised if—on his return to France—he were presented with some tangible testimonial of the admiration of the children of glory. We beg, with all deference, to propose a faggot in bronze.

A KNIFE AND FORK JURY.

FEW things have pleased us more than the announcement that "so unexpected was the verdict of acquittal of LORD VISCOUNT DILLON at the Surrey Sessions," in the turnpike case, that after the discharge of the jury, the "twelve gentlemen, at the invitation of his Lordship's solicitor, proceeded to a neighbouring tavern, where they were most liberally treated." We are delighted to hear it. The fact proves that there is gratitude in law; that attornies *have* bowels. We think that the example so wisely set by LORD DILLON'S solicitor might be followed, to the exceeding comfort of all men summoned on juries. We would propose that, in all civil actions, the two parties should each send in to the jury-box a bill of fare, to be served up for dinner by the winning party. Thus, instead of the jury being compelled to listen to witnesses, and to the shocking sophistications of counsel on both sides, they would only have to judge of the relative excellence of the feast promised by either party, and to return their verdict accordingly. Whereupon they might retire to a neighbouring tavern, and—like LORD DILLON'S jury—drink the glorious institution of "Trial by Roast and Boiled."

ANOTHER YOUNG ONE.

A NEW journal has been started at New York, called "*Young America.*" We believe the principles it advocates are—universal repudiation, mint-juleps, no taxes, and a tarnation thrashing to all the world.

THE MEMBER'S DREAM.

UPON the bench the silent Member sat,
His hand and motion resting on his hat;
When, on a sudden, SIBTHORPE rose to speak.
A pallor came across the Member's cheek,

Because he knew no effort he could make
Would now enable him to keep awake.
'Twas as he fear'd—while onward SIBTHORPE goes,
The Member falls into a gentle doze;

A dozen sentences—not loud, but deep—
Had mesmerised the Member fast asleep;
His state of coma was at length extreme,
And then that Member dreamed this little dream:—

He thought he 'd left the legislative halls,
And feared no more the House of Commons' calls;
He fancied that he saw the SPEAKER'S mace
Turn on a sudden to a horn of chase;

The "Oh's" and "Cheers" with which the House abounds,
Seem'd like the yelping of a pack of hounds;
But when the PREMIER rose to make reply,
He thought the pack were coming in full cry;

And in a sudden general shout of "Oh,"
He join'd by instinct with "Yoicks, tally-ho!"
But still he dream'd: he fancied that the House
Chang'd to the moors—the members to the grouse.

He gave a cry as loud as he was able,
"Let all their bills be laid upon my table!"
At which there rose a general cry of "Spoke!"
And the poor Member from his dream awoke.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—MR. KELLY has been returned for Cambridge, although LORD BROUGHAM gave him an excellent character.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

THE COOK.

OR ages it has been believed that a certain wicked person sends cooks; but JOHNSON has well observed, and so by the bye have SMITH and BROWN, that "if we had no cooks, we should be as bad as cannibals."

Cooks have always been the subject of sarcasm, and JONES tells us, that even in his day the wits loved to give the cooks a good roasting. It is said, moreover, that "too many cooks will spoil the broth," from which we may presume, that as the workhouse broth is the very worst in the world, a great many cooks must have a hand in it. APICIUS was the first man who made cookery a science, and he poisoned himself; no doubt with his own cookery. He invented several sauces, and was, in fact, the Roman HARVEY. He is believed to have been the first who added the trimmings to legs of mutton, and he took for his motto the line in VIRGIL:—

"At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia curâ."

because the luxury of *gravy*, *jam*, *sauce*, and *curry* are all shadowed forth in the quotation alluded to.

DR. JOHNSON was, according to BOSWELL, "a man of very nice discrimination in the science of cookery," and he was proverbial for his sauce, which he dealt out to every one with the greatest freedom. BOSWELL once asked him if he liked pickles, when he said, "No Sir, the man who would eat a pickle, would pick a pocket."

BOSWELL adds, "I ventured to say he would;" and they wound up the evening with grog, which BOSWELL, as usual, had to pay for; and it is thought that the expression of "Standing *Sam*" originated with BOSWELL having to *stand* whatever SAM (JOHNSON) chose to call for.

The celebrated DR. PARR was also a great epicure, and liked his victuals underdone, from which we have the expression Parr-boiling. MILTON loved his meat well-dressed, and died with a good thing in his mouth; but whether it was a morsel of philosophy, or something nice, has never transpired.

Having said thus much of the ancient and classical who took an interest in cookery, we plunge down stairs into the modern kitchen, and embrace the cook of the present period.

On going to be hired, you will, perhaps, be told there are no perquisites allowed. Don't stick out about that, for if perquisites are not allowed, you must take them.

It is easy to say the meat makes no dripping, and, of course, you can't account for it.

It is a rule in cookery to make the best and the most of everything, and you will therefore sell your kitchen-stuff at the marine-store shop that will give the best price for it.

In some families the mistress of the house will assist the cook; but she should have a sickener of that as soon as possible. If she makes a pie, spoil it in the baking; for if there is any truth in the adage about "too many cooks," the lady of the house should not be encouraged in making one of the number.

Order is a great essential to a cook, who should keep everything in its place, taking care to keep herself as snugly in her place as possible. Never connive at dishonesty in others, but keep yourself to yourself; for, if you rob your mistress, the least return you can make is not to sanction others in doing so.

Never go into any place where a cat is not kept. This useful domestic animal is the true servants' friend, accounting for the disappearance of tit-bits, lumps of butter, and other odd matters, as well as being the author of all mysterious breakages. What the safety-valve is to the steam-engine, the cat is to the kitchen, preventing all explosions or blowings-up that might otherwise occur in the best regulated families.

Having laid down some general principles for the guidance of cooks, we give a few maxims that cannot be too strictly attended to.

1. Keep yourself clean and tidy if you can. If your fingers are greasy wipe them on your hair, which thus acquires a polish.

2. When a joint comes down from dinner, cut off what you intend for your supper. If cut while the joint is warm, it does not show that it has been cut. Relieve it also from all superfluous fat, which will of course go into your grease-pot.

3. If you want a jelly-bag, cut up an ironing-blanket for the purpose. The former is of course wanted in a hurry, but the latter may be procured at leisure.

4. When your dishes come down stairs, throw them all into scalding water at once. Those that are not broken by the operation may afterwards be taken out, and put in their proper places.

5. Scour your pickle-jars, but empty them first, if you are fond of pickle.

6. If you have been peeling onions, cut bread-and-butter with the same knife; it will show the multifariousness of your occupations, and perhaps give a hint for raising your wages.

7. Let your spit and your skewers be always rusty; or, at least, do not take the trouble to polish them; for by leaving great black holes in the meat, they show it has been roasted, which is always better than being baked, and it will be the more relished in consequence.

8. Never do anything by halves, except lamb, which you must sometimes do by quarters.

9. If you are cooking even a sheep's head or a bullock's heart, take pains with them, so that what you do may be equally creditable to your head and heart.

10. If you have a follower, or a policeman, who likes a snack, cut it off each joint before you cook it—for everything loses in the cooking—and the disappearance of one pound, at least, in eight or nine, may thus be easily accounted for.

The above maxims will be sufficient to guide the cook in her course of service, and we do not add any receipts, for it has been well said by Dr. KITCHENER, or might have been said by him as well as by any one else—that he who gives a receipt for making a stew, may himself make a sad hash of it.

In bidding farewell to the cook, we would have her remember that her control over the safe will give her a peculiar influence over the hearts of the police, and she must be careful not to enervate a whole division, and leave a district defenceless, by being too lavish with the blandishments of love and the larder.

THE MODERN HYMEN.

THE alternation from love to glory and from glory to love, which we alluded to the other day as being the characteristic of the soldier on the stage, is singularly exemplified in the career of the illustrious WELLINGTON, who has left the camp of Mars for the court of Hymen. The Duke is to be seen nearly every morning at St. George's or some other fashionable church, "giving away" some fair and aristocratic bride, till he has positively become the recognised medium for the transfer of lovely innocence from the parent's care to the husband's solicitude. Even the parish-clerk, or the pew-opener—the usual alternatives with those who have not come prepared with fathers or mothers—cannot boast of having given away so many girls as the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

One would think that his Grace kept a kind of Matrimonial Bazaar, or Connubial Agency-Office—so strong a personal interest does he appear to take in finding wives and husbands for his male and female acquaintances. The song says, that "Love was once a little boy:" but it is evident that Hymen is a very elderly gentleman. Perhaps the Duke still clings to the love of conquest; and he likes to encourage conquests being made as much as possible. His Grace should be made Colonel of a new regiment of female sharp-shooters, in which piercing eyes should be the substitutes for swords and bayonets.

PUNCH AND THE LITERARY SWELL MOB.

WE here present the portrait of a very ill-used gentleman—of one who every hour has his pockets picked; though each pocket, like the magical purse, is inexhaustible. Nevertheless, in the eye of the law—which eye, by the way, has, in certain literary cases, a frequent habit of winking, or worse, of going fast asleep—in the eye of the law it is as much a felony to rob a banker as a beggar.

Therefore, we have taken counsel with our indignation, and are henceforth resolved not to be pillaged and to hold our tongue at the same time. We herewith present portraits of certain of the literary swell-mob who at this moment eat white-bait from their robbery of *Punch*. The beholder will at once acknowledge the felonious expression of all the offenders. One fellow has seized our pocket-book—*Punch's Pocket-Book!*—and is walking off, delirious with the thought of the contents. Another full-fed-looking varlet has got a sheet of paper, which he intends to print upon and advertise as "The same size as *Punch*." Now, the notes of the Bank of Elegance are of "the same size" as the notes of the Bank of England; the dimensions are the same,—but where is the water-mark—where are the figures? You may make a piece of glass of "the same size" as the Narcot diamond; but what will the jewellers give for it? In the background may be seen a shadowy something, frantically brandishing a pair of scissors. This something is called by the grace of small critics a dramatist; and he, it will be seen, is making down upon our pockets, either to sever away a subject bodily, or to cut here and there at *Punch's* jokes and put them in his flimsy pieces; just as South American belles sometimes imprison fire-flies in their muslin flounces.

It will be seen what a shabby, sneaking, sinister, felonious set the offenders are: creatures with no more red blood in them than grasshoppers. And yet—foul and contemptible as their trade is—bitter as their bread must be, half made up as it is of dirt—they have accessories in their meanness, helpers, and, as the law has it, comforters in their wickedness. We mean the buyers—the erring few—who lay out their money upon the evil-doers. To these few we say,—Beware of counterfeits! Cease to buy stolen goods—though the money spent upon the abomination shall be no more than so many farthings—and you bring at once to bankruptcy the "pickers and stealers."

THE WATCH-TOWERS ON HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

THE wonder of everybody is, what the watch-towers on the Hungerford Bridge are intended for. Some say they are to be let out to single gentlemen as lodgings; and we certainly think the address, "Watch-tower, 100th link, Hungerford Suspension Bridge, Thames," would read very *distingué* on a gentleman's card.

Others declare that the towers have been leased for ninety-nine years to an enterprising washerwoman, who intends washing her linen, after the Parisian fashion, at the foot of the bridge, and hanging the clothes out to dry along the chains. The effect of this on a summer's evening, when the sun is setting, would be very beautiful. A hundred shirts fluttering in the breeze, festooned with socks, and illuminated by parti-coloured handkerchiefs, would present a picture gorgeous enough to remind one of the East.

There is a rumour, also, that an offer has been made by a zoological manager to rent the two towers for the purposes of tight-chain exhibitions—a gentleman dancing on one chain, and a lady on the other; but we think the report that they have been let to the Admiralty, for the sake of having sentinels continually posted in the attics, is the most *vraisemblable* of any we have heard. The intention of the Board is to guard against the possibility of JOINVILLE ever coming up the Thames with the French fleet unperceived to sack SIR ROBERT PEEL'S residence. When we think of the vigilant look-out our brave Admiralty always keeps for the interests of England, this appointment cannot be too strongly applauded, as the strongest reinforcement they have lately made to the strength of the British Navy.

Mutual Wrong.

MR. JAMES, the novel-spinner, has, by advertisement, offered the sum of ten pounds' reward to whosoever will "prove whence the report first emanated," that he—MR. JAMES—had "undertaken to edit the periodical work, called *Ainsworth's Magazine*." We understand that the proprietors of the said Magazine have offered a like sum for the detection of the offender. Both parties feel themselves equally injured.

OBSOLETE LAW.

BY Rule 86, Ordnance Department, it is ordained—"No person belonging to the Department is to receive any fee, consideration, or compensation from any one whatever, upon pain of dismissal." We hope this rule has been cancelled, for as CAPTAIN BOLDERO and MR. BONHAM still belong to the establishment, it really looks as if it were kept there purposely to annoy them. It is true the gentlemen made the rule themselves; but they could have had no idea, at the time of making it, they were building a wall to knock their own heads against.

THE RAILWAY JUGGERNAUT OF 1845.

BROUGHAM AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Poor Brougham has been making a sad to-do about the delay in getting into his new House; for, like a child who once knows that he is going to move, he cannot rest contented until the "moving" is effected. He cannot feel himself at home in the present temporary structure; and he has been heard plaintively warbling the following ditty during one of the speeches of Campbell, when nothing but the dull murmur of "plain Jack," as he calls himself, and the lugubrious tones of Brougham himself have been heard to disturb the sleep that the rest of their Lordships may have been indulging in :—

There 's nae luck about the House,
There 's nae luck at all;
There is no pleasure in this House,
It is so very small.

SOLDIERING.

Being a universal chronicler, the late glorious victory of the 18th of June cannot, of course, have escaped the notice of *Mr. Punch*.

He doesn't mean the Battle of Waterloo—Heaven forbid!—about which there has been as much bragging and vapouring in England ever since, as to turn any good Christian sick; but the French victory of the Cautera or Dahara just achieved by a French Colonel, who has made his name very famous in history.

Having published a proclamation, setting forth that the French nation was the great centre of peace, religion, and civilisation, (all nations are in the habit of lying and swaggering about themselves in this way,) Marshal Bugeaud, the Duke of Isly, invited certain Arabs, to whose lands and property he had taken a fancy, to come in and yield them up. The Arabs refusing, the famous Colonel Pelissier was sent to their village to persuade them with fire and sword.

These poor Arab rogues, with their wives, families, camels, and horses, fled for refuge to a great cave in their district, which had often served them for a sanctuary in the time of the Turkish dominion. Here they used to remain while the tyrants were sacking their villages, and robbing their fields; and when their masters had retired with what they could get, the Dahara Arabs came back to their houses again, and so lived on until the next *Razzia*.

But the Turks were not so civilised as the French, as those poor rascals quickly found. Having retreated into their hole of refuge, the brave Colonel Pelissier put firewood at either end of it, and then told them to come out and submit to his terms.

These must have been hard indeed: for the Arabs—with death before them, and a knowledge of the infernal butcheries, rapine, and cruelty of the French in Algeria for the last fifteen years; a full knowledge, we say, that in the way of murder the leader of a French *razzia*-column would stick at nothing—preferred rather to die than to come to terms.

Then fire was lighted at the two ends of the cavern for two days, and eight hundred of God's men, women and children were by Colonel Pelissier stifled and murdered there. The whole of the tribe is exterminated; and the French flag, that rainbow of liberty, as Beranger calls it, doubtless flaunts over the now quiet scene.

The French have been so accustomed to *razzias* of late, that they have found a glory in these successful forays, and bragged and boasted of the dexterity of murder and rapine which their troops have displayed in conducting them. It may have appeared a matter of triumph rather than otherwise to Colonel Pelissier, who in the course of his duty has sacked and fired hundreds of villages ere this —murdered thousands of Arabs defending their property—and been rewarded and promoted for so doing; it may have seemed a famous opportunity to Colonel Pelissier to stifle a whole tribe of savages at once, and he may be looking out for his general's epaulettes for this victory: but the wholesale completeness of this murder has been somehow too strong for the French gorge; and Marshal Soult is actually made to say that he "*deplores and disapproves of it.*"

The French opposition journals, too, cry out in the strongest terms of reprobation. "What will England, what will Germany say?" says one; "the character of generous honour which constitutes our strength with other nations, must disappear." "What an act is this," cries another, "unworthy of the noble and holy France of the 19th century, who combats heroically in the field, but does not massacre her enemies. How henceforth will our Government appear in the eyes of Europe?"

"The eyes of Europe;" that is what they are looking to. Gracious Heaven! where does a nation's vanity end? Here, in presence of a crime before which men should hide their heads for shame, in the bitterest abasement and self-humiliation, these men ask "what will Europe say?" brag about their "*generous honour*," and exalt "*the noble and holy France of the 19th century!*" There's something frightful in this blindness of conceit. What a moment to boast of generous honour, and to lay claim to nobleness and holiness! when a man should only be thinking of pity, and sorrow, and shame!

The same paper which contains the story of Pelissier, narrates a great *English* military achievement, which might humble *our* pride a little, could it ever be supposed that the English nation possesses any. Two soldiers of the Foot Guards were flogged at Windsor for an act of gross insubordination. They refused to go to the black-hole when ordered; and they had been ordered thither for refusing to strip themselves before the visiting surgeon, and undergo a public examination *with sixty other naked men.*

So, for pleading the common privilege of modesty, the savage military law, which would have exposed them like brutes, tied them up and lashed them like brutes; and having glutted itself on their mangled and bleeding shoulders, sent them to hospital to be cured, and to be ready for future service.

Beyond a letter of complaint in the newspapers, this action caused no particular remark. The troops were marched to church next day to hear the Gospel preached to them, and went through their devotions with the same precision as they would go through their parade.

And we too take all occasions to boast of our civilisation; and in matters of religion we consider that we are a favoured people, and we admire and honour the glorious military profession, in which a man's duty is to commit murder, as at Cautera, or to submit to shame, as in Windsor barracks last week.

Patriotic Feeling.

The flag which has braved (for three years) the breeze, without the battle, at Buckingham Palace, was torn to ribbons last week. The accounts in the newspapers say it was the wind that was the cause of this. We can assure our readers it was the fine spirit of nationality that proved its destruction; for the noble flag was so annoyed at seeing Her Majesty go five times in one week to the Opera and the French plays—and not once to a national theatre—that in its rage it actually lashed itself to pieces.

"ART-UNION" EPISTLES.

ASSUREDLY we know not why *Punch* should have been honoured with a copy of the subjoined correspondence; but finding it in our letter-box, we print it.

"*To the Editor of the 'Art-Union.'*

"SIR,—Your *Art-Union* for June has just fallen into my hands; my little boy, in the innocence of childhood, having brought me a few leaves of it to patch his broken kite. There, sir, I read what you say of your subscribers; that they never buy any picture without first hearing what you say of it. For myself, I never heard of the *Art Union* before; but hope I am properly thankful for the blessing you must be to picture-buyers in saving 'em the trouble of thinking for themselves.

"I now, sir, come to my point. I have been much tempted to lay out a shilling on a painted picture by a person named LEECH, in fact, to buy the portraits of MR. and MRS. CAUDLE. The money was almost out of my fingers when my wife—you'd love that woman for her sweet sense and tenderness, if you knew her—when my wife proposed that I should write to the Editor of the *Art-Union* to know if the thing was worth the money. 'Write,' says she 'to the Head—Hand—and Heart:' and then she added, 'for if his heart is only as soft as his head, what a dear gentleman he must be!' For once, I've taken my wife's advice,—and enclose a penny post-stamp for your answer.

"I remain your accidental reader,
"JOHN SMUDGE."

"P. S. MRS. SMUDGE also wants to know if you give your advice upon tea-boards? She has seen a pretty thing, with a Woodman Smoking his Pipe in the Snow, and his dog running after him,—and would wish to know what she should give for it."

"*The Art-Union to* JOHN SMUDGE.

"EXCEEDING DEAR SIR,—You do our feelings extreme honour by the complimentary candour of your charming note. Such epistles fall—we assure you, very dear Sir—like refreshing dew upon us, parched up as we are by a scorching sense of our responsibilities. We know that upon our opinion depend the legs and shoulders of mutton of thousands of rising artists; and therefore cannot but feel—in sooth, dear Sir, we cannot—in the hand, head, and heart, you have done us the honour to allude to, the most distressing sense of the value of our good word. We would not hurt MR. LEECH—oh, dear Sir, very far from it—nevertheless, agonising as it is to us, we have a duty to execute.

"We think the face of CAUDLE happy; nevertheless, as admirers of temperance, we object to the redness of his nose. The texture of the counterpane, too, is a little woolly. There is a nice freedom of handling in the border of MRS. CAUDLE'S nightcap,—and the bold way in which her curl-papers are brought up shows that the artist is not deficient in a knowledge of the human heart. Were we inclined to be hypercritical, which we never are, we should say that the watch-pocket at the head of the bed was grossly unnatural, being considerably beyond the reach of CAUDLE. The curtains, too, are evidently out of drawing. 'Tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw.' He! he!

"We cannot give this opinion—for we would not very much hurt MR. LEECH—without dilaceration of the heart-strings. We have, however, acquitted ourselves of our duty. And now that our task is ended, we are weary—in sooth, very weary—hat, gloves, and waistcoat!

"The picture you speak of may be worth a shilling; nevertheless, very dear sir, there is a most tasteful and impartial periodical devoted to art, that is published monthly at the same price.

"Yours, affectionately, very dear sir,
"THE 'ART-UNION.'

"P.S.—If dear MRS. SMUDGE will forward us the tea-board—for we do not know it—we will take time to consider our answer."

A Wild-Goose Chase.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* last week:—

"WANTED—Cooks for the Stepney Union."

The idea of any Union advertising for a Cook at all is funny enough; but when it comes to Cooks—an unlimited number of Cooks—just as if an Union had a kitchen like the Reform Club, the advertisement must certainly belong to that order of things known as sending a person for "strap-oil," or "pigeon's-milk!" The whole thing is clearly a hoax. Why, it is just as absurd as if a person was to advertise for a treasurer, and to direct him to apply to the British and Foreign Destitute!

THE CONSERVATIVE LAOCOON.

THE visitors to the New Conservative Club House in Pall Mall have no doubt admired the cast of the Laocoon, which occupies so conspicuous a place in the Entrance Hall. They probably suppose it is placed there merely as a work of art; they are wrong. We fell into this mistake ourselves, and were enlightened by a Conservative member, whom we found the other day shedding tears before the group. He was a Tory of the good old school, and we did not suspect him of so much sympathy with the arts. We told him so in a complimentary tone.

"Arts, sir. You don't suppose it 's the statue that affects me? No; it 's an allegory."

"How so?" we asked innocently.

"Don't you see the resemblance to INGLIS in the principal figure? and there 's PLUMPTRE on the right and SIBTHORPE on the left."

We were puzzled for once. On our return, we took down our VIRGIL and turning to the Second Book of the Æneid, set to work to discover our friend's meaning. We think we have discovered it.

The group typifies the Conservatives in the gripe of the Maynooth and Irish College Bills. Look at the passage and our translation of it, and it will be evident to all we are right in our interpretation:—

"Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo, tranquilla per alta,
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt: &c, &c.

Now for our free translation.

When lo! two bills from Erin's fatal shore
Together trail their folds across the floor.
With huge preambles reared in front they wind,
Clause after clause in long-drawn length behind!
While opposition benches cheer the while,
And PEEL grins horribly a ghastly smile.
The Tory phalanx shrinks dismayed and pale,
As fierce their helpless victims they assail.
First in their grasp pale PLUMPTRE they enfold,
Next SIBTHORPE swears and struggles in their hold.
Then INGLIS, to their succour hastening fast,
With fierce amendments arm'd, is seized the last;
He prays, he preaches, threatens, storms and bawls,
On Church and State and Constitution calls,—
In vain, the bills ride rampant o'er their prey,
Tho' two divisions hold their onward way;
And, to the frequent call "Divide, divide,"
Nestle secure at LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S side.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A QUEER fellow, who said his name was BROOM, was charged with having given a false written character to an individual of the name of KELLY, in order that the latter might get into a situation at Cambridge.

The aged delinquent, on being asked what he had to say for himself, became very insolent, and declared he had a right to do or to say anything he thought proper about anything and everything.

It having been ascertained that no one attached any importance to what was said or done by the defendant, the old gentleman was admonished and discharged.

THE LANDLORD'S BAZAAR.

THE Theatre Royal Covent Garden has been in a very bad state ever since its late royal attack. The stage is sunk very low, the treasury is in the deepest decline, and the boxes look, "like Niobe, all tiers." Never has the place looked so miserable since Mr. WALLACK's management, when the theatre went through four seasons in less than three weeks. Something, it is clear, must be done to remove the infection from the building. Camphor, brown-paper, whitewashing, and burnt feathers, have tried their magic powers of fumigation, all in vain. We propose, therefore, as an antidote is principally wanted to the bane of the late Anti-Corn-Law Exhibition, that an Agricultural Show should be got up in the theatre, under the patronage of the DUKE OF RICHMOND, and the most patriotic landowners in the kingdom, and that they should send some of their prize-labourers to the Show, as specimens of how the breed can be improved by fine feeding. Scotland also should be allowed to contribute; for if she has anything like a labourer left, that sight alone, as a rarity, would make the fortune of the exhibition. Groups of happy tenantry also might be arranged about the exhibition; and if they are labelled, "All these upon 7*s.* a week," we are sure they will surprise many people who had no notion before of the pretty state the English labourer can be brought to. Models, too, of their happy homes might be exhibited; care being taken to have a number of pigs, cows, and fowls running about them, as naturally as if they were in the country. Nothing, in fact, should be wanting to invest the scene with that air of reality which makes the condition of the labourer a matter of such universal envy all over the world. If this is effectively done, we are sure the aristocracy will rush to the theatre as to a spot enriched with the dearest associations, and Her Majesty will honour it again with her usual once a-year state-visit.

APPLEPIP KELLY.

PEEL's small difficulty, the new Solicitor-General, the pure of Ipswich, is returned for Cambridge. There was every expectation that he would be ticketed on for Windsor, but—great is PLUTUS, great the virtues of LORD BROUGHAM's "head of our profession," and KELLY sits for Cambridge. On the conclusion of the election, he addressed his constituents. He had, he said—

"Asked them to fight the battle of the constitution for him, for themselves, and for the country. Nobly had they fought that battle; nobly had they won the victory."

Turn we to the *Times*, and we discover with what sort of mercenaries the spotless Solicitor-General fought the "battle of the constitution." An army of navigators had been recruited for the glorious service :—

"Three gigantic ruffians, bearing the colours of MR. KELLY, led the procession; four followed, carrying a chair, which was supported on their shoulders by means of poles, and in which was seated one of their companions, who was smoking, and had in his lap a huge beer-can. Every now and then he commanded his troop to halt, while he took a copious swig, amidst the cheers of his fellows, who, by signs and expressions, endeavoured to make the spectators understand that there was some magic connexion between the banners they bore and the beer they drank."

There is no doubt that the connexion was the nearest and the dearest that can tie some men; namely, the connexion of the breeches' pocket. Not that MR. KELLY knew anything of the band of beer-swigging Swiss hired to earn him laurels; not he. We have always remarked that at election time, the father of craft and wickedness sends out his emissaries to buy the souls of men; to purchase their jackdaws and canaries at five pounds a head; to give any money for kittens; to thrust bank-notes into pockets, under doorways, anywhere! to compass the election pennyworth; the candidates all unconscious of the wickedness as fledgling doves. And therefore are we certain that the patriotic soul of the Solicitor-General must have revolted from the fellows smoking and swilling in the name of purity of election, and afterwards "fighting the battles of the constitution" with broken flag-poles. It is said that the election of MR. KELLY will be petitioned against. This may, or may not be; but if envy should seek to unseat the Solicitor-General—the future BARON APPLEPIP, as, according to BROUGHAM, "he is destined for the highest places of the law"—sure we are that the learned gentleman will show himself as white as the ermine he will one day wear; will prove that he is as innocent of the bribery ("dearest chuck!") at Cambridge, as he was guiltless in bye-gone times at Ipswich.

It is said that the day after MR. KELLY received his appointment he was met by PEEL (who was walking with a friend), and was half cut by the minister. Turning to his companion, PEEL observed—

"I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not!"

PUNCH PUZZLED.

THE Irish newspaper intelligence informs us that the Most Noble, but not most grammatical, the MARQUIS of LONDONDERRY, was lately pleased to address to a Mr. WATSON, chairman of a recent meeting of the Lisburn Orangemen, an epistle, which, with regard to its object,—the repression of party demonstration,—was highly praiseworthy, but in respect of its composition, exceedingly droll. Thus commences this curious document :

"DEAR SIR,

"Deeply interested as I am, and ever must be, in the prosperity, peace, happiness, and good order of the province of Ulster, and more particularly of the county of Down, and that excellent tenantry I preside over, I cannot refrain from addressing you as a *chairman of a string of resolutions* of the Lisburn Orangemen, signed with your name, and published in the *Dublin Evening Mail* of the 30th ult."

Now, whether the above paragraph was written by the Most Noble Marquis or for him, we pretend not to know. It certainly betokens a strange confusion of ideas. "A chairman of a string of resolutions" may be an Irish character, but is certainly not an English phrase. We never met with such a person anywhere before, and now that we meet with him on paper we cannot make him out. We are unable, indeed, to imagine what he is like, except a chairman of a succession of toasts; a designation which, were we to apply it even to our Royal friend of CAMBRIDGE, would assuredly be set down as some of our nonsense.

The Most Noble letter-writer—supposing the saddle (or panniers) to have been placed on the right back—proceeds in the yet more singular manner following :—

"Before it is too late, do not persevere in an attempt to mislead men anew who are living peaceable and quiet under the laws."

Before it is too late! For what purpose? For that of misleading the men who are living "peaceable and quiet"? Very good advice, as far as it goes; but the recommendation not to make any such attempt at all, either before or after it was too late, would have been much better, and rather more intelligible. As if even Irish Orangemen would, knowingly, persevere in an endeavour after it was too late. It would be monstrous to entertain such a supposition of Irish pigs.

By the production, whereon we have thus bestowed a few words of criticism, we have no doubt that the MARQUIS of LONDONDERRY, if he wrote it, meant well; notwithstanding which we must take the liberty of asking him what he meant by it? We do not wish to misconstrue his Lordship's motives; but we should very much like to know how to construe his language.

Interchange of Prisoners.

BY a recent arrangement between this country and the Governments of the United States and France, we are able to exchange criminals, but, by some flaw in the treaty, we have not been able to get our criminals back again. A bill has just been brought in to rectify this error, and we would suggest the addition of a schedule, giving a sort of rate of exchange, or table of the comparative value of criminals, in the style of our old friend BONNYCASTLE. Thus we might say, in—

American Measure.

20 Pickpockets	make	1 Swindler.
6 Swindlers		1 Fraudulent Bankrupt.
10 Fraudulent Bankrupts . .		1 Felon.
4 Felons		1 Burglar.
50 Burglars		1 American Repudiator.

and so on through the whole of the criminal catalogue.

We might have also a criminal city article, with the Culprits' Exchange Intelligence, giving the different values of the numerous securities, from handcuffs, which might be quoted at 2 premium, down to bail, at a discount, or police *surveillance* at par, with a shade or two in favour of the French markets. We presume that for a good lumping American thief England would be expected to give a lot of small change in the shape of a quantity of petty larceners.

One country might draw bills on the other for fifty felons, payable at sight, or circular notes might be given, entitling the holder to take up a certain quantity of criminals at various points of the continent. The idea is altogether a very rich one, but if it is to be carried to perfection, a few of our hints should be acted on as speedily as possible.

A THÉ DANSANTE."

Among the fashionable parties of the season we have observed the frequent announcement of a *Thé Dansante*, or a dancing tea, with which our un-aristocratic readers may not happen to be familiar. The sort of entertainment was new even to us; for though we had heard of *fêtes al fresco*, or parties in the open air, which sometimes terminate in a *promenade pattenique* or a walk home in pattens, as well as a *soirée brandy-and-water-esque*, or a glass of grog at night to prevent one from catching cold; we must confess our ignorance, until lately, of a *thé dansante*—the nearest approach to which seems to have been the capers cut by a bull among the cups and saucers in a china-shop. Having however been honoured by an invitation from one of our aristocratic female friends to a *thé dansante*, we went a few evenings ago to an entertainment of the sort alluded to. We also took part in a set of *Congou Quadrilles* and danced a *Bohea-mian Polka*, together with the *Hyson Waltz* and *Gunpowder Galop*.

The following description of the figures of the first set of *Congou Quadrilles* may prove interesting to our fair readers, who will no doubt introduce it at their *soirees*, as they would any other piece of eccentricity, that had novelty and fashion to recommend it.

LA TASSE.

First gentleman advances, and hands cup to first lady, who retires; and second gentleman does the same to second lady. Both gentlemen *chassez* while both ladies drink the tea, when the two ladies *balancez* to the two gentlemen, who take the two cups and retire.

LA SOUTASSE.

First lady advances with a saucer to first gentleman, who sets to her with a cup; the second couple do the same. Both gentlemen pour a little tea into the two saucers. Ladies retire; and as the gentlemen advance, the ladies empty the saucers. The ladies then advance, and the gentlemen empty the cups, when each gentleman sets to his lady, and all swing back to places.

LA THÉIÈRE.

First gentleman executes the pastorale movement with an empty cup and saucer; first lady advances with teapot, and fills the cup, when first gentleman swings round and retires. Second lady then advances with milk-jug, and second gentleman with sugar-basin; first gentleman *balancez* with cup, and second lady and gentleman set to him with the milk and sugar; after which, both gentlemen turn their partners to their places.

LA CUILLIÈRE.

Grand round—in which each gentleman stirs his partner's tea, beating time with the spoon against the saucer. The ladies advance with hands across, and strike their spoons upon the brims of each other's cups. The gentlemen then advance with their spoons, and place them in the first lady's cup, who swings round and retires. The first lady then sets to all the gentlemen, each of whom takes his own spoon, and all swing round to places. The same is done by the other couples, and there is a grand round in which all stir their own tea; and, having drunk it off, during a pause in the music, they all *chassez croisez*, and *balancez* once more; when the set of quadrilles is concluded.

THE CAT AT WINDSOR.

Within these few days, two men of the Coldstream Guards, stationed at Windsor, have each received a hundred lashes. The crime of the men originated in their refusal to strip themselves with some sixty or seventy of their comrades, to be inspected—in a crowd, like beasts—by the doctor. They were thereupon ordered to the black-hole for what was considered a false and finical delicacy. The men turned restive, when—presto!—a court-martial was instantly convened, and within two hours the men were "tried, sentenced, punished, and taken to the hospital!" If promotion in the Army only came as quick as punishment!

The men (says the *Chronicle*) are stated "to be exceedingly steady, and generally well-conducted." But wherefore, Henry Seyman and William Lawrin, being soldiers—wherefore endeavour to retain any sense of decency—wherefore shrink from any self-exposure? Have you not entered the Army; sold yourself as machines; taken Her Majesty's bounty to render up not only your bodies but your souls to the discipline of the service? What right have you over your own naked flesh, any more than the horse that may be trotted out to show its points, at the will of its owner?

"The men received their punishment with great fortitude, notwithstanding their sufferings were most severe; the blood trickling down their backs in streams after the first fifteen or twenty lashes. Their comrades, who were drawn up in the square, looked on in sullen silence. The moment they were dismissed, they gave vent *to one loud simultaneous hiss.*"

How very handsome is a regiment in all its flutter and glory of flags and fine trappings! Yet let us pick the regiment to pieces——reduce it to units—and what a miserable, soul-and-body bartered creature is the son of glory who, if his manhood revolt at indignity, may be lashed like a brute!

Think of these matters—glory-loving youngster!—especially think of them, whensoever the recruiting serjeant may seek to tempt you with the destroying shilling!

A CERTAIN CONVERT.

Lord Brougham wrote, a day or two since, "No man in England hates Popery more than I do." We may therefore expect his lordship's conversion in about six months.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXVI.

MRS. CAUDLE'S FIRST NIGHT IN FRANCE.—"SHAMEFUL INDIFFERENCE" OF CAUDLE AT THE BOULOGNE CUSTOM HOUSE.

I SUPPOSE, MR. CAUDLE, you call yourself a man? I'm sure, such men should never have wives. If I could have thought it possible you'd have behaved as you have done—and I might, if I hadn't been a forgiving creature, for you've never been like anybody else—if I could only have thought it, you'd never have dragged me to foreign parts. Never! Well, I *did* say to myself, if he goes to France, perhaps he may catch a little politeness—but no: you began as CAUDLE, and as CAUDLE you'll end. I'm to be neglected through life, now. Oh yes! I've quite given up all thoughts of anything but wretchedness—I've made up my mind to misery, now. *You're glad of it?* Well, you must have a heart to say that. I declare to you, CAUDLE, as true as I'm an ill-used woman, if it wasn't for the dear children far away in blessed England—if it wasn't for them, I'd never go back with you. No: I'd leave you in this very place. Yes; I'd go into a convent; for a lady on board told me there was plenty of 'em here. I'd go and be a nun for the rest of my days, and—I see nothing to laugh at, MR. CAUDLE; that you should be shaking the bed-things up and down in that way.—But you always laugh at people's feelings; I wish you'd only some yourself. I'd be a nun, or a Sister of Charity. *Impossible?* Ha, MR. CAUDLE, you don't know even now what I can be when my blood's up. You've trod upon the worm long enough; some day won't you be sorry for it?

"Now none of your profane cryings out! You needn't talk about Heaven in that way: I'm sure you're the last person who ought. What I say is this. Your conduct at the Custom House was shameful—cruel! And in a foreign land, too! But you brought me here that I might be insulted; you'd no other reason for dragging me from England. Ha! let me once get home, MR. CAUDLE, and you may wear your tongue out before you get me into outlandish places again. *What have you done?* There now; that's where you're so aggravating. You behave worse than any Turk to me,—what? *You wish you were a Turk?* Well, I think that's a pretty wish before your lawful wife! Yes—a nice Turk you'd make, wouldn't you? Don't think it.

"*What have you done?* Well; it's a good thing I can't see you, for I'm sure you must blush. Done, indeed! Why, when the brutes searched my basket at the Custom House! *A regular thing, is it?* Then if you knew that, why did you bring me here? No man who respected his wife, would. And you could stand by, and see that fellow with mustachios rummage my basket; and pull out my night-cap, and rumple the borders, and—well! if you'd had the proper feelings of a husband, your blood would have boiled again. But no! There you stood looking as mild as butter at the man, and never said a word; not when he crumpled my night-cap—it went to my heart like a stab—crumpled it as if it was any duster. I daresay if it had been MISS PRETTYMAN'S night-cap—oh, I don't care about your groaning—if it had been her night-cap, her hair-brush, her curl-papers, you'd have said something then. Oh, anybody with the spirit of a man would have spoken out if the fellow had had a thousand swords at his side. Well, all I know is this: if I'd have married somebody I could name, he wouldn't have suffered me to be treated in that way, not he!

"Now, don't hope to go to sleep MR. CAUDLE, and think to silence me in that manner. I know your art, but it won't do. It wasn't enough that my basket was turned topsy-turvy, but before I knew it, they spun me into another room, and—*How could you help that?* You never tried to help it. No; although it was a foreign land, and I don't speak French—not but what I know a good deal more of it than some people who give themselves airs about it—though I don't speak their nasty gibberish, still you let them take me away, and never cared how I was ever to find you again. In a strange country, too! But I've no doubt that that's what you wished: yes, you'd have been glad enough to have got rid of me in that cowardly manner. If I could only know your secret thoughts, CAUDLE, that's what you brought me here for; to lose me. And after the wife I've been to you!

"What are you crying out? *For mercy's sake?* Yes; a great deal you know about mercy! Else you'd never have suffered me to be twisted into that room. To be searched, indeed! As if I'd anything smuggled about me. Well, I will say it; after the way in which I've been used, if you'd the proper feelings of a man, you wouldn't sleep again for six months. Well, I know there was nobody but women there; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm sure, if I'd been taken up for picking pockets, they couldn't have used me worse. To be treated so—and 'specially by one's own sex!—it's *that* that aggravates me.

"And that's all you can say! *What could you do?* Why, break open the door; I'm sure you must have heard my voice: you shall never make me believe you couldn't hear that. Whenever I shall sew the strings on again, I can't tell. If they didn't turn me out like a ship in a storm, I'm a sinner! And you laughed! *You didn't laugh?* Don't tell me; you laugh when you don't know anything about it; but I do.

"And a pretty place you've brought me to. A most respectable place, I must say! Where the women walk about without any bonnets to their heads, and the fish-girls with their bare legs—well, you don't catch me eating any fish while I'm here. *Why not?* Why not,—do you think I'd encourage people of that sort?

"What do you say? *Good night?* It's no use your saying that—I can't go to sleep so soon as you can. Especially with a door that has such a lock as that to it. How do we know who may come in? What? *All the locks are bad in France?* The more shame for you to bring me to such a place, then. It only shows how you value me.

"Well, I dare say you're tired. *I* am! But then, see what I've gone through. Well, we won't quarrel in a barbarous country. We won't do that. CAUDLE, dear,—what's the French for lace? I know it, only I forget it. The French for lace, love? What! *Dentelle?* Now, you're not deceiving me? *You never deceived me yet?* Oh! don't say that. There isn't a married man in this blessed world can put his hand upon his heart in bed, and say that. French for lace, dear? Say it again. *Dentelle?* Humph! Dentelle! Good night, dear. Dentelle! Den—telle."

"I afterwards," writes CAUDLE, "found out to my cost wherefore she enquired about lace. For she went out in the morning with the landlady to buy a veil, giving only four pounds for what she could have bought in England for forty shillings!"

A Sympathetic Sonnet, by the Laureat.

(EXPECTANT).

ANSON and BOUVERIE, unhappy pair!
How grievously it wounds the feeling heart,
Which for another's misery can smart,
To think on what ye daily undergo,
Dancing attendance, riding to and fro,
Poor hard-worked equerries! Joking apart,
I'd rather drive a plough, or dustman's cart,
Than change my place for one like yours, whate'er
Your wages and your vails. And what *are* they?
Sure, something handsome. Credit me, indeed,
I scarce can eat my breakfast when I read
Your faggings in the papers, day by day.
ALBERT, your gracious Prince, is not a Turk;
Then why not beg him to abate your work?

SCHOLASTIC.

AT this genial season of the summer holidays, when ROWLAND recommends that children's faces should be washed with his kalydor, and little boys are at home with papa, is it not hard that the poor little rogues should be reminded of their coming misery, by advertisements such as the following?

HAMPSTEAD-HEATH SCHOOL.—Messrs. —— and —— *expect their young friends* will resume their studies on the 20th inst.

Expect their young friends! Unfortunate little dears! It is cruel to spoil holidays so, and in the midst of the midsummer festivities to show our young friends the Hampstead Heath rod hanging over them.

ASSAULT ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON!

ASSUREDLY, with ROWLAND HILL's blessing of the Penny Postage upon us, a man is hardly justified in waylaying the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in his walks abroad, and thrusting upon him peremptory letters; the more especially as his Grace has achieved a peculiar reputation as a punctual and most terse correspondent. Nevertheless, we could wish that the police were always as alert as, according to the *Globe*, they showed themselves, a day or two since, at the House of Lords. The Duke had dismounted, when—

"A tall and able man, of rather decent appearance, and about 48 years of age, rushed towards his Grace, and was in the act of thrusting a letter upon his Grace, when *he was instantly collared* by two constables on duty, and drawn back."

The man, we are further told, "was conveyed into the House in the custody of the constables!" it being a gross offence to present a letter to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in the street! What became of the man we cannot say; it has, however, been suggested that he was possibly an old Peninsular Officer, and the letter was intended to solicit the Duke's support of the petition for decorations, if this really be the truth, we have no compassion for the offender: inasmuch as the Duke, after the old managerial way, has said to the old Peninsular—"No orders will be issued under any pretence whatever."

THE CONJURESS OF COS.

[As it is probable that the poet BUNN will require a new opera for his next season, and as all his subjects must be by this time exhausted, we are anxious to propose to his attention an opera, which might be played during the period of his taking breathing time for his next inspiration. Should any resemblance to that combination of British and Foreign talent, *The Enchantress*, be discovered, we entreat the indulgence of the critic.]

SCENE.—*The Sea-Coast in the Island of Cos. To the right of the spectator, a rocky eminence overhanging the water, and reaching almost to the top of the stage. A large boat appears full of men.*

CHORUS OF BOATMEN.

To the coast we draw near,
[*Gun goes off in the distance.*
The cannon we hear.
[*All leave the boat and come to front of stage.*
Oh, 'tis pleasant to lave
Our boat in the wave,
When all the billows—near and far—
Laugh at the moon and the twinkling star.

First Boatman. I say, mate, why is this island called Cos?

Timniculo. Cos it is. (*A laugh.*)

First Boatm. Ah! you may laugh, but you would not laugh if you sat on the throne, with as bad a title as our sovereign, ANAXIMANDER THE SEVENTEENTH.

Second Boatm. Hush!

First Boatm. Ah! he is very great now; but he would look very small if the son and heir of old KING THEOPHILUS PALÆOLOGUS made his appearance.

Timnic. (*winking at the pit.*) Yes, we might get change for a sovereign.

Enter AGRICOLA, *a rustic, with his arms folded.*

First Boatm. Still pensive, Agricola?

Agricola. Ay, for I never knew who was my father.

BALLAD (*tenor*).

My father, oh! my honour'd sire,
Why will you not appear?
I feel that mem'ry's grievous dart
Writes on my soul a tear;
For e'en in childhood's happy years
I suffer'd dreadful loss,
My father's brow was torn from me
In this sweet isle of Cos.

Were it not for a blissful vision that has sparkled lately in my eyes, I should long have reposed beneath that green canopy. [*Points to the sea.*

CIRCE *heard singing behind the scenes.*

Happy and gay,
Light as the day;
The world is but air,
Why should I care?

Agric. That loved, yet mystic voice.

Timnic. Ah! how odd it is that so *good* a creature should always travel in the shell of a *nauti*-lus!

A nautilus-shell appears with CIRCE, *who rows it gracefully with her hand. Presently she steps out and comes to foreground, while village-girls come to meet her. The shell is drawn off.*

SONG.

Lads and lasses who have gold,
Come and have your fortunes told,
Be it ill, or be it well,
While we hear the convent-bell.
[*Bell is heard in the back-ground.*
Husbands all,
Come to my call;
Hasten wives,
Haste for your lives.
Old or young, you can do no less
Than obey the merry sorceress.
Li ra, li ra, li ra, li ra.
Than obey the merry sorceress.

But I must speak alone to this good-looking young man.
[*Exeunt all but* AGRICOLA.

So, Sir Pensive, I must find a balm for your wounded heart.

Agric. Adorable creature!

Circe. You shall marry me.

Agric. Oh, bliss!

Circe. Don't be too sure of that, for when I have you, I mean to plague your life out.

Agric. What graceful mirth! Her every action charms me. They say you are an enchantress.

Circe. And you say I am enchanting. Ha, ha, ha!

DUET.

Agric. Lovely thing, are you a bird?
Circe. Sure the like was never heard.
Agric. Lovely thing, are you a bee?
Circe. No, indeed, I'm not, you see.

Both { But { I / you } can fly
All through the sky,
Or pass the hour
From flower to flower.
No, I am not / Yes, you must be } bird or bee.

[RUBALDO *appears at the back of the stage.*

Circe. Keep this document; it will show you that you are the son of old KING THEOPHILUS PALÆOLOGUS, and lawful heir to the throne of Cos.
[*Gives paper to* AGRICOLA.

RUBALDO *steps lightly forward, puts a pistol to the ear of* CIRCE, *fires it, and runs off.*

Agric. Ah, she is dead!

Circe. (*with fascinating gaiety.*) No, I 'm worth a dozen dead ones yet. (*Sings.*)

Bullets go through me,
Never they slew me;
Fate will ne'er his efforts bless,
Who tries to kill the sorceress.
[*Skips off laughing.*

The shell instantly appears at a very remote distance, and CIRCE'S *song,* "Happy and gay," *is heard behind the scenes.*

Agric. I will peruse this with calm meditation, for whatever treats of a father has some connection with the sacred relation of paternity. [*Exit.*

Enter KING ANAXIMANDER *and* RUBALDO.

Rubaldo. Your Majesty—learn that the peasant Agricola is no other than the son of KING THEOPHILUS.

Anax. Indeed! Then does the mantle of the past fling its abyss over the flowers of the present. I have it. He often climbs yon beetling height, when the evening sun smiles upon the laughing waves. Harkye, Rubaldo;—tell my guard to fire upon any one whom in the course of the evening they may see on yonder rock without this cloak.

Rubaldo. Your will shall be obeyed. [*Bows and exit.*

Enter CIRCE, *dressed as a Muscovite page.*

Anax. The heat of the sun is oppressive.

Circe. Then take a light-hearted boy's blithesome advice. Throw off that ponderous cloak, and enjoy the evening breeze on yonder eminence.

Anax. A bright thought, fair stripling. Here 's for thy merry counsel.—(*Flings a heavy purse to* CIRCE, *throws off cloak, and ascends the rock; when he has reached the top, a volley of musketry is heard.*)—Perdition! I had forgotten. (*Falls into the sea.*)

Circe. Joy! joy! The tyrant is fallen. Men of Cos, you are released from bondage.—(*All the islanders rush upon the stage.* CIRCE *retires for*

a moment, then re-appears leading AGRICOLA.)—This is your lawful sovereign!

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail to our laws!
Liberty's cause
Wakens the thrill in the lowliest heart.
Liberty 's glorious,
Likewise victorious,
Ne'er shall our pleasure in sorrow depart.

THE QUEEN AND THE MILLINERS.

WE were much distressed on reading a letter from "a Dress-maker," in the *Times*, complaining that HER MAJESTY (and, of course, the Duchesses, and others,) "prefer having their dresses made by French women, instead of English." We think this is a cruel libel on the QUEEN, and is to be traced to the same malignant source from which we continually hear that "HER MAJESTY last night honoured the French performances with her presence"—"HER MAJESTY last night attended the Italian Opera"—"HER MAJESTY last night had a concert solely of German and Italian music,"—and so forth, with evidently an attempt to impose a belief upon the generous British nation that the QUEEN does not to the very limits of her time and means patronise the arts and industry of her own country. There is great wickedness in this calumny; but, merely for the play of argument, let us suppose that HER MAJESTY receives half her wardrobe ready-made from France; and that the other half, made in England, is made by milliners from Paris—what of it? Has not HER MAJESTY subscribed, we believe, as much as 50*l.* to the "Society of Distressed English Needle-women?" Patronage may be very well, but is not charity a much nobler quality?

The aforesaid "Dressmaker" asks if it does not occur to LORD ASHLEY (who refused to meddle with the question of French milliners, as, we presume, disrespectful to the throne) that—

"If the most profitable part of the dress-making business is monopolised by foreigners, Englishwomen, although fully capable of executing it, are of necessity driven into the ranks of plain needle-workers? Again, if ladies of fortune, who now employ their maids (who are required to have a thorough knowledge of dressmaking), were to put their work out, would not this give more remunerative employment to many needle-women who now do plain work because they cannot get better to do, owing to this pernicious patronage of foreigners?"

The "Dress-maker" is evidently a homely, uncultivated person, incapable of appreciating the great truth, that the French have been created a favoured race. They were sent into the world for the sole purpose of giving the laws of millinery to every civilised land—whilst the mere Englishwoman was sent as the drudge, the slave, the vassal of plain needlework. It is only people born in the very highest ranks who can understand this subtle truth; and understanding it, they try, so far as truth may be improved, to improve it. It has been well said, and often quoted, that—"Property has its duties as well as its rights:" its first duty being, of course, to increase and multiply itself. Hence, fulfilling this duty, ladies of fortune combine the lady's-maid with the milliner, very wisely putting one domestic piece of human furniture to two uses; just as often may be found in the houses of the lower orders a piece of joinery, that is—"a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day." And hence, fulfilling this duty, golden Marquises employ no west-end tailor for their children, but take their tender offspring to the soul-and-body starving tailors, BARABBAS and SON, somewhere in the City.

THE M.P. ON THE RAILWAY COMMITTEE.

DEDICATED TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH shareholders in anxious lots,
The rooms were crowded one and all,
The Barristers stood round in knots—
And quite forsook Westminster Hall.
Sections and plans looked odd and strange;
And the M.P. at each new batch,
Weary and worn, looked at his watch,
In hopes the counsel to derange.
He only said, "It's very dreary:
He'll never stop!" he said;
He said "I'm a-weary—a-weary,
I would I were in bed!"

The speech began before eleven,
And might go on till eventide;
He must be in the House at seven,
Upon a motion to divide.
The Barristers in white cravats
Unto each other gave the lie;
The M.P. sadly shut his eye
And thought of the Kilkenny cats.
He only said, "It 's very dreary:
They 'll never stop!" he said;
He said, "I 'm a-weary, a-weary,
And must not go to bed."

Until the middle of the night,
He 'd heard the Irish Members crow;
The House broke up in broad daylight,
Heavily he to bed did go,
In hopes to sleep: but without change,
In dreams, he seemed to hear, forlorn,
The Barrister he 'd heard that morn;
And saw, in slumber, sections strange.
He sighed and said, "'Tis very dreary:
I cannot sleep!" he said;
He said, "I am a-weary, a-weary,
Both in and out of bed."

And when the temperature was low,
And DR. REID out of the way;
The hot and cold blasts to and fro,
In the committee-room did play.
When first returned, he didn't know
He should of work have such a spell;
His seat, in fact, had proved a sell;
He wouldn't stay, he couldn't go.
And then he said, "It 's very dreary:
I won't stand this!" he said;
He said, "I am weary, a-weary,
The counsel will talk me dead."

The hot sun beating on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which in opposing lines' behoof
The counsel made—did all confound
His sense: then longed he for the hour
When their report they came to lay
Before the Commons; and the day
On which he 'd 'scape SIR ROBERT'S power.
Then said he, "This is far too dreary:
I will retire;" he said;
He sighed, "I am so weary, a-weary,
I 'll go to jail instead."

A HOUSE AT THE WEST END.

SIR,—I saw lately an advertisement in the *Times* of a house to be let in a street leading out of a fashionable square in the West End—Rent, 65*l.* per annum.

Wishing to reside in the district which the rest of the nobility inhabit, and the price appearing moderate, I wrote to the auctioneer who advertised the house.

He sends me back a card to view a house situate in——, Silver Street, Golden Square.

I inclose the card. Have I no remedy against a wretch who insults me in this way?

Your obedient servant,

WILHELMINA AMELIA SKEGGS.

THE POLITICAL PAS DE QUATRE.

Scarcely anything can exceed the excitement occasioned by the appearance of four rival dancers in the same *Pas de Quatre*, but a still greater sensation has been caused by the bringing together of four political figurantes, all taking the same steps in a *Pas de Quatre* of the most astounding character. The dance included a variety of surprising groupings, in the course of which the performers threw themselves into the most difficult positions, and a variety of combinations occurred such as had never before been heard of in the annals of political capering. Peel in the Maynooth shuffle actually surpassed himself, at one moment taking a graceful slide from one side to the other, then executing a rapid *pirouette*, and taking Russell as his partner, giving him a sudden twist round with remarkable energy.

But perhaps the great wonder of the *Pas de Quatre* consisted in the variations of Brougham. He bounded about with a reckless wildness that took the House by surprise, and excited a perfect tumult among the audience. He came out very gracefully in the exquisite little solo hit called the *Pas de Privilège*, and exhibited a steadiness in this one particular movement which he is not always famous for. The share taken by O'Connell was not the happiest part of the *Pas de Quatre*. His advancing and retiring towards Peel was, perhaps, the best movement, but the small variation, called the *Pas de Repeal*, was a dead failure. The concluding group in which all the four political dancers threw themselves into one *tableau* of harmony, was the crowning wonder of this great political Terpsichorean incident.

City Antiquities.

There is opposite the end of Chancery Lane, and just over the entrance of that repository of legal learning, disregarded genius, and attorney-generals that ought to be—the Temple, a house now occupied as a hair-dresser's, but formerly, if we are to believe the proprietor, the palace of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey. We were not aware that Wolsey and Henry the Eighth had apartments in the same house, but it is possible that there may have been a little brass plate on the door-post directing people to "Ring the top bell for the Cardinal." Henry the Eighth no doubt occupied the first floor, with the attics and the use of the front kitchen, which would have left the whole of the two-pair and the wash-house to his good Lord Cardinal. There is no doubt that Wolsey and his Royal master carried on some rare games when they lived in Fleet Street, and it is believed that the Mitre first took its name from its having been the constant haunt of the Cardinal. There are some funny stories still told by one of the old waiters at the Rainbow of how Harry used to order a cup of sack, and joke Wolsey, who then held the great seal, about giving him the sack, a jibe which the unhappy Chancellor was ultimately compelled to experience the realisation of.

Wolsey, as we are told by the ingenious Pinnock, "sung, laughed, and danced with every libertine of the court;" but we are not told in which of the many courts in the neighbourhood the roystering Cardinal carried on his gambols. We presume that the cardinal virtues are so called on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, from no Cardinal having any virtues at all, which at least was the case with Wolsey. He always wore a large comforter round his neck, and it is believed that the word Linsey Wolsey had its origin in this circumstance.

LITERALLY TRUE.

Buyer. "Is he well Broke?"
Seller. "Lor bless ye! Look at his knees!"

THE LOWLY BARD TO HIS LADY LOVE.

(Air—"*Oh, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?*")

Oh lady, wilt thou wed with me,
And go and live at Camden Town?
Can Hampstead Road have charms for thee?
Canst thou to College Place come down?

Say, wilt thou quit, without a sigh,
The bright *salons* of Belgrave Square?
And canst thou, unrepining, fly
A two-pair-back with me to share?

Oh wilt thou in the season, sweet,
Not sometimes weep for Rotten Row,
Where thou wast wont with Tom's *élite*
On summer afternoons to go?

And oh, from round the corner, when
Our maid-of-all-work brings the beer,
Wilt thou not oft remember then
Thy footman, Thomas, with a tear?

When mem'ry paints the crimson plush,
And hat bedeck'd with golden braid,
Believ'st thou that thou wilt not blush
For slipshod Jane, our only maid?

Britannia metal canst thou stand,
Off silver who was wont to dine?
The vintage of a foreign land
Canst thou exchange for ginger wine?

And tell me, canst thou sit and ply
Thy bodkin, love, my desk beside?
Then, soon as I a ring can buy,
I 'll ask thee to become my bride."

"WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?"

A most dangerous interrogative this to put to a policeman, as the following short story may prove:—A young man named Cottrell was brought to Clerkenwell Office "as a suspected person." He was walking home with two baskets in his hands, having been out fishing. Policeman Anderson asked what was in them? "What's that to you?" answered the hardened offender; whereupon, he was taken past his own door to the station-house, and locked up. He was then brought before the wizard Greenwood, who "discharged him." We therefore presume it is lawful for any policeman to stop man, woman, or child, on the way with a pie to the bakehouse, and ask, "What have you got there?" and then, upon the refusal of the party to lift off the crust, and show the fruit or steaks, as the case may be, to carry the recusant straightway before Mr. Greenwood, who, with that wisdom which daily endears him to Sir James Graham, will "discharge" the transgressor.

THE POLITICAL PAS DE QUATRE.

A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

"CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen JAMES PLUSH, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

"One day last week, MR. JAMES waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

"His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of SIR GEORGE FLIMSY, of the house of FLIMSY, DIDDLER, and FLASH,) smilingly asked MR. JAMES what was the amount of his saving wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—MR. PLUSH could have managed to lay by anything.

"MR. PLUSH, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

"SIR GEORGE, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook MR. P. by the hand; LADY FLIMSY begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that MISS EMILY FLIMSY, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

"We hear it stated that MR. P. is of a very ancient family, (HUGO DE LA PLUCHE came over with the Conqueror); and the new Brougham which he has started, bears the ancient coat of his race.

"He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He purposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

"Report says, that even in his humble capacity MISS EMILY FLIMSY had remarked his high demeanour. Well, 'none but the brave,' say we, 'deserve the fair.'"—*Morning Paper*.

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous: if poor MARYANNE *be still alive*; we trust, we trust, MR. PLUSH will do her justice.

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

A HELIGY.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
  Come all ye ladies maids so fair—
Vile I a story vil relate
  Of cruel JEAMES of Buckley Square.

A tighter lad, it is confest,
  Neer valked vith powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
  Than andsum JEAMES of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
  Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our JEAMES in red plush tights,
  A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwiletts,
  He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
  That hall loved JEAMES of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
  And o! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *vould* ring the parler bell,
  And call up JEAMES in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
  (Sperrits and beer I can't a bear,)
You would have thought he vas a lord
  Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, "MARY HANN,
  Ven I 've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
  And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound,
  To think that I his name should bear.
"Dear JEAMES," says I, "I 've twenty pound,"
  And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
  His name 's in railroads everywhere;
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
  Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square!
My JEAMES it was the letters took,
  And read 'em all, (I think it 's fair,)
And took a leaf from Master's book,
  As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
  Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
  And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how JOHN PORTER used to grin,
  As day by day, share after share,
Came railvay letters pouring in,
  "J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
  Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
  Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vat I felt
  Last Vensdy veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
  "MIS M. A. HOGGINS, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
  He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
  To MARY HANN and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish HANN,
  With people who your betters are;
JAMES PLUSH is now a gentleman,
  And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I 've thirty thousand guineas won,
  In six short months, by genus rare;
You little thought what JEAMES was on,
  Poor MARY HANN, in Buckley Square.
I 've thirty thousand guineas net,
  Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, MISS MARY HANN, forget
  For hever JEAMES, of Buckley Square."

* * * * * * *

The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

The Duke and the Proverb.

THE Italians say, "Every medal has its reverse." The Iron Duke seems resolved to illustrate the truth of the proverb. Hence, the Waterloo fighters have "the medal," and the Peninsular veterans, "the reverse."

ELECTION NEWS.

SPEECH OF THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE ON DECLARING THE STATE OF THE POLL AT THE LATE ELECTION.

Mr. Ficklin. (*Sotto voce.*) Now, Mr. Mayor, come—go on.
Mayor. Eh? How do I begin? Eh?
Mr. Ficklin. It now becomes my duty—
Mayor. It now becomes my duty—
Mr. F. To declare the state—
Mayor. To declare the state—
Mr. F. Of the Poll—
Mayor. Of the Poll. (*Cheers*).
Mr. F. I find the numbers polled to be—
Mayor. I find the numbers polled to be—
Mr. F. For FITZROY KELLY, ESQ., 746—
Mayor. For FITZROY KELLY, ESQ., 746—
Mr. F. And for SHAFTO ADAIR, ESQ., 729—
Mayor. And for SHAFTO ADAIR, ESQ, 729—
Mr. F. I therefore declare FITZROY KELLY, ESQ.—
Mayor. I therefore declare FITZROY KELLY, ESQ.—
Mr. F. Duly elected to serve in—
Mayor. Duly elected to serve in—
Mr. F. The present Parliament—
Mayor. The present Parliament—
Mr. F. For the Borough of Cambridge.
Mayor. For the Borough of Cambridge.
Mr F. That 'll do—that 'll do.
Mayor. That 'll do—that 'll——here his Worship put his hat on amidst general cheering.

Punch's own Railroad.

OUR own little snug suburban railway, comprising the great trunk-line from Warwick Square to Wormwood Scrubs, with projected branches to the Addison Road and Lord Holland's Lane, carried by a tunnel through the common sewer, and a series of gradients over an adjacent hedge, connecting the coal-wharf in the south with the riding-school on the north-east, and the public-house on the west—this delicious little railway-ette has been under discussion by a committee of the House of Lords, of which our friend BROUGHAM was chairman. *Punch* having quizzed the Kensington Railway, BROUGHAM thought it would be good fun to quiz the witnesses, and he consequently commenced mistaking an architect, who came to give evidence about the building of a station, for a market gardener, who wished to prove that the line would cut through a bed of strawberries, and that the tunnelling would annihilate a lot of very promising summer cabbages.

His Lordship, on seeing the architect taking the oath, exclaimed with much vehemence, "Who 's this? BEAZLEY, the market-gardener, I suppose;" and had almost plunged into a series of queries as to the effect of a railway on the price of a peck of peas or a pound of new potatoes, when the learned counsel suggested to the noble chairman, that the gentleman about to be examined, was an architect, and not a market-gardener.

His Lordship was very anxious to know why everybody did not buy everybody else out, and gave all the parties time to pay each other's demands, for which purpose an adjournment was agreed upon.

We understand that the proprietor of the apple-stall at the two-and-a-half milestone, insists on compensation for the smoke of the one engine, which blacks her apples and knocks nearly a farthing a lot off the value of them. One of the directors came and sat upon the board—where her apples are placed for sale—to talk it over with her, but no compromise could be effected.

PUNCH'S VISIT TO THE COLOSSEUM.

HIS splendid pile of architectural stucco, which rears its proud dome of zinc towards a Regent's Parkian sky, was on the eve of being crumbled to atoms beneath the hammer of the auctioneer, when it was suddenly snatched from its impending fate by the hand of a capitalist and the eye of an artist. The classic ground on which the Colosseum stands was about to be actually covered with ordinary houses, and a row of common-place structures would have filled the spot hallowed by the truly Roman recollections which extend from the Camera Obscura, on the south, to the Lodge, on the north, of the Colosseum. Fortunately, however, the classic eye of BRADWELL saw the site, and wept its expected desecration. He could not bear the horrible idea of kitchen sinks and wash-house pumps standing on the ground where the Swiss Cottage and the indomitable Eagle had been so often seen. BRADWELL recollected the prediction—

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;"

and it occurred to him that the stability of London might depend on the same contingency. There can be no doubt that unless the Colosseum in the Regent's Park continues to stand, London, which is exhibited inside, must inevitably perish. Thanks to a spirited capitalist, who summoned the genius of BRADWELL to his aid, the Colosseum has not only been restored to all its original stability, but made to surpass in splendour and taste anything that Eastern or Western magnificence can display. We may in vain turn our eye with the weathercock to every point of the compass, for "we shall never look upon its like," or anything like its like, "again."

On entering the portico, and turning to the left, we get into a corridor, which we may, if we like, fancy is the entrance to the Vatican.

Having dropped a tear over the fate of the six unfortunate popes, we rush forward into the refreshment-room, and seek consolation in Bath-buns and cherry-brandy. We next find ourselves in the Glyptotheca, or Museum of Sculpture, formerly called the Saloon of Arts, from its having been artfully covered in with calico: the old Saloon of Arts used to be pitch dark, and was well supplied with old newspapers, which, as it was impossible to see to read them, were as good as new to the visitors. The magic wand of BRADWELL has effected a truly fairy change; and in place of the old original temporary booth of pink cotton, we have now a magnificent circular saloon, fitted up with works of sculpture from the studios of some of the most eminent sculptors. But while the mind may feast, our physical refreshment has not been neglected, for there peeps from beneath the tapestry—nestling under tasteful hangings of silk—a snug little stall, where the joyous Banbury, and the cheerful jam-puff may be had by asking—and paying—for.

But let us look at some of the works of art. There is CANUTE reproving his courtiers, as he sits in a pair of wash-leather highlows on the margin of the ocean. A sprinkling of periwinkles, and an odd cockle-shell or two on the ground, tell the story that his majesty is on the beach, and that the tide is coming up rather rapidly. Then there is Lord BACON, looking as corpulent as he ought, for if "learning makes a full man," BACON must have been as fat as the sculptor has made him. There is a beautiful statue of our old friend CHAUCER, with nothing on him but a sheet and a pair of slippers, as if a bright idea had occurred to him before he got up, and he had sprung out of bed for the purpose of "booking it." But who can doubt the likeness of that old gentleman with the jack-chain suspended to his wrists? It is, it must be, CARACTACUS, for when we see a man in nothing but a shirt and some fetters, we always know it must be the hero alluded to.

A little further on we come to RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, planting the Standard of

England on the walls of Acre. As the gardening book says in October, "Now plant your Standards," we presume it was in the month alluded to, that RICHARD CŒUR DE LION did his little bit of historical gardening.

But how shall we approach the statue of BROUGHAM, when even his bust is an object of our reverence! If we bow to his mere head and shoulders, what shall we say to him altogether, sitting in a pair of

Margate slippers, with a guinea dressing-gown thrown over his shoulders, and a copy of some work lying at his feet, as if he had dropped it out of his hand from having fallen asleep over it.

Among the works of art, we find a design for the NELSON Monument, which is almost as good as—

> The affair
> In the Square
> Of the great Trafalgar ho!

It shows NEPTUNE handing up a wreath on the end of a toasting-fork to BRITANNIA, who offers it to NELSON; but as he has got his hands full of swords and flags, he of course is unable to take it. It is a graceful notion gracefully executed.

Having examined the sculpture, we take our places in the Ascending Room, and commence our aerial flight to the summit of St. Paul's, and step into the outer gallery. There is London by day, but ere a few hours have passed, London by night will extinguish it. The effect of this latter picture is so wonderful, that a visitor would not believe the sky to be artificial, and insisted, that the twinkling luminaries had been engaged to star it expressly for the occasion.

If BRADWELL can only make such another moon, and lend it out to us, to be placed in the back yard that looks upon our garret window, we will give him any money—that we can spare—for the use of it. He might assuredly take out a patent for perpetual moonlight all through the year. And when we see his real moon made of nothing but canvas, we begin to have some faith in the project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

But now let us pause. We have walked out into the property temples that surround the building. MARIUS among the ruins of Carthage is a fool to *Punch* among the ruins at the Colosseum. To make some of the ruins of antiquity, Time has lent a slow hand; but here we have classical associations and columns knocked up, or rather knocked down, in no time. We almost smiled—if we could allow ourselves to smile when under the shadow of the tottering pillars around us—we almost smiled at the request to the public "not to touch the ruins." If it is desirable to have a ruinous effect, surely it would be in accordance with the *genius loci* if the visitors were to begin ruining the ruins around them.

Let us wander now into the Gothic aviary, where we may fancy ourselves in the land of the CID. But lo! the old parrot on the left is making a peck at our coat. Let us get out of the land of the CID as rapidly as possible.

We find ourselves in the Swiss Cottage, looking out upon Mont Blanc, the Monarch of Mountains.

> "They crown'd him a year ago
> With some canvas thin, well covered in
> With a lot of property snow."

While looking out upon the scene before us, we wonder how the effect of distance can possibly be obtained, for it has been accomplished at a total sacrifice of all the established rules of land measurement.

The ordinary pole and perch are completely annihilated, and goats

perch on places supported by poles at a distance that seems terrific, but is in reality nothing. We could fancy ourselves hunting the sham chamois, or gliding along the glaciers, as we stood on tiptoe, looking over the balustrades of that Swiss balcony. We could not help asking ourselves the question—

Where is the eagle? When Echo, in the shape of the attendant at the refreshment-stall, answered, "Dead." We understand it cried its eyes out in the year 1840, and shed its tail in 1841. Since which time no tidings have been heard of it.

We have now seen everything but the Stalactite Caverns, of which we can only say, that they are better than the real thing at Adelberg. ELLISTON'S

Coronation at Drury Lane was, as every one knows, a great deal more splendid than GEORGE IV.'s opposition at Westminster Abbey, and BRADWELL'S Stalactite Cavern at the Colosseum surpasses in stalacticity and splendour the German original.

In conclusion, we have to recommend every one heartily, if he has four shillings to spare, to pay a visit to the Colosseum. If he has not four shillings to spare, let him come to us, and if he can give us good security, and a hundred per cent. interest in advance, with a small bonus in addition when the principal is repaid, we will lend him the money.

BROAD HINTS.

1. TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS LADY.—Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE may frequently have the pleasure of seeing that gentleman at Sadler's Wells.

2. TO A PATRON OF THE FINE ARTS.—A DR. ALISON has written a work on Taste.

3. TO LORD BROUGHAM.—In that celebrated monument of antiquity, the tomb of all the Capulets, preserved in the British Museum, may be found a poem by one HAYLEY, entitled "The Triumph of Temper."

4. TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.—An abridgment of MURRAY'S English Grammar may be had at various book stalls for 9*d.*, and *Punch's* Complete Letter Writer sells at 2*s.* 6*d.*

5. TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Certain unrequited veterans will be happy to lend his Grace a little book. It is called, "Recollections of the Peninsula."

REWARD OF MERIT.

A FEW SUPPOSITIONS.

IT is a pity that the two Houses of Parliament are continually going to loggerheads about the question of privilege, instead of laying their wise heads together and settling it. It would really be satisfactory to know when one is committing a breach of privilege, and when not. At present a breach of privilege would seem to be anything that gives offence to either House. This consideration suggests a few suppositions to us. Suppose the minority in one House should offend the majority, would the majority have the power of committing the minority? Suppose the Commons should offend the Lords, would the Lords be empowered to commit the Commons? Suppose, as would naturally be the case, the Lords were also to offend the Commons, would the Commons, at the same time, be entitled to commit the Lords? What power in the Executive would effect the committal? Would the prisoners be confined to their respective Houses, or would one body be sent to the Compter, and the other to Newgate?

Suppose either House should claim the power of fine as well as imprisonment. Suppose it went a little further, and asserted that of life and death. Suppose it declared its members irresponsible for their deeds, as well as for their debts. Suppose, in short, it assumed the right to do whatever it chose. Suppose it declared the other House unnecessary, and abolished it. What would then become of our "Glorious Constitution?" And would not the two Houses of Parliament resemble the two cats who quarrelled and ate each other up?

THE AUTOCRAT OF PRUSSIA.

THE English are gullible people: there is no doubt of it. Let NERO himself rise from the dust, and fiddle at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre (how the royal box would be crammed to hear *such* a foreigner!) and we should forget the tyrant in the condescension of the emperor. The KING OF PRUSSIA, on his late visit to England, swindled us right and left of our good opinion. He went down upon his knees in Newgate with good MRS. FRY, and the feminine turnkeys lapsed into hysterics at his humility. The hearts of the female felons were melted like butter at the royal goodness. HIS MAJESTY worked such wonders in Newgate, that pity, indeed, was it for frail and sinful humanity, that his stay was so very brief within the prison walls. He left our shores, as we thought, a meek-hearted Christian; and he no sooner got home than he played the KING with a new swagger; put an extra gag on the press; and became hunter of the Poles for his great exemplar NICHOLAS. The last news from Munich communicates a new instance of the magnanimity of the royal *Diddler*. On the 5th inst. a composer of Berlin, "publicly, in the open court, made an humble apology *before the King's picture*." We are told that the musician "had been condemned to this punishment, *and a year's confinement*, for having spoken disrespectfully of His MAJESTY!" After all, it might have been a latent sense of humility in the KING that made the offender apologise to the royal portrait: *that* could not blush for the petty tyranny of the very small original.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

THE *Holbein* is restored to its nail, and *Punch* has not spoken in vain.

The seller would not accept the 200*l.* bonus. Perhaps this may have something to do with the return of the picture.

He has written to the *Times* a more bitterly satirical letter than suits his position in life. After stating that the unfortunate picture is hung again where it was before quartered, a position it owes very naturally to its execution, he goes on—

"It will be readily perceived that insidious intriguing had alone shaken for a moment the opinion of the *guardians of public taste, which board of noblemen has resumed its proud position*, and set at nought all intrigue."

Hip, hip, Huzza! Huzza, Huzza, Huzza! Three cheers for the disinterested dealer, and nine times nine for the "guardians of the public taste!!!" with Mr. ——, the *eminent dealer*, whispering "black" into the right ear, and Mr. ——, the other eminent dealer, insinuating "white" into the left, and the "board of noblemen" in their "proud position," which can only be compared to that of a certain animal between the two bundles of hay.

Again we say, happy is England, which has noblemen for the trustees of her National Gallery, with artists to advise the noblemen, and dealers to guide the artist; a sort of "King, Lords, and Commons" of artistic questions, producing a balance like that of our famous constitution, where every man can shift the blame on to somebody else's shoulders, and defy the nimblest eye of newspaper editor to say under which thimble of incapacity rests the pea of error.

Marriage in High Life.

WE hear that a matrimonial alliance is on the *tapis* between DANIEL O'CONNELL ESQ., M.P., and MRS. MOLLY MAGUIRE, of Maguire's Grove. The estates of the interesting couple are contiguous; and we hear there are to be bonfires over the whole country in celebration of the event.

BALLYWHACK BLUNDERBUSS.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXVII.

MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND. "UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE, WHO HAS REFUSED "TO SMUGGLE A FEW THINGS" FOR HER.

HERE, it isn't often that I ask you to do anything for me, MR. CAUDLE, goodness knows! and when I do, I'm always refused—of course. Oh yes! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other husband aboard the boat could behave like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's nothing new; I always am. Every other man, worthy to be called a man, could smuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one poor half-dozen of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me; and everybody else was rolled in lace, and I don't know what. Eh? What, MR. CAUDLE? *What do I want with silk stockings?* Well,—it's come to something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a foot—yes, and an ankle, too: but when once a woman's married, she has nothing of the sort; of course. No: I'm *not* a cherub, MR. CAUDLE; don't say that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say now, you'd have been delighted to smuggle for MISS PRETTYMAN? Silk stockings become her! *You wish Miss Prettyman was in the moon?* Not you, MR. CAUDLE; that's only your art—your hypocrisy. A nice person too she'd be for the moon: it would be none the brighter for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the Custom House officers look at me, as though they were piercing me through, what was your conduct? Shameful. You twittered about, and fidgetted, and flushed up as if I really *was* a smuggler. *So I was?* What had that to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband, I think, to fidget in that way, and show it. *You couldn't help it?* Humph! And you call yourself a person of strong mind, I believe? One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! Couldn't help it!

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and this is always my reward. Yes, MR. CAUDLE, I shall save a great deal. *How much?* I sha'n't tell you: I know your meanness—you'd want to stop it out of the house-allowance. No: it's nothing to you where I got the money from to buy so many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first, that's nothing to do with it. No; I hav'n't saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who saves who's despised. It's only your fine-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to ruin you, CAUDLE, then you'd think something of me.

"I sha'n't go to sleep. It's very well for you who're no sooner in bed, than you're fast as a church; but I can't sleep in that way. It's my mind keeps me awake. And, after all, I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my thoughts. *No: I can't think in silence!* There's much enjoyment in that, to be sure! I've no doubt now you could listen to MISS PRETTYMAN—oh, I don't care, I will speak. It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be on the jetty when the boat came in. Ha! she'd been looking for you all the morning with a telescope, I've no doubt—she's bold enough for anything. And then how she sneered and giggled when she saw me,—and said 'how fat I'd got:' like her impudence, I think. What! *Well she might?* But I know what she wanted; yes—she'd have liked to have had me searched. She laughed on purpose.

"I only wish I'd taken two of the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about 'em! No—I'm not ashamed of myself to make my innocent children smugglers: the more innocent they looked, the better; but there you are with what you call your principles again; as if it wasn't given to everybody by nature to smuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated 'em this day. Lace, and velvet, and silk stockings, and other things,—to say nothing of the tumblers and decanters. No: I didn't look as if I wanted a direction, for fear somebody should break me. That's another of what you call your jokes; but you should keep 'em for those who like 'em. *I* don't

"*What have I made, after all?* I've told you—you shall never know. Yes, I know you'd been fined a hundred pounds if they'd searched me; but I never meant that they should. I dare say you wouldn't smuggle—oh no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a conjuror, you are, CAUDLE. Ha! ha! ha! *What am I laughing at?* Oh, you little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well, now, I'll tell you. I knew what an unaccommodating creature you were, so I made you smuggle whether or not. *How?* Why, when you were out at the *Café*, I got your great rough coat, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of best black velvet under the lining I'm a sinful woman! And to see how innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round you! It was a happy moment, CAUDLE, to see you.

"What do you call it? *A shameful trick,—unworthy of a wife? I couldn't care much for you?* As if I didn't prove that, by trusting you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say: I've saved everything—all but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgot the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand, and cut it to bits like so much dog's-meat. *Served me right?* And when I so seldom buy a book! No: I don't see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings that people here have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for—well, if they *do* steal it, that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, CAUDLE, when are you going home? What? *Our time isn't up.* That's nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't do that—we shall save it again in living. But you're such a man! Your home's the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink of a night, thinking what may happen. Three fires last week; and any one might as well have been at our house as not. *No—they mightn't?* Well, you know what I mean—but you're such a man!

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no keeping you out of the libraries, CAUDLE. You're getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a nice example to set to your children, raffling as you do for French clocks and I don't know what. But that's not the worst; you never win anything. Oh, I forgot. Yes; a needle-case, that under my nose you gave to MISS PRETTYMAN. A nice thing for a married man to make presents: and to such a creature as that, too. A needle-case! I wonder whenever she has a needle in *her* hand!

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stop here. Nobody left in the house but that MRS. CLOSEPEG. And she is such a stupid woman. It was only last night that I dreamt I saw our cat quite a skeleton, and the canary stiff on its back at the bottom of the cage. You know, CAUDLE, I'm never happy when I'm away from home; and yet you will stay here. No, home's my comfort; I never want to stir over the threshold, and you know it. If thieves were to break in, what could that MRS. CLOSEPEG do against 'em? And so, CAUDLE, you'll go home on Saturday? Our dear—dear home? On Saturday, CAUDLE?"

"What I answered," says CAUDLE, "I forget; but I know that on the Saturday, we were once again shipped on board the *Red Rover*."

REFORM OF THE BAR.

WE are happy to state that the barristers of the Oxford Circuit have, at length, resolved to vindicate the dignity of the Bar, and to show a bright example to the whole of their silver-tongued and unsophisticated brethren. They have come to an expressed resolution that it is beneath the character of any of them "to report law proceedings for the press." And following up this beginning in the right path, they have also resolved, that if it shall happen that any counsel receive a retaining fee to conduct a case which, from a press of business, he shall be unable to advocate, it will henceforth be considered a breach of the merest every-day honesty not to return the money. Indeed, it is said that this resolution is to have a retrospective effect, in which case considerable sums must be paid back. We shall be happy to advertise the day on which learned gentlemen propose to disgorge.

Reproving the Follies of the Age.

WHEN anything very outrageous or ridiculous is built, it is generally called in the neighbourhood "A Folly." Thus we have throughout England a number of architectural absurdities, known as "BRIGGS'S Folly," "JONES'S Folly," "THOMPSON'S Folly," &c. But the greatest folly of all in the building way is unquestionably Trafalgar Square. Might it not be called henceforth "ENGLAND'S FOLLY"?

THE BATTLE OF THE STREETS.

While the battle of the gauges is dividing the railway world, the battle of the streets—the contest between the broad and the narrow—is revolutionising the metropolis. Unfortunately for the narrow, the broad carries, or rather knocks down, everything before it. We shall soon be utterly without a lane or an alley throughout the whole of London ; while as to architecture, the old brick and tile order will be utterly superseded by the modern stuccoite. It is all very well to enlarge the streets if we can enlarge the means of the people sufficiently to enable them to live in them ; but if the habitations of the poor are superseded by palaces, while pauperism still remains, we would simply ask what on earth is to become of it.

The old police principle of "move on," "you can't stop here," seems to be now generally applied to those of humble means, and the question is, "Where are they all to go to?" So as they are got rid of somehow, this is a question which gives little trouble to those who are bent on "improving" a neighbourhood.

WAR BETWEEN THE PRESS AND THE BAR.

MR. PUNCH TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate,

I have not been unmindful of the quarrel which has lately broken out between yourselves and the Bar. I even prophesy from it considerable public benefit ; if, as late circumstances have given me to suppose, you are beginning to be aware of the importance of your calling, to feel your own strength as a public body, to take counsel by other corporations how to make your own respected, and to submit to no further impudence or insult when you can conveniently repress it. My soul rejoices in the prospect of a war between the Bar and the Press of these kingdoms. As a member of the latter profession, I am of course disposed impartially to stand by my friends. Yes, in this row, or in any other where your interests are menaced, there 's a cudgel in Fleet Street, ready to make play for the common cause.

I have just been reading in *Fraser's Magazine*, the biography of a great leader of the enemy, who has lately passed away.

"The greatest skill of Follett," Fraser says, "consisted in presenting his case in the most harmonious and fair-purposed aspect. If there was anything false or fraudulent, a hitch or a blot of any kind in his case, he kept it dexterously out of view, or hurried it trippingly over. But if the blot was on the other side, he had the eye of the lynx, and the scent of the hound, to detect and run down his game. He had the greatest skill in reading an affidavit, and could play the 'artful dodge' in a style looking so much like gentlemanly candour, that you could not find fault."

Thus it is that the writer, a barrister evidently, eulogises the various qualities which raised that eminent man ; and complacently enumerates his merits. He could play the "*artful dodge*" in a manner so candid as to defy suspicion. He could detect an enemy's lies in a minute—his client's falsehood or fraud he could keep out of view. There 's a panegyric for a gentleman ! For these precious qualities he earns fifteen thousand a year ; he obtains the highest post of the law ; he goes to the grave honoured and followed by the Queen's Ministers and the Bar. For artful dodging with an air of candour ; for dexterously reading an affidavit ; for cloaking his client's lies and abetting his fraud. Bravo ! Let the Temple bells be muffled ; let the porters wear crape ; let the Bar walk after the hearse with dishevelled wigs, and the silk gowns march in tatters ; let the judges howl a threnody, led by the Chancellor and the Chief Baron ; and let Sir Robert and Sir James sacrifice an under-secretary on his tomb. Let us all sit down and weep—clerks, lawyers, newspapers, prime-ministers, lord-chancellors and Temple-porters—we all feel it, we 're all so deep in affliction—we 're so sincere, so honest.

O omnipotent unfathomable Goddess of Humbug ! Statues should be erected to you through all our city. A golden one before Buckingham Palace, a great brazen one before Westminster, a rigid marble one in the centre of Almack's, and an enormous leaden one in Exeter Hall. But before the *Punch* office we would have the statue flung down, and the great Iconoclast waving his baton over the ruins.

This however for future consideration and other ages. Return we to the Bar Humbug, and muse, dear friends, thereupon.

Has it not often struck you, considering these things, how cruelly the Attorneys have been dealt with by public repute—how, by ourselves in novels, plays, and fictitious works,—hence by the public in daily life,—that class of men has come to be considered as a dangerous, slippery, wicked set of practitioners ? When we talk of roguish lawyers, as talk we do—lawyers are supposed to mean attorneys—the Bar somehow escapes scot-free ; there 's no stain upon *them*, they get such large fees, they become barons and earls so often ; above all, they prate so magnificently and constantly about their own honour and dignity, that the public believes them ; they reap the dignity, and the poor attorney comes in for all the odium.

And yet, these men are but the creatures of the Attorneys : they go where the latter bid them, they state what the Attorneys tell them. If Quirk, Gammon and Snap prescribe the "artful dodge," Serjeant Buzfus performs it in Court. If an honest man is to be bullied in a witness-box, the barrister is instructed to bully him. If a murderer is to be rescued from the gallows, the barrister blubbers over him, as in Tawell's case ; or accuses a wrong person, as in

COURVOISIER'S case. If a naughty woman is to be screened, a barrister will bring Heaven itself into Court, and call Providence to witness that she is pure and spotless, as a certain great advocate and schoolmaster abroad did for a certain lamented QUEEN CAROLINE.

There they are to be sold to the first bidder, these folks of the long robe. Other *bona robas* are sent to the spinning-house for doing no worse; and these—these mount to the peerage and the woolsack—these talk about the dignity and independence of their profession forsooth—these say that a man connected with their profession shan't report for the newspapers.

It's dishonourable to do that. They'll turn a man from their mess who reports in a paper; they'll expel a man from their spotless society for reporting in the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*.

They do not expel a man for disgusting hypocrisy; for bearing false witness; for the "artful dodge"; for keeping "fraud and falsehood" out of view—they load him with honours for it. Each of the instances above mentioned, has risen high to rank and respect. This is a Law adviser to Ministers; that was a Minister of the Crown; the other went to the grave with five hundred weeping reputable gentlemen at his back—honest gentlemen who will have no connection with the Press.

Very well. Let the Press be warned, and suffer, as best it may, this separation from the Bar. Poor Peri turned out of Paradise, peep in and see how the periwigged angels there innocently disport themselves! Peep in and see them at their work: this one doing the "artful dodge"; that one screening the frauds of his client; another howling over the fate of a murderer who gives him so many hundred guineas; another insulting a timid witness, or accusing an innocent woman.—See all these things, O Press! Send your commissioners in the train of these spotless men of law—and have *your* say. There is no call for politeness, no truce or friendship henceforth between you. You are not worthy to sit at the Bar table; dangerous society for dignified and independent gentlemen. Very well; be you dignified and independent too. Bear this in mind, gentlemen of the Press, that the Bar disowns you: and in the provinces, when the flock of barristers comes squeezing into your Assize-Courts, hankering after your attorneys' fees; ready to perform the "artful dodge" for the rogues in your gaols; or to blubber over murderers in the dock, welcome them as their dignity and independence warrants. Don't fail to point out their eminent merits. Hold up their respectability to public admiration.

So it is possible that from this war between the Bar and the Press some good may arise: so it is possible that from this falling out some honest men may come by their own; which is the fervent wish of the benevolent

PUNCH.

SALE OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

BUT a number or two back we alluded to the possibility of this splendid property being submitted to the hammer, and we are sorry to say that a few days ago our worst fears were realised. The Gardens were put up to public competition, but the public having refused to compete, the lots were all bought in one after the other. As, however, some parties might be disposed to blame the auctioneer for a lack of eloquence, we had a reporter in attendance, who took down his speech *verbatim* in short hand, and we give it as a fine specimen of Ciceronian oratory.

"Now, then, where's the catalogue? Ahem! Ladies and Gentlemen,—I've got no ink.—My Friends, that is, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have had the honour of being solicited to offer these Gardens—Where's JIM? I shall want him presently—for sale. They are very ancient. As you all know—Get me a jug of water and a glass—the PRINCE OF WALES and the Royal Dukes were constant visitors.

"The first lot to which I shall call your attention is the supper pavilion. What shall I say for the supper pavilion? Did any one say a thousand pounds? Why, gentlemen, the tarpaulin at the top is worth half the money.—Is JIM coming with that water?—The splendid, substantial, richly-decorated supper pavilion. Why, ladies and gentlemen, look at the arabesque scroll-work over the door. They tell me it's painted by MACLISE, but I can't be sure of that. Such are my instructions, but you must judge for yourselves. What shall I say for the supper pavilion? Why, take it down to Brighton, and buy the Chinese Collection to put into it, and it's a safe fortune to anybody? Now, gentlemen, there's to be no reserve. What shall I say for the supper pavilion? Once, twice, thrice—No bidding? Pass it.

"The next lot to which I have to call your attention is the ballet theatre, with stage lamps various, two pair of wings and an odd one, sundry flats, and green curtains, *en suite*. This is a very valuable lot to any one who is looking out for anything of the kind. They tell me that as many as seven hundred people have stood outside this ballet theatre on the same night."

A voice. "Where's the audience part?"

"The audience part—JIM, is there any audience part to the Ballet Theatre? (*Whispers to the Clerk*). I find the theatre is complete, except the accommodation for the audience. There'll be time enough for that when the audience comes. Recollect, gentlemen, we don't warrant any of the lots to be perfect. The conditions of sale state expressly, all errors of description at the risk of the purchaser. What shall I say for the ballet theatre? Does nobody bid for the ballet theatre? Pass the ballet theatre.

"Lot. 3, ladies and gentlemen, is a gigantic wire-framework of the late MR. SIMPSON; two punch-bowls, and six dozen ginger-beer bottles. What shall I say for this very useful lot?"

A voice. "What's the use of the wire-framework of MR. SIMPSON?"

"We don't find uses for all the lots we sell. If you buy the lot, you can do what you like with it. Now, ladies and gentlemen, what shall I say for the figure, the bowls, and the bottles? A gigantic portrait, in frame, of the late MR. SIMPSON. Why, look at the bowls; you would not match them at the potteries under a crown a piece! Here, JIM, hand round the ginger-beer bottles, they'll bear inspection. I call this the most useful lot in the catalogue. Worth anything to a young couple just going into housekeeping. Will nobody make a beginning? Say anything. Will anybody offer me a ten-pound note for them, just to set the sale a-going. Shall I say five pounds to begin with. Four—three—two—one—half-a-sovereign—a crown—half-a-crown. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, give me a bidding of some kind. I shall be obliged to pass this serviceable lot. Did you say a shilling, sir? No! Well then, pass the lot.

"Now we come to the really attractive part of the sale. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall get your biddings.

"The next lot is five million illumination lamps, being the extras on the occasion of the Waterloo Fête. Now then, what do you say for the five million extras? Shall I put 'em in at per lamp? Yes, that will be the shortest way. What will you give me per lamp? The five million Waterloo extras at——per lamp. Does nobody bid for the extras? You'll recollect, ladies and gentlemen, when they are once lighted they require no snuffing. What shall I say——per lamp? Will any lady or gentleman give me a penny? The five million Waterloo Extras at——per lamp. The five million—once—the Waterloo Extras—twice—at per lamp—thrice. Pass the lot.

"The next lot is a ditto. What will you say for the ditto? How much is bid for the ditto?"

A voice. "Is the number correct?"

"You can count them, sir, if you please. We can't answer for the number. Our porters are as careful as they can be in counting, but that is at the risk of the purchaser. How much for the ditto? I ask you once—I ask you twice—I ask you—You're just in time, sir. What was your bidding?"

A voice. "I didn't bid."

"Didn't you? I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you did. I ask you thrice. Pass the ditto."

At this point of the sale a severe shower of rain having come on, our reporter left, hearing, as he got outside the gardens, the voice of the auctioneer exclaiming with vehemence—"Does nobody bid for the hermit? Pass the hermit."

Statues of Great Men.

WE find from a report in a French paper that during the removal of a statue of the DUKE OF ORLEANS, old women whom he had befriended rushed upon it and covered it with stars, decorations, *immortelles*, and other complimentary ornaments. It is not perhaps generally known that when *Punch's* splendid full-length of himself was removed from his late to his present office, the porter who carried it was literally smothered in the bouquets that were thrown over it; and a poor old parishioner of St. Stephen's Walbrook, a venerable female rate-payer, could not be persuaded to tear herself away from it.

"GIVE ME A SHILLING."

MR. O'CONNELL said, at the late Galway demonstration, "I want every man's shilling, and I will tell you why,—because there's a hand and a heart behind every shilling." But why stop at a shilling? At that rate, it is only sixpence for the hand, and sixpence for the heart; and there's nothing left for the head. But MR. O'CONNELL knows too well it is only by keeping an Irishman's head in ignorance of what his hand and heart are led to do, that, when he sends round the hat, he can make sure of his shilling.

FASHIONS FOR 1845.

"A Pin for your Scarf, Sir? Here's an Article we have Sold a great many of."

THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

BY THE MULLIGAN (OF KILBALLYMULLIGAN).

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanius,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's Pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden by jakurs is forty poor acres,
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the Coort is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odo'rous the birds sing a chorus,
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splindid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers,
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow,)
With goold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go;
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good one to limn he),
And a vargin he paints with a sarpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best faiture, is small mini-áture—
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dice, as brave masther as England can show;
And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,
That painted the pannels of famed Pimlico!

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

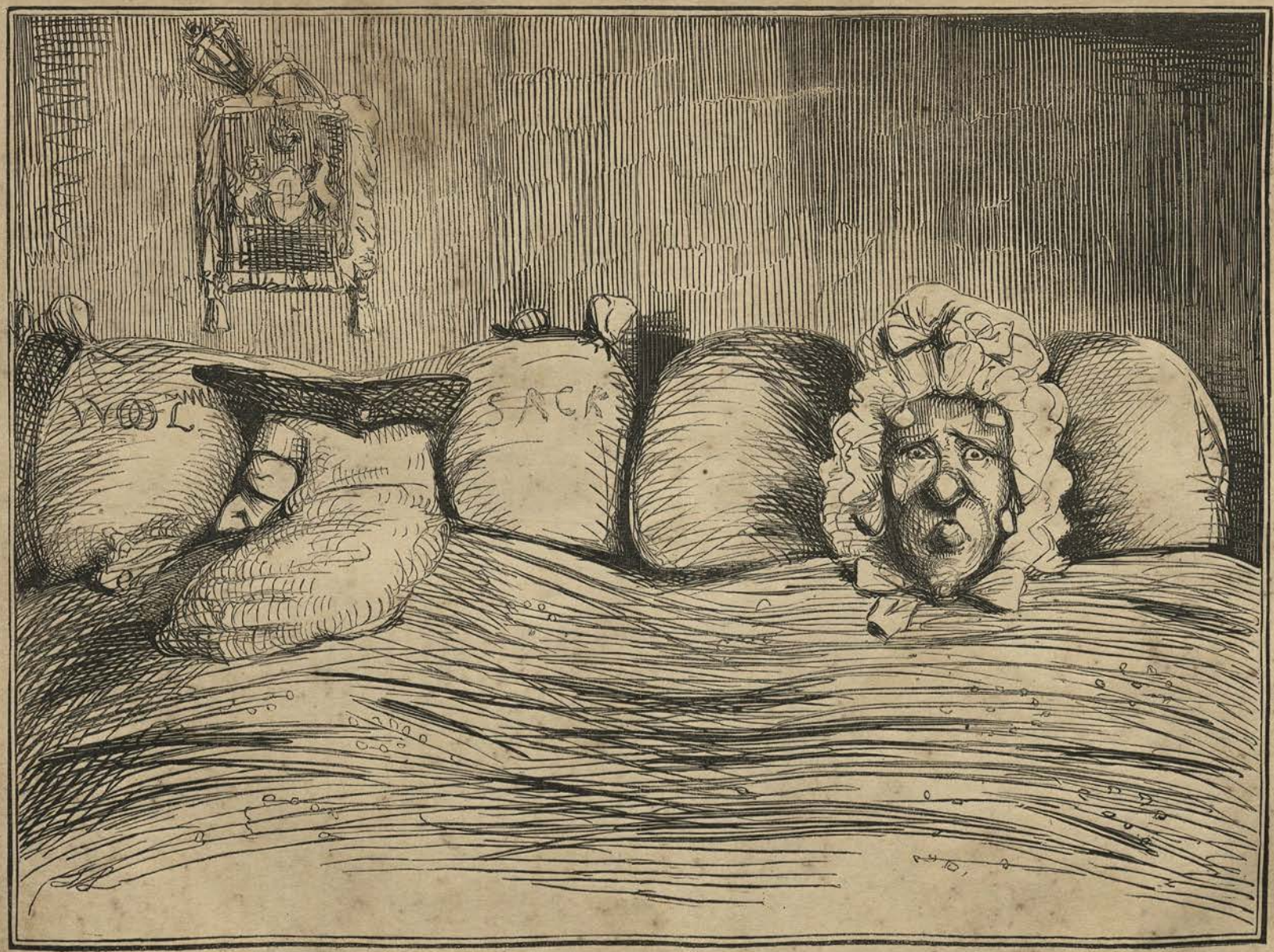
There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't;)
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so;
For sweet philoso'phy, or crumpets and coffee,
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess d'ye, pardon my modesty,
And silence my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.

THE FARCE OF THE POOR SOLDIER.

"Gentlemen, you had better go to Astley's Theatre, they are acting there the "Battle of Waterloo;" but here we play, for the first piece, the "Peninsular War," and therefore here "No Orders are Given."



THE MRS. CAUDLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"What do you say? *Thank heaven! You're going to enjoy the recess—and you'll be rid of me for some months?* Never mind. Depend upon it, when you come back, you shall have it again. No: I don't raise the House, and set everybody in it by the ears; but I'm not going to give up every little privilege; though it's seldom I open my lips, goodness knows!"—*Caudle Lectures* (*improved*).

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVANTS.

THE LADY'S-MAID.

Ladies'-Maids are the rarest articles of female domestic service, and being in the nature of luxuries, are the best paid. They are to cooks and housemaids what the pine-apple is to the *pomme de terre*, and for this pine-like superiority of station many are doomed to pine in vain. The statistics of female service give us a million maids as the grand total, and deducting three-eighths for servants-of-all-work, two-eighths for cooks, three-sixteenths for housemaids, and one-eighth for nurses, we have a surplus of one-sixteenth for ladies'-maids, which will be about a fair average.

Servants belonging to this superior class should be able to read and write. It is good practice in the former accomplishment to read all the notes sent to your mistress, and the little motto wafers, now in use, seem invented to facilitate this arrangement, for they never adhere to the envelope.

You will probably have the charge of your mistress's apartments. Never suffer anything to lie about, and, therefore, you should pocket any trifle that is left carelessly out of its place. I do not mean to say you should become a thief, for, if found out, you would lose your place and your character, but you may take care of a thing till it is missed, and when it is wanted, it will of course be asked for. It is then time enough for you to find it in some hole or corner, into which it has of course got by accident. Your lady's dressing-box will be under your care. See that the scent-bottles are always well supplied, which you can only ascertain by taking a little out of them for your own use very frequently.

You should endeavour at all times to save your mistress trouble by acting for her as much as you can; and in order to do this effectually, you should dress as much like her as possible. Order about other servants just as she would herself, and talk to tradespeople exactly as if they were being spoken to by your mistress, of whom you are the representative. Of course the closer the representation you give of her, the more exact are you in the performance of your duty.

Some ladies'-maids are expected to mend their ladies' clothes; but no lady, that is a lady, ought to wear any clothes that have been mended. You should try and persuade her to be of the same opinion, by which you will not only save yourself the trouble of mending, but you will come in for many things much sooner than you could otherwise hope to do. The author of the proverb, that "a stitch in time saves nine," no doubt thought himself very clever; but if avoiding trouble is the object, it stands to reason that though "a stitch in time saves nine," it must be a greater saving still never to put a stitch in anything.

If your mistress will make you work at your needle, put a novel on your lap, so that you may read and work at the same time. If you are asked to cut out a body, make a bungling job of it, that you may not be asked to do the same thing again. If you cut out anybody it should be the lady's-maid next door, with which your ambition ought to be satisfied.

Taking out marks from linen is an essential part of the duties of a lady's-maid. Some practise themselves in this art by taking out the initials of their mistress and substituting their own; but this is a dangerous experiment.

It is said in a good little work,* that "when for the first time you stand behind your mistress's chair to brush her hair, you may feel that you are placed in a situation of high trust." This, however, depends upon circumstances; for if your mistress dyes her hair, it is a great mark of her confidence to ask you to brush it. If she wears false braids, she is, to a certain extent, in your power; for, as the poet says—

"Should she upbraid,"

you might betray her; but if she is almost bald, and wears a wig, from the moment of your being entrusted to stand behind her chair and brush her hair, you may do what you please with her.

If, in the story of *Faustus*, *Margaret* had worn a wig, and *Mephistophiles* had seen her but once without it, the power of the fiend over her would have been irresistible.

In your position of lady's-maid, many family secrets will perhaps come to your knowledge. Do not talk of them to your fellow-servants, which would, in fact, be destroying your own valuable monopoly. A servant who knows a great deal of the family affairs cannot be cheaply parted with. You will be secure in your place, and will therefore be in a position to make the most of all its advantages.

The little work we have already alluded to says, that if the lady's-maid is depressed in spirits, "she should open her mind to the friend, whoever it may be, that got her the place." This friend is usually the keeper of a servants' office, who would have enough to do if she were made to bear the infliction of all the unbosomings of all the discontented servants she may have found situations for. This mode of easing your heart would involve the necessity of constantly running out, besides the expense of an occasional omnibus.

Manners form an essential part of the qualities of a lady's-maid, and making one's self agreeable is the best mannered thing one can possibly accomplish. This is to be done by praise, for nothing is more agreeable to a lady than flattery. However sensible your mistress may be, she is sure to have a share of female vanity; and even if she knows herself to be ugly altogether, she will fancy she has some redeeming feature. If she squints, praise her complexion; if that is bad, tell her she has beautiful eyes: if she has a dumpty figure, praise her face; and if her countenance is as ugly as sin, tell her that her shape is exquisite. Some people will tell you that sensible women don't like flattery; but this you must not believe; for, however sensible they are, they are pleased by it, particularly when it is administered with so much art as to seem not intended for mere compliment. Very palpable praise is insulting to the generality of ladies; but flattery can scarcely be too gross for some few of them. You should study the character of your mistress, that you may not run the risk of offending her by too much praise, or hurting her by giving too little. Your mistress will sometimes take a journey, and you will then have to pack her things for her. The following directions for packing a lady's portmanteau may, therefore, be of use to you:—

Put the lighter dresses at the bottom, for these will not be wanted while travelling; and artificial flowers, wreaths, &c., may go along with them. Insert next a layer of dress caps, and ram well down with heavy dresses, to keep the others in their places. Throw in a sprinkling of shoes, and then add the rest of the wardrobe; cramming in the marking-ink and the desk at the top, where they are easily got at if they are wanted. Thrust in scissors and hair-brushes anywhere that you can find room for them. Get the footman to cord the box, for it will be a good romp for you, as well as a great assistance.

By following these instructions, you will find that you have a tolerably snug place of it.

* "Knight's Guide to Service" The Lady's-Maid, page 27.

HEARTS, HANDS, AND SHILLINGS.

Daniel O'Connell, the other day, addressing a mob which he had convened at Galway, is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"I want every man's shilling, and I will tell you why; because there is a heart and hand behind every shilling. I want the hearts and hands of every man."

We have no doubt that Mr. O'Connell wants every man's shilling; and we wish we could say as much of every other assertion that has been made by that gentleman. In particular, we should be very glad if we could believe the sequel to this very statement. How difficult it seems to be to the Agitator to utter an entirely credible sentence! He says that he wants every man's shilling, because there is a heart and a hand behind the coin in question.

O'Connell is not a simpleton, whatever he is; and we are sure that it is no nonsensical reason for which he wants every man's shillings. Every man's shilling would come to more millions of pounds sterling than we are in a position to reckon. A great many people besides Mr. O'Connell would be very glad of every, not to say any, man's shilling. However, when His Unacknowledged Majesty tells us that he wants the hearts and hands of every man, this, again, is a declaration which we can receive, with some little allowance.

We take it that he wants the hearts and hands as represented by the shillings. Shillings, we presume, are, according to Mr. O'Connell, counters that stand for hands and hearts. But is it absolutely necessary that those counters should be *silver?* Would not bone be less expensive to the poor Irish?

Fair on both Sides.

How often have we heard that England ought to be grateful she has a House of Lords? If any reason were wanting, here is one:—A Peer said, in a debate about Mr. Barry's never-to-be-completed Houses of Parliament, "The walls of the House of Lords will be so thick, that it will be impossible to hear anything that takes place outside." Now, how grateful every Englishman will be, if this advantage should be proved to be not all on the side of the Lords!

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

We print the following fact for the sake of persons, possessed of large property, who are fond of speculating: "On Tuesday, July 29th, there was a debate in the House of Lords, and Lord Brougham *never spoke a single word.*" We should like to have the sums of money that will be offered in a few years for a newspaper of the above date.

THE SCHOOL OF BAD DESIGNS.

FOR some time has it lain uneasily upon our conscience that we have neglected this government academy, established in Somerset House. In this matter, we feel that we owe a heavy debt; and shall therefore set about discharging it with all the accumulated interest. This we propose to do by weekly instalments.

The School, it seems, is governed by a Council. Now Councils are almost invariably made according to one simple recipe: we can put it down as easily as MRS. RUNDELL would write off "How to make a hasty-pudding." For instance, we want a council of twenty-four. "Take twelve or eighteen members of Parliament; it is not necessary that they should know common principles; indeed, the ignorant sort are much the better for mixing. Throw in two or three lords; a squeeze of nobility giving the thing a soft flavour. Then add three or four, as the case may be, plodding, intriguing, bullying adventurers—hungry fellows, lusting after small authority—and you have your council. Stir well together, and serve up at a table with green cloth."

In a very short time the Council of Twenty-four is really a Council of Two or Three; the remainder holding on to office as a sort of genteel thing; or, in other words, like pikes in a pond, the smallest are swallowed by the most voracious. At this moment it would shock the thoughtless world could it really know the Two or Three Anthropophagi that compose Councils and Boards, of which the legendary number still remains two dozen or upwards. Two dozen! Why, two-and-twenty of them—quiet, unoffending souls, whose wives ought never to have trusted them from their firesides—have been devoured, swallowed alive, by a couple of full-blooded, brass-browed man-eaters, who, by virtue of having reduced their fellows to nothing, appear before the world as *The* Council—*The* Board! "I am de company," said HANDEL, when he sat down to a dinner—and ate it, too—provided for six. "I am the Council," says the unabashed SMELLFUNGUS, having resolved his companions into nincompoops. *And* the School of Design, at Somerset House, is governed by a Council; nominal number twenty-four.

It was thought a hopeful day for England, when the Minister announced the resolution to found a British School of Design. The blithe news struck upon the nerves of the whole empire. Manchester rejoiced; and with prophetic eye gazed upon her thousand thousand looms, glowing with ten thousand thousand fancies—bright and rich as Dutchmen's tulips—the work of her own children; her well-taught sons and daughters, their genius fostered and directed by the state. Swart Birmingham rested upon his hammer, and smiles of sunshine brightened his smutched brows, and in his own hearty way he thanked the patriot statesman for the school proposed: for thence would Birmingham gain new devices; thence would he fix the beautiful with iron hold—VENUS lying in VULCANIC arms!

And Sheffield, too, was glad. And quiet Norwich, thinking of her crapes and stuffs, smiled like a happy Quakeress; for the School of Design would abound with beauty, even to her. And Coventry, flaunting in her rainbow ribbons, would have such rare conceits fluttering in silken sheen. Even Spitalfields lifted up her wan face—and forgetful of her typhus allies, her "gilded puddles"—thought with gratitude of this New School; thought how henceforth she would meet and beat the patterns of the French. Yes; under the paternal care of Government, it would be shown to the world that albeit the English made steam-engines, they had minds quick in the perception of all the qualities of the Beautiful.

And with these hopes beating at the hearts of thousands, the School of Design was seen to throw open its doors, and a voice from the Temple of the Arts, cried to the meanest of the land, "Enter and learn." And now, what says MR. PUGIN of this School? What says the artist—delegated to decorate the new Houses of Parliament—of this Academy of Bad, and Mean, and Selfish, and Tyrannical Designs? He says:—

"I do not use too strong language when I say that the School on its present system is worse than useless, for it diffuses bad and paltry taste. I have not seen a single piece of ornament that had anything original or national about it; nor do I see any practical *smiths, glass-painters, brass-workers, carvers,* &c. produced. It is in fact a mere drawing-school, and does not improve the taste or knowledge of the *operative* in the least."

At the present time MR. PUGIN has the direction of the greatest amount of decorative work that, in all probability, may be required by Government for half-a-century. And who executes this work? Alas! MR. PUGIN when he sought for artists could not pause at Somerset-house. No: he was compelled to take steamer, and to cross the seas. And now he returns with workmen from Louvain, from Bruges, from Ghent; and it is to the labour of alien hands that the English Senate House will owe its decorative beauty!

Let us, however, return to our brief history of the School of Design. "Some time after the establishment of the school," says MR. WILLIAMS, in the Commons, "MR. DYCE was engaged as conductor." MR. DYCE, of course, did not succeed. That is, he failed with the council. As the council is composed and guided—let not the reader forget the above-named anthropophagi—it was to be expected. MR. DYCE is a man of great ability: the very man who ought to be in office in such an institution; and, of course, after a time, he was the last man to be tolerated there. Whereupon he was removed.

And now, enter MR. WILSON vice MR. DYCE. It is said that MR. WILSON is a decorative gardener. Truly, it is a pity for the success of the School of Design, that he was ever transplanted from Edinburgh. Pity is it, that he was not suffered to continue, north of Tweed, his useful labours on—

> "Sweet-william and sweet-marjoram, and all
> The tribes of single and of double pinks."

For, at Somerset House, it appears, he has sown little but the whirlwind; and however lulled the atmosphere may seem for a time, as sure as there are thistles in Caledonia and asses to browse on them, so surely will he reap the storm. In a very short time, MR. WILSON was found out. As they say in the melo-drama, "His Highness was discovered." The students—students have a strange quick way of jumping at the ignorance of an empirical master—saw through WILSON as plainly as through a cabbage-net. They denounced him, and the Council, or rather the Anthropophagi, cashiered the fault-finders. They in turn petition, and a Committee is moved for in the Commons "to inquire into the general management and present state" of the School of Design. The Committee is, of course, denied; two or three of the Council defending the Council. Whereupon WILSON and the Anthropophagi embrace, and sing—"Now is there peace in Heaven."

And here, until next week, we leave them. Until next week, for we are vowed to the work; and ere we have done, will turn the School of Bad Designs (with all its collateral puffing) inside out, like one of MR. WILSON's gloves.

SHAKSPEARE A LITTLE ALTERED.

"HE *LIVED* NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

SMALL CHANGE FOR PERSONS GOING ON THE CONTINENT.

ERSONS of importance being in the habit, at this season of the year, of rushing to the Continent, we have drawn up the following rules, after six trips up and down the Danube and Rhine, to enable travellers to support the character of Englishmen with that degree of pride and gentlemanly spirit for which they are noted abroad.

1. Write your name in large letters, with date and address, wherever you go. For this purpose, you had better carry about with you a bottle of WARREN'S blacking and a large brush, and you can then lay it on as thick as you please.

2. If you go into a cathedral when service is going on, never mind talking, or staring, or pointing, as much as you like; for it stands to reason, if the people are really as intent on their devotions as they pretend to be, they cannot hear or see you. The best way to test this, is to walk down the aisles with your hat on.

3. Always suspect you are being imposed upon. It is well known that the innumerable small foreign coins were expressly invented to puzzle the English. To guard against giving too much, bargain for everything you have, and try to beat down every item in your bill. Recollect it is the notion of foreigners that every Englishman is stuffed full of money. The sooner you disabuse them of this notion the better.

4. Laugh at everything you do not understand, and never fail to ridicule anything that appears strange to you. The habits of the lower class will afford you abundant entertainment, if you have the proper talent to mimic them. Their religious ceremonies you will also find to be an endless source of amusement.

5. Never mind what damage you do, as long as you can afford to pay for it. Your brothers and sisters will naturally expect some remembrance of your *tour*, so do not scruple to carry off a *souvenir* of every monument you visit. A saint's finger, or a collection of king's noses, if cleverly taken from the statues, or a whole statue itself taken during the night from its consecrated niche in some lonely street, will convince your relations you have not forgotten them, besides affording you capital sport and healthy excitement in making the collection.

6. Recollect very few people talk English on the Continent, so you may be perfectly at your ease in abusing foreigners before their faces, and talking any modest nonsense you like, in the presence of ladies, at a *table d'hôte*. Do not care what you say about the government of any particular state you may be visiting, and show your national spirit by boasting, on every possible occasion, of the superiority of England and everything English.

7. If you go to a theatre and do not know a word of the language of the pieces, do not hesitate to talk as loudly as you can, or to laugh preposterously at the gibberish, which it is a marvel to you anybody can understand.

8. If foreign states will have foolish laws about passports, it is not to be expected that you, as a free-born Englishman, will tamely submit to them, so always move about as independently as if you were in your own country. If, by a stretch of despotism, you are taken up or sent back, you have your redress by complaining to the British ambassador, or else by sending your case to be laid before Parliament as a *casus belli*, to any distinguished member of the opposition of the time being.

9. Be particular about your diet. Avoid foreign dishes; be sure that the wines are poison; and grumble at everything you get. Recollect that beefsteaks and bottled porter are always kept in the smallest villages for the use of the English.

10. Swear, if you have a mind for it, at the smallest provocation; and, if a fellow is insolent, thrash him, and, if any one interferes, thrash him also. Recollect you can indulge in any violence you please, as long as you have the means to pay for it.

11. Be sure to take English servants with you. They are useful in speaking the language, settling the bills, and taking you to see the most remarkable sights of the country. Besides, they are so good-tempered, and so pleased with everything, the eating and drinking especially, that it is proverbial an English John and lady's-maid add materially to the comfort of a continental trip.

12. Buy something at every place you stop at. The foreign articles are not only so much cheaper and better than any you can get in England, but there is also the pleasure of looking at them, and the pride of displaying them before other people, every time your boxes are examined at a custom-house. If you are asked to pay anything extra for them, on the ground of duty, sooner allow every article to be confiscated, than submit to the imposition.

13. Take all your wardrobe with you. Extra luggage is never charged for on the continent, and it would be very foolish to miss an important ceremony, or a royal invitation, for the want of a proper gown, coat, bonnet, cocked hat, pelisse, or regimentals. You can always avoid the nuisance of having your boxes examined, by asking to see the officer on duty, and slipping a bank-note of the country (price 3*s*.) into his hand.

14. Be sure to cultivate your moustachios the very day you start for the continent, and allow your hair to grow down your back. Buy a dialogue-book, and, if you study it attentively all the way up the Rhine, and at all the places you visit, you will be able, by the time you reach London, to ask, "Which is the nearest way to Cologne?" in no less than eight different languages.

Attend most scrupulously to the above golden rules, and you will never find any difficulty in getting on with the small change with which we have provided you for your trip. Disburse it liberally wherever you go, and you will certainly succeed in making the name of an Englishman respected and beloved all over the continent, and will impress foreigners with the belief that England is without a doubt—what you must always be boasting she is—the most civilised country in the world.

THE FLAG OF FRANCE.

PAST AND PRESENT.

THE SPECULATION MANIA.

AMONG the new Companies to which the present mania for speculation has given rise, the following seems promising, on account of its extreme novelty. That the merits of the concern may be well understood, we print, *in extenso*, the

PROSPECTUS

OF THE GRAND PIC-NIC JUNCTION AND GREAT ALIMENTARY CANAL COMPANY.

The capital will consist of two hundred thousand spoons, and the Company has been already

Provisionally Registered.

The object of this vast national undertaking is to develope the resources of pic-nics to a greater extent than has ever yet been attempted. The Directors have it in contemplation to purchase the Petersham Meadows, and lay down a line of plates from one end to the other with a cold collation at each of the grand termini, and sandwiches at all the intermediate stations. It has been calculated that the Company will thus secure all the pic-nic traffic from the Great Western road; and the addition of a branch to Hampton Court will greatly augment the probable profits of the shareholders. It is intended subsequently to open a communication between Sandwich and Ham Common, from which a large revenue may be looked for. The Directors have ascertained that five hundred fillets of veal and an equal number of rounds of beef are annually consumed in pic-nics; and having secured the services of a celebrated engineer, of Vauxhall-slice celebrity, they calculate that the cuttings may be conducted on the most economical principles. The provisional committee are daily engaged in trying experiments at the board on the best means of supplying the alimentary canal, and the deposits paid by shareholders will be devoted to the preliminary expenses which are being now incurred for the purpose alluded to.

Prospectuses and further particulars may be had at the Company's temporary offices on the Eel Pie Island; and in the mean time it is hoped that the announcement of

DUKE HUMPHREY

as Chairman, will inspire the public with confidence in the solidity of the undertaking.

PUNCH'S SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Punch had a little sporting a few days ago in the celebrated Fields of Lincoln's Inn. He took with him a couple of quick-scented legal pointers, and went into the well-known Chancery preserves for a day's shooting. His object was merely to get rid of a number of strange birds that had been in the habit of pilfering his fruit with the utmost effrontery. The pointers having hit upon the exact point where the game was exposed, *Punch* fired two shots, both of which took immediate effect, and he ordered the game to be hung up against a column as a warning to future depredators.

Some light will be thrown on the above by the following Law Report extraordinary.

It is reported expressly by *Punch's* own reporter, who is putting by all the money he makes by reporting, to pay his fees on taking the coif; and, when he gets it, he assures his professional brethren that he will sneer at the press, and decline dining in the same mess with any member of it. He hopes by his extreme dignity as Mr. Serjeant, to wipe out the stain which he, in common with LORD CAMPBELL, MR. HORACE TWISS, and a few others who have similarly degraded themselves, may have incurred by reporting for the public journals. If he should be dismissed from his position on the press for incompetence, he will be happy to fraternise at once with those sticklers for the independence and dignity of the bar, who think reporting *infra dig.* because they can't get it to do, or who, when they do get it to do, do not know how to do it.

As *Punch's* own reporter is not in either of these categories at present, he proceeds with his report of the

SECOND PUNCH INJUNCTION CASE,

WHICH, TO VARY IT FROM ORDINARY LAW REPORTS, HE HAS THROWN INTO VERSE.

Conticuere omnes in the court,
When MR. BETHELL its attention sought.
Arma virumque cano, he began,
Punch and his baton are the arms and man.
No sooner had the words shot from his mouth,
Than crowds came pouring east, west, north, and south.
The startled usher scarce had time to say,
"Pray silence, if you please—keep silence, pray,"
Ere in curiosity all noise did stop,
And the light pin might have been heard to drop.
Tum MR. BETHELL *loquitur: et jam*
Closer and closer do the people cram.
"I come," he cried, "justice once more to claim
For one of most imperishable fame;
The hero of the baton and the hunch,
In one expressive mon'syllabic—*Punch*."

A cheerful twinkle in his Honour's eye
Was all the Bench could at that stage reply;
Till MISTER BETHELL setting forth his case,
Laid bare some piracy as bold as base;
When thus the Chancellor—the worthy Vice—
"Let these injunctions issue in a trice!
I were unworthy on this Bench to sit
Did I refuse a copyright to wit;
Shall *Punch's* pencil unprotected draw?
No! 'twould be neither equity nor law!
Shall his designs be every now and then
Stolen by very bad designing men?
No; if I'd not another breath to draw
In laying down the equity and law,
That single gasp I would, without compunction,
Expend in saying, Take—take—the injunction!"

Royal Meanness.

IT seems, from the Debate on the Supplies, that Kings, and Emperors, and Royal Princes, when they come to this country, do not pay their own travelling expenses. JOHN BULL is called upon to pay for turnpikes, stokers, equerries, boots, glasses of brandy-and-water;—in fact, everything. Now, this is too bad! Not only does an autocrat come to England when he is not wanted, but we are actually forced to pay for the very ship that brings him to us. It is just as if a "sponge" were to dine with you on a Sunday—eat and drink as much as he liked—stop all night—and then ask you to pay for his omnibus home, and for the cab that brought him to your door! We vote that if the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA comes to England again, he be allowed, like a commercial traveller, so much a day for travelling expenses; and if he has a sandwich and a glass of ale beyond that, he must get his Chancellor of the Exchequer to pay for it. If the Emperor does not like this arrangement, we are glad to tell him, he has his remedy—he needn't come at all.

AN ANECDOTE, BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

A CHEAP LUNCHEON.—"Why don't you walk about, and enjoy yourself like other people?" said CHARLES SAPLING to his friend HARRY BYE, as they sat in the lodgings of the latter at the sea-side. "Because I can't afford it," said HARRY, "it makes me so hungry!" "Not afford it!" replied CHARLES, "Why surely you can afford it here, for you would not have to pay a farthing if you were to eat all the *sand which is* (sandwiches) before you!"

ORGAN OF CAUTION IN LADIES.

IT is a remarkable fact that the *Great Britain*, now started for America, carries on board only *one* lady passenger!

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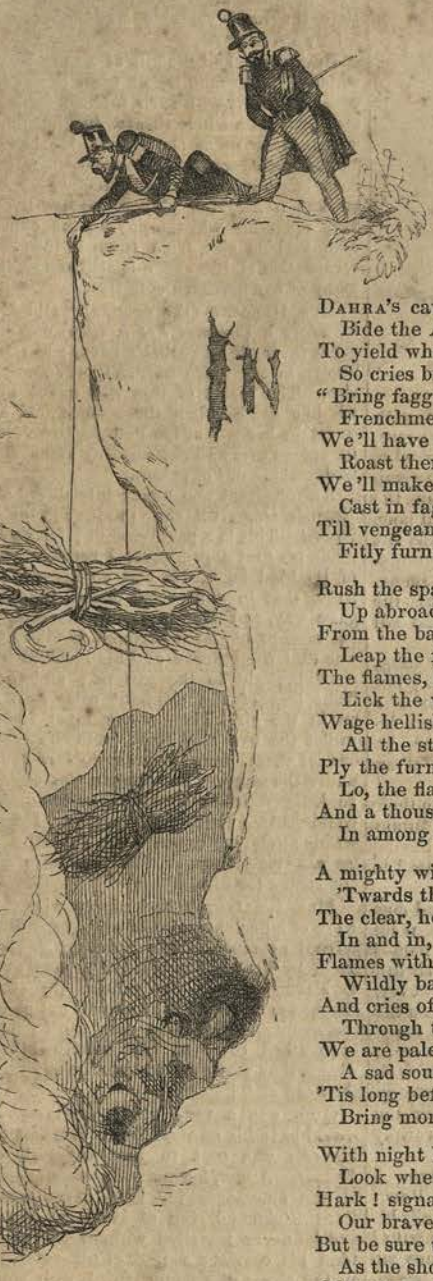


Vive la Guerre!

A WAR SONG FOR THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

IN Dahra's caverns hidden
Bide the Arabs, and delay
To yield when they are bidden;
So cries brave Pelissier—
"Bring faggots of fierce fuel!
Frenchmen checked by Arab slaves!
We'll have a vengeance cruel!
Roast them in their sacred caves!
We'll make their fond trust falter!
Cast in faggots! Let them flare,
Till vengeance hath an altar
Fitly furnish'd! *Vive la guerre!*"

Rush the sparks in rapid fountains
Up abroad into the sky!
From the bases of the mountains
Leap the fork'd flames mountain-high!
The flames, like devils thirsting,
Lick the wind, where crackling spars
Wage hellish warfare, worsting
All the still, astonished stars!
Ply the furnace, fling the faggots!
Lo, the flames writhe, rush, and tear!
And a thousand writhe like maggots
In among them! *Vive la guerre!*

A mighty wind is blowing
'Twards the cavern's gaping mouth;
The clear, hot flames are flowing
In and in, to glut its drouth;
Flames with winds roar, rave, and battle—
Wildly battle, rave, and roar;
And cries of men and cattle
Through the turmoil sadly soar.
We are pale! What! shall a trifle,
A sad sound, our bold hearts scare?
'Tis long before they stifle!
Bring more faggots! *Vive la guerre!*

With night began the burning;
Look where yonder comes the day!
Hark! signals for adjourning
Our brave sport. We must obey!
But be sure the slaves are weary!—
As the short and sob-like sigh
Of gusts on moorlands dreary
Float their sinking voices by;—
No sound comes now of shrieking;—
Let us show what Frenchmen dare!
Force the caves, through vapours reeking
Like a kitchen! *Vive la guerre!*

What's this—and this? Pah! sick'ning,
Whether woman, man, or beast.
Let us on. The fumes are thick'ning!—
Ho! here's that hath shape at least.
How its horny eyes are staring
On that infant, seeking food
From its broad brown breast, still bearing
Smoke-dried stains of milk and blood!
At our work do any wonder,
Saying, "Frenchmen love the fair"?
Such "fair"? Ha! ha! they blunder
Who thus twit us! *Vive la guerre!*

What's that, so tall and meagre?—
Nay, bold Frenchmen, do not shrink!—
'Tis a corpse, with features eager,
Jamm'd for air into a chink.
Whence is that hysteric sobbing?—
Nay, bold Frenchmen, do not draw!
'Tis an Arab's parch'd throat throbbing.
Frenchmen love sweet Mercy's law:—
Make way there! Give him breathing!
How he smiles to feel the air!
His breath seems incense wreathing
To sweet Mercy! *Vive la guerre!*

And now, to crown our glory,
Get we trophies, to display
As vouchers for our story,
And mementos of this day!
Once more, then, to the grottoes!
Gather each one all he can—
Blister'd blade with Arab mottoes,
Spear-head, bloody yataghan.
Give room now to the raven
And the dog, who scent rich fare;
And let these words be graven
On the rock-side—"*Vive la guerre!*"

The trumpet sounds for marching!
On! alike amid sweet meads,
Morass, or desert parching,
Wheresoe'er our captain leads!
To Pelissier sing praises!
Praises sing to bold Bugeaud!
Lit up by last night's blazes
To all time their names will show!
Cry "conquer, kill, and ravage!"
Never ask "who, what, or where?"
If civilised, or savage,
Never heed, but—*Vive la guerre!*

Holiday Advertisements.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have much pleasure in stating that they have reduced the price of their very interesting exhibition, which rivals that of the celebrated Madame Tussaud as a collection of public characters. The Dean and Chapter confidently hope that by making the price of admission moderate they may experience an increase of public patronage, for it is only the number of visitors that can compensate the Dean and Chapter for their liberality.

N.B. Just added, several new specimens of the art of sculpture.

The public will not be admitted to view the exhibition until twelve persons have assembled, and the rate at which they go round the show will be regulated by the verger, who is expressly forbidden to travel at a rate of more than eight, or less than six miles an hour.

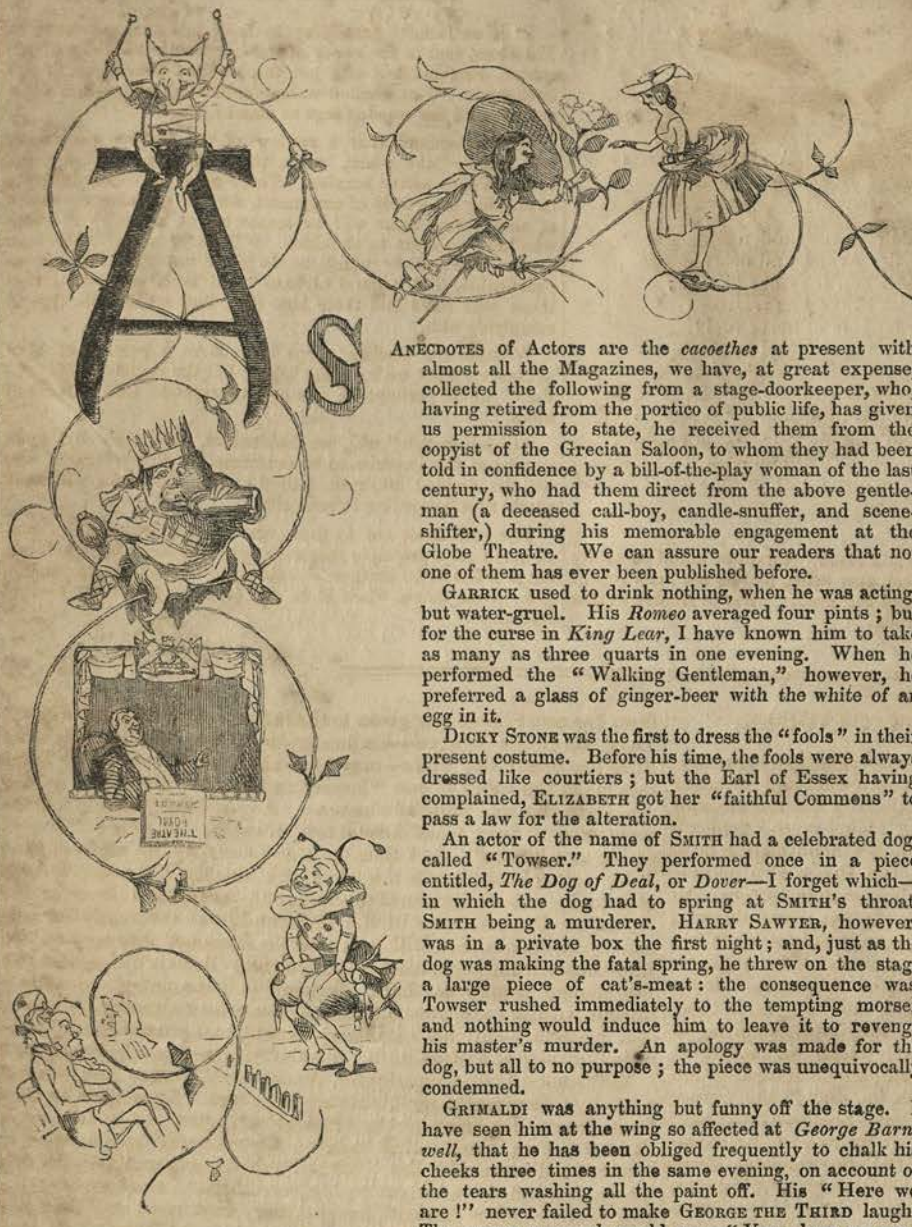
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

As a five minutes' pastime, we know of nothing better than an afternoon's scamper through Westminster Abbey.—*London Amusement Guide.*

Health and amusement are here combined, for while the eye is pleased, the legs, hurried onwards by the verger, who runs through the building at railroad pace, are sure of salubrious exercise.—*The Sights of London.*

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

BY ONE WHO HAS WHISTLED AT THE WING.



ANECDOTES of Actors are the *cacoethes* at present with almost all the Magazines, we have, at great expense, collected the following from a stage-doorkeeper, who, having retired from the portico of public life, has given us permission to state, he received them from the copyist of the Grecian Saloon, to whom they had been told in confidence by a bill-of-the-play woman of the last century, who had them direct from the above gentleman (a deceased call-boy, candle-snuffer, and scene-shifter,) during his memorable engagement at the Globe Theatre. We can assure our readers that not one of them has ever been published before.

GARRICK used to drink nothing, when he was acting, but water-gruel. His *Romeo* averaged four pints; but for the curse in *King Lear*, I have known him to take as many as three quarts in one evening. When he performed the "Walking Gentleman," however, he preferred a glass of ginger-beer with the white of an egg in it.

DICKY STONE was the first to dress the "fools" in their present costume. Before his time, the fools were always dressed like courtiers; but the Earl of Essex having complained, ELIZABETH got her "faithful Commons" to pass a law for the alteration.

An actor of the name of SMITH had a celebrated dog, called "Towser." They performed once in a piece entitled, *The Dog of Deal*, or *Dover*—I forget which—in which the dog had to spring at SMITH'S throat, SMITH being a murderer. HARRY SAWYER, however, was in a private box the first night; and, just as the dog was making the fatal spring, he threw on the stage a large piece of cat's-meat: the consequence was, Towser rushed immediately to the tempting morsel, and nothing would induce him to leave it to revenge his master's murder. An apology was made for the dog, but all to no purpose; the piece was unequivocally condemned.

GRIMALDI was anything but funny off the stage. I have seen him at the wing so affected at *George Barnwell*, that he has been obliged frequently to chalk his cheeks three times in the same evening, on account of the tears washing all the paint off. His "Here we are!" never failed to make GEORGE THE THIRD laugh. The merry monarch would say—"Yes; here we are! —very true!—we are here! Capital!—Yes: here we are! Ha! ha!"—and he would go on so for five minutes, till something else was said—"Somebody coming!" perhaps,—which he would repeat in the same facetious way, loud enough for the whole house to hear him.

DANDY SMITH used to wear shirt-collars made out of letter-paper. LORD BYRON was one night behind the scenes asking for an order, but nobody had any paper on which to write one. SMITH immediately pulled out, with great presence of mind, one side of his collar; and, filling it up, presented it to LORD BYRON, saying, "Allow me, my lord, to invest you with the Collar of the O. P. Order."

HARRY SIMPSON never would take any medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a piece,—I do not recollect the name,—in which the hero is sentenced in prison to drink a cup of poison. HARRY SIMPSON was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have it filled with port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. SIMPSON drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man this trick, as was fully proved at his death, for he died without paying him his bill.

ASTLEY was the first to originate jokes by the *Clown* in the ring. The celebrated conundrum of "When is a door not a door?" made its *début* under his management; and was so popular, that places for the boxes were sold like stock on the Royal Exchange, and fetched a higher premium than any of the funds. A private box for the Amphitheatre was considered at that time the most valuable wedding-present in a lady's *trousseau*.

BETTERTON had the gift of a very beautiful whistle. He would take a piece of wood, and whistle upon it with such intense feeling and melody, that a whole theatre has imagined he was playing upon the flute. He has often played in this way in the orchestra when the flute has been suddenly indisposed. When he was a strolling player, he has lived for days upon his whistle, paying his expenses, with nothing else, from town to town. The recollection of his shake is still cherished in many of our northern counties.

MRS. HUBBARD (the original "Old Maid" in *Have a Cap and Set a Cap*) was a very great favourite in pathetic parts; as she was known to cry more naturally than anybody else. The secret of this was never known till her death, when there was found a bequest in her will of ten pounds, to be divided in onions every Christmas-Day amongst poor undertakers out of prison.

An elephant was never introduced on the English stage till the production of *Blue Beard*. This is a positive fact; for FAWCETT made his first appearance, I recollect, in one of its hind legs. He was so nervous at the time, that in going over one of the traps it gave way, and FAWCETT and his companion leg were precipitated through it. The result was that *Blue Beard* and his black attendant were brought to the ground; and the two front legs of the elephant were seen lifted up in the air kicking away most violently, whilst the two hind legs, with FAWCETT in one of them, were kicking no less violently under the stage. The curtain was obliged to be dropped before FAWCETT, or the elephant, could resume his natural footing. He afterwards attempted to put down elephants when he was stage-manager, but they were always too strong for him.

MRS. BILLINGTON had ninety wigs. They were of all colours, and of all ages. She was offered as much as two thousand pounds for them by TALMA, who wanted to present them to NAPOLEON; but she refused the offer, as she was determined they should not go out of the country. She kept her word; for she bequeathed them to the British Museum, where they may still be seen on referring to the head of "Fossils."

QUIN was a very great *gourmand*. He would have his mustard from Durham; and his salt was sent to him regularly from Epsom. A box, hermetically sealed, was left at the stage-door for him every morning from Richmond, full of Maids of Honour; and he never travelled without carrying behind his carriage a tank of sea-water, made in the shape of a trunk, filled with shrimps or periwinkles. When he was ill, he would touch nothing but a Pope's-eye boiled in ketchup.

I recollect CHARLES THE SECOND coming *incog.* to the King's Theatre, to see NELL GWYNNE act *Policotia* in *Not such a Fool as He Looks*. Unfortunately, in those days, there was no Free List; and the KING had not sufficient money about him to pay for a seat in the gallery, much less in the boxes. The consequence was, he was obliged to send BUCKINGHAM to a pawnbroker's with his hat and cloak; and, with the money that was advanced upon them, he paid for his own and his friend's admission. Nobody would have known anything about this, only a Welch gentleman, happening to hiss NELL when she was dancing, between the acts, the Highland Fling, CHARLES picked a quarrel with him; and, in the heat of passion, struck him. Cards were instantly exchanged; but

the KING made a sad mistake; for instead of giving his proper name and address, he presented to his opponent the very duplicate (made out in the name of "SMITH")

which BUCKINGHAM had received for his hat and cloak. CHARLES would certainly have been turned out of his own theatre, neck and heels, had he not been recognised by his greengrocer, just in time to be saved the *exposé*. PEPYS alludes to this circumstance in his *Memoirs*, under Feb. 31, 1666.

OUR

NATIONAL DEFENCES.

IT is extremely gratifying to have had the assurance of Ministers, that in the event of war requiring the whole of our troops, England has still got the Chelsea pensioners to fall back upon. The wooden walls of Old England are safe while she has still her wooden legs to stand upon.

We understand that a review of the Chelsea pensioners will shortly take place, as a preliminary to bringing the veterans into active service. There may be some difficulty in obeying the words of command, for the ordinary operation of shouldering arms will be somewhat of a puzzle to those who have no arms to shoulder. "Recover arms" will be an evolution that many would be delighted to perform if it were practicable, and "Stand at ease" will be a suggestion that those who have lost their legs may find some difficulty in complying with.

Whether the Chelsea corps is to form a portion of HER MAJESTY'S Foot we have not heard, but the regiment of "No Foot" would perhaps be a more appropriate title to most of them.

"Quick march" will, we understand, not be insisted upon as part of the exercise to be performed by the veterans, who will be divided into rank and file, some of whom will rank as old files, according to seniority.

The guns dealt out to those who have no legs will be constructed on a principle that must prevent them from kicking, for it is felt to be hard on the old legless boys to have kicking guns given them, when it is out of their power to kick in return.

THE DUKE AND THE RAT CATCHER.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM has a fine eye for a happy peasantry. On a Royal visit to Stowe, his Grace can group a thousand tillers of the soil—in snowy smock-frocks, washed expressly for the occasion—with the taste of a ballet-master. The Duke is the farmer's friend; and therefore, descending a little in his benevolence, he is the friend of the labourer. Nevertheless, his Grace is a greater friend to leverets, though they shall be no bigger than kittens. In the East there are asylums and hospitals for reptiles; and the man who could with meekest serenity contemplate the wants of his fellow biped, would feel the tenderest pity for a cock-roach or a lizard. And in this spirit do some of our gentlemen of England—"Merry England," as sometimes, with a knowing look and tongues in their cheeks, they call it—preserve their game. Fine, imprison, grind to the dust the peasant—but preserve the game! Heap hot coals upon the grey head of the labourer—but preserve the game! Be deaf to the goodly reputation of forty years, and punish the dog in the pauper master (for they are one and the same thing) but—preserve the game!

The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (represented by one of his game-keepers,) appeared a few days since at the Buckingham Petty Sessions against a "venerable-looking man," although a rat-catcher, named WILLIAM WHITE. Fearful odds! "The judges were ranged—a terrible show;" for they were three preachers of the word of God, "the REV. MESSRS. EYRE, ANDREWS, and BAYNES." The offender, WHITE, had caught rats for forty years; and in that time had never been cited before a magistrate. He had a wife and five children to support; and (rat-catching was not the best of trades, the Reverend Magistrates themselves might allow that) at times, it was a hard matter with him to get his crust in an honest way. He was crossing the public road, followed by three dogs. One of them went into a ditch, and brought out and killed "a leveret as big as a kitten." Whereupon, the officer of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—the labourer's friend—cited the dog's master before the Bench!

And then did these reverend men take counsel one with another; and sympathising with the wrongs of the coronetted owner of the leveret as big as a kitten, they ordered WILLIAM WHITE to "pay 18*s*., and in default fourteen days' imprisonment."

WILLIAM WHITE handed in a written testimonial of good character, signed by many men of good report: and the Reverend Magistrates—what could they do?—looked at the document, and still the sentence was—"18*s*., or fourteen days' imprisonment." Not a shilling—not a day was abated; but mercy was not wholly banished from the court: time was given to the rat-catcher to earn the money. Thus, WILLIAM WHITE—his family, to be sure, will be pinched a little for bread the while—may be enabled to discover how many rats make the value of one "leveret as big as a kitten." He may also learn the true value of character; may feel how worthless is the reputation of forty years' honest toil, when his dog kills a "leveret as big as a kitten." And thus at beer-houses, by the way-side, and at the cottage-hearth, will the tale of the naughty WILLIAM WHITE go round; and—it is natural to suppose it—a universal love for the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM in the individual, and reverence for aristocracy in the abstract, will sink into the hearts of the story-tellers. And thus will the reputation of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM descend. For though he may not mark his name in his country's councils—though, with the exception of the £50 clause, he may never be known as a legislator—still his name may travel from generation to generation of rustics, written in the blood of "leverets as big as kittens."

Yet is not all our sympathy for WILLIAM WHITE. No; we feel a touch of compassion for his reverend judges. Apostolical as they must be, we can imagine their moral struggles, the acuteness of their suffering, when called upon to levy a crushing fine upon a venerable old man who has lived a life of honesty and toil, for that his dog has killed "a leveret as big as a kitten." Sure we are, that with their peculiar caste of thought, they must now and then ask themselves whether leverets, any more than field-mice, were sent upon the earth to be ticketted as the sacred property of any one owner. It is unfortunate that when a game-law sentence of peculiar cruelty is to be pronounced, a clergyman is generally on the bench to utter it. To be sure, this may give more solemnity to the sacrifice; as in the olden day the victim was always sacrificed by a priest.

CHANGE OF DIET.—We see MR. FORBES MACKENZIE was amongst the number of guests at the ministerial white-bait dinner. We hope the honourable member was provided with something better than his own words to eat; for really nothing else seems to have passed MR. MACKENZIE'S lips since he has joined the mess of ministers.

PUBLIC SAFETY.—Accidents are becoming so plentiful on the railways that we seriously propose that an Act of Parliament should be passed next session, making it penal for any railway to start without one or more directors in each train. When their own lives are in jeopardy, we are sure the railway autocrats will see the necessity of the greatest caution being used by every one employed on the line, to guard the public against injury.

Punch's Court Circular.

THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS having expressed a desire to see *les chevreuils de la Reine*, was conducted to the royal nursery, where he had an audience of the PRINCE OF WALES. It was explained to His Majesty that the royal infant was *le lièvre à la couronne* (the heir to the crown). His Royal Highness, or rather His Royal Diminutiveness, expressed himself much gratified at the interview, and produced several of his toys for the inspection of His Dutch Majesty. Among others were a set of ring-taws, when the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS inquired if they were the celebrated Elgin Marbles he had heard so much said about. The PRINCE having requested his illustrious visitor to try his hand at the game, the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS knuckled down, and having taken one or two shots, retired.

A LETTER FROM "JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE."

"SIR, *Albany, Letter X. August* 10, 1845.

"HAS a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

"I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the *hinmost pashsn of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

"What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstansies of my engagements with MISS MARY HANN OGGINS, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule* in a *doggril ballit* impewted to her! I say *impewted*, because in *my* time at least MARY HANN could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank) and has for *sacraficing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as MR. WAKLEY himself.

"With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to MARY HANN—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctors boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed MISS H's name to his *nonsince and lies*: and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for lible for insutting them in your paper.

"It is false that I have treated MISS H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew*. But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money *they've* lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back: but giv her the andsomest pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble, (which I found in Missus's work-box); secknd, a vollom of BYROM'S poems: third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to HASHLEY'S twice, (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way,) and a *thousnd deligit attentions*, which I sapose count for *nothink*.

"Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxy. I breathe no sallible of blame aginst MISS H. but his a hilliterit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I needn say its only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong*. So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy*, he 's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

"That I've one thirty thousand lb, *and praps more*, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, speck-lated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't)—So may you be: if you choose to go in & win.

"I for my part am jusly *prowd* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pare of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curracle,) I crisn'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at ¼ discount.

"At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air; inspex my accounts, and hansers my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that exlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

"Besides my North British plate and breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave a great party, 'Trent,' I say to my man, 'we will have the London and Bummingham plate to day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver).' I bought them after realizing on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

"In the sam way I say, 'Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!' or, 'Put some Heastern Counties in hice!' *He* knows what I mean: it 's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

"So strong indeed as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest MISS DIDDLE last weak, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rayther unwell, 'Doctor,' says I to SIR JEAMES CLARK, 'I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder; and I want you to send them up to a premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

"But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honrable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gayned it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

"To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corrict in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than PEAL can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwild, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

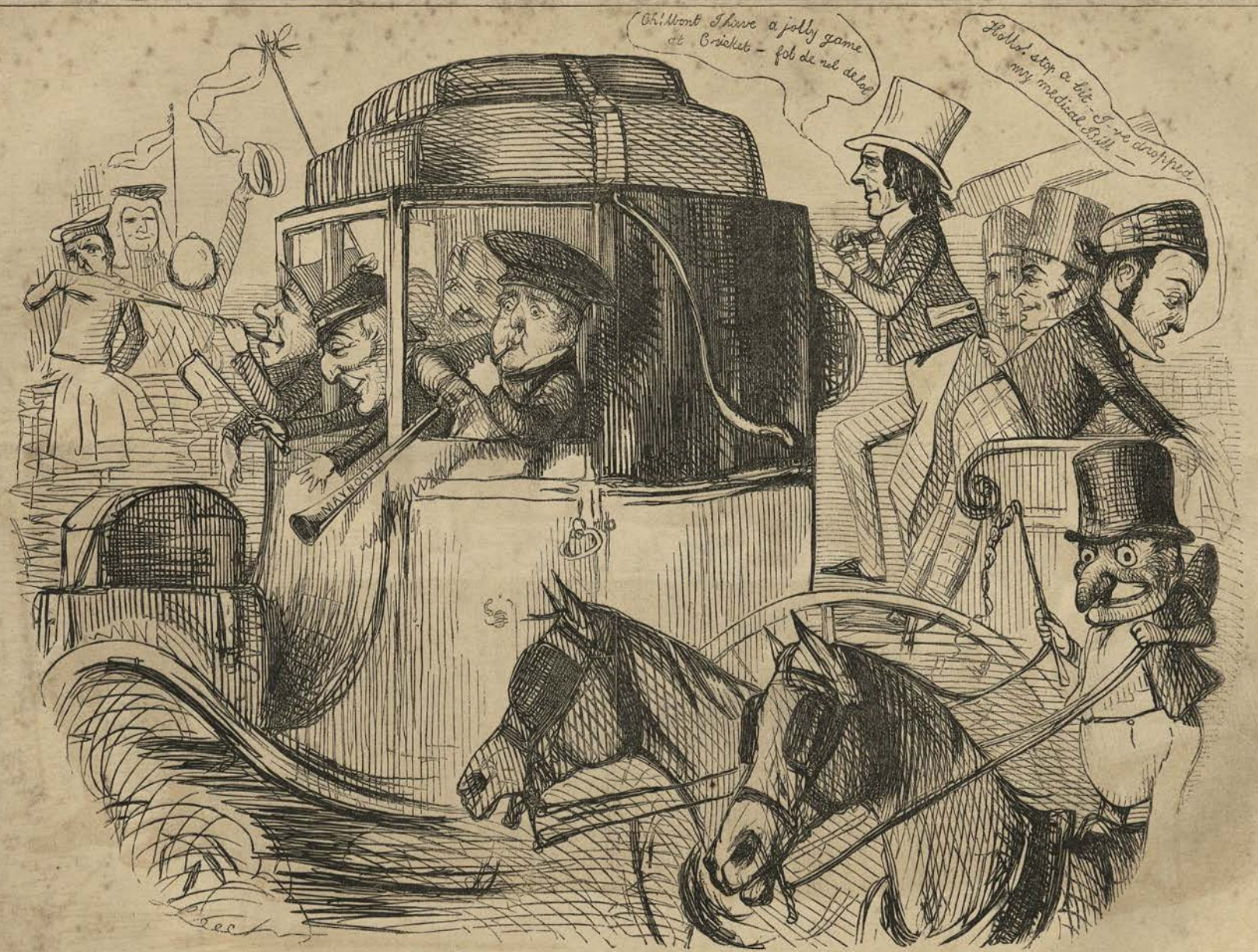
"FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE."

MORTALITY OF LONDON TURNPIKES.

THE Queen's Elm Turnpike, on the Fulham Road, is now no more. It expired on Tuesday, the 5th instant, at twelve o'clock at night. Its last moments were embittered by the low ribaldry of several unfeeling cabmen and omnibus conductors, who took a savage pleasure in taunting the poor turnpike on its declining powers, and actually danced round its inanimate frame. Its funeral took place on Wednesday, when its remains were conveyed in a morning cart to the tomb of all the Capulets, where several of the London turnpikes have been buried before. The turnpike-man acted as chief mourner, and seemed to be terribly put out, owing to the sudden loss of the deceased, whom he had known thoroughly from the moment of his berth.

THE RAILWAY SPECULATOR "AT HOME;"

OR, MR. JEAMES PLUSH IN HIS CELEBRATED "STAGGING" CHARACTERS.



GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

CHORUS OF THE BOYS OF ST. STEPHEN'S.—"Breaking up and going away," &c.

PUNCH'S VISIT

TO THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

NDERSTANDING that there was to be a *Sylvan Fête* at these gardens, we were seized with a sudden love of the pastoral, and jumped on to the top of a Kennington omnibus. We had already been attracted by sundry handbills promising a truly rustic treat, and crammed full of that bad spelling which appears to have been the chief characteristic of "*Merrie Englande in ye Oldenne Tyme.*"

The merriment of our forefathers seems to have consisted a great deal in the quaintness of their orthography, and in sundry ryghte stupidde freakes of ye grosseste humbugge, of which the Sylvan *Fête* at the Surrey Zoological Gardens was intended to furnish a specimen. Having exchanged grins of recognition with the hyena, and nodded familiarly to our old friend the polar bear, we made for the part of the gardens where the Rustic Games were being proceeded with, and our attention was first attracted by a decayed old corporal, bent double with age, followed by a venerable drummer and a superannuated fife, one of whom was playing "In the merry month of May," while the other was vacillating between "The Dashing White Sergeant" and "The Soldier's Tear." On refering to the bills, we found this to be "a real recruiting party from the Tower." Nobody, however, seemed disposed to "follow the drum," and indeed the drum was so eccentric in its variations from one tune to another, that to follow him would have been exceedingly difficult.

The recruiting party having disappeared among the trees, was seen to be quietly recruiting its own strength with a pot of half-and-half at the back of the elephant ground. We did not observe that they enlisted anything but the sympathies of all who saw them.

A gingling of bells announced the commencement of the peculiarly English sport of the maypole, with its morris-dancers. We rushed to the spot with truly British eagerness, desirous of studying the sports and pastimes of our forefathers and foremothers. Our disappointment at seeing the villagers was more poignant and agonising than can be possibly conceived. CORYDON was an evident supernumerary from ASTLEY'S, who, we will be bound, never had a shepherd's pipe in his mouth, though a pipe of another description was probably no stranger to his lips. The maypole was richly bedizened with May flowers. There was the calico pink made of pink calico, and the roses of the lawn in the shape of lawn roses. They may talk as they will about the powers of Nature, but Nature could never make such artificial flowers as those with which the maypole and the maidens were decorated.

CORYDON.

The peculiarly English sport at length commenced by the lads and lasses, one of whom looked ancient enough to be the original old lass of Richmond Hill, who began to twirl themselves round and round the maypole to the sound of the pipe and tabor. The tabor was awfully out of tune, and it several times completely put the other musician's pipe out. The "peculiarly English sport" went off rather heavily, in spite of the efforts of an individual in a white waistcoat and long hair, who superintended the dance, and who, it was whispered, was the celebrated C. somebody or other from the Royal Pavilion; but whether Brighton or Whitechapel we could not exactly discover.

The next feature of the Sylvan *Fête* was the display of the noble science of archery, by the members of the Toxopholite Club in their forest costume. This forest costume was of rather a miscellaneous character; for though one Toxopholite wore on his head a ninepenny Glengary, with a green tunic, such as KEELEY used to wear in the *Beulah Spa*, and a boy's black leather belt, with pantaloons that seemed to have walked, boots and all, out of DOUDNEY'S window—though one Toxopholite wore all this, the forest costume of the rest included only the ordinary costume. There was the wrapper fresh from the bonny banks of Tweed, and we thought we recognised one of the registered paletots; but there seemed to be nothing peculiarly adapted for forest wear about the dress of the mass of the Toxopholites.

One of the merrie archers had a sandwich-box slung round him by a silken cord, and another sported a pair of moustachios, which he probably keeps as his forest costume, which he takes off while engaged at the desk, driving the quill instead of letting fly the feathered arrow. The display of archery was, however, quite enough to justify the promise that there should be a representation of Merrie England; for the efforts of the Toxopholites kept an audience of six thousand souls in one scream of laughter from the beginning to the end of the exhibition.

If FRIAR TUCK and his merrie men made such a mull of it in Sherwood Forest, we do not wonder at their having contributed to the mirthfulness of Old England. The only thing the Toxopholites never hit was the target. They sent their arrows over it, under it, and on all sides of it, but never into it, amid the shouts of the multitude. Friendly suggestions at length proceeded from the spectators, advising some unfortunate Toxopholite to "shut his eyes and try his luck that way." The Toxopholites at last got very cross, and kept making all sorts of querulous excuses for not hitting the target, saying it was because the crowd pressed upon them, and putting forth other frivolous pretexts.

Among the other rustic attractions, "the manly and athletic game of quarter-staff" was advertised; but we saw nothing of it. The police, we are told, are very good hands at the manly practice, and use their quarter-staffs in a row with the most effective energy.

The next Sylvan excitement was a match at jumping in sacks; and as we could only see the heads of the competitors, we cannot give the colours of the runners, whom we can only describe by what we saw of them. We shall therefore take hold of their hair, as the best method of distinguishing them. When the word was given to start, grey went away at a brisk hop, followed closely by carrots. Bald then made all the jumping, and carrots was close up to him, when scratch-wig got into the first rank, and, knocking up against curly chesnut, both of them fell heavily. The match now lay between grey, bald, and carrots, and 8 to 7¾ were freely taken on grey, while the backers of bald were offering 0 to XX; but no one seemed disposed to speculate. At length grey got his foot twisted in the folds of the sack and tumbled, when bald, hopping past at a slapping pace, struck his ancle against grey's heel, and rolled over him. Carrots now had it all his own way, and did the last six yards playfully, amid the applause of the assembled multitude.

THE WINNER.

We have now noticed all the principal features of this Sylvan *Fête*, with the exception of some "real gipsies," who were so exceedingly eccentric that we were glad to make the best of our way out of their encampment.

After having supported the awful *ennui* of the merrie makynge in the oldenne style, we repaired to the Refreshment Room, which is conducted on teatotal principles — tea and coffee only being obtainable. We however detected in a glass jar the insidious brandy lurking under the harmless cherry, for there was an enormous jorum of cherry-brandy on the counter of the Refreshment Room.

By the way, as we were going out of the Refreshment Room, we were stopped at a bar till we had produced certain bits of card with the word "paid" upon them, which had been given to us when settling for our frugal meal of juvenile coffee and boys' bread and butter. Can it be that the proprietors fear their visitors may realise the old fable of two teas making their escape over the palings? The arrangement, whatever may be the cause of it, is not very complimentary to the guests who honour the gardens with a visit.

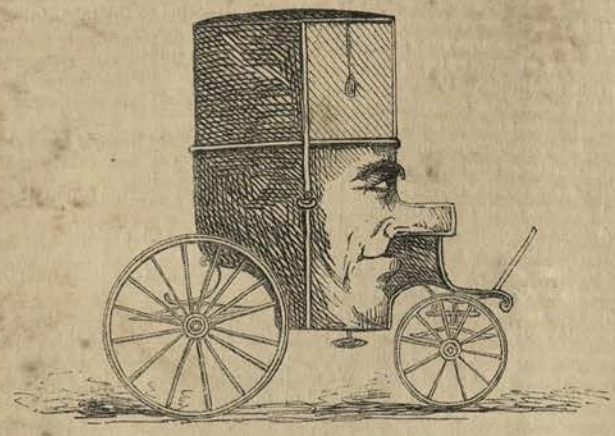
Though our remarks on the Sylvan *Fête* have not been particularly flattering, we must do justice to the general attractions of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Auld Reekie, with its pasteboard pinnacles and canvas chimney pots, is, indeed, a glorious sight, while the pyrotechnic display, including the rising of BRITANNIA from a lake, with VICTORIA and ALBERT under each arm, must be regarded as one of those singular triumphs of fiction over fact, which the pyrotechnic artist is famous for.

PUNCH'S JUSTICE.

THERE is a venerable saying, that a certain old gentleman ought to receive what is fairly due to him; and we therefore hasten to do justice to the KING OF PRUSSIA, by acknowledging that we fell into an error when accusing him of having made a composer bow before his portrait,—the KING OF BAVARIA being the delinquent in the case alluded to. The German despots are all, however, so much alike, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them. It is so unusual for PUNCH to make a mistake of this kind, that we have received exactly fourteen hundred and seventy-eight letters on the subject; the writers of which request the insertion of their epistles.

As this would involve the necessity for a series of monster supplements and an occasional extra number, with an appendix at the end of the year, we must decline printing the correspondence, but we have much pleasure in making the *amende* to the KING OF PRUSSIA, whose visit to our office, two or three years ago, established an intimacy between ourselves and him, which his own despotic conduct to his subjects has unhappily interrupted.

HACK BROUGHAM FOR SALE,



In consequence of the termination of the London Season. It has had several coats of various colour, and is very light in the head. To any party wanting a thing of the sort, the Hack Brougham would be sold a bargain. It may be had by the job, or will be sold outright to any one disposed to deal liberally.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXVIII.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME.—THE HOUSE (OF COURSE) "NOT FIT TO BE SEEN." MR. CAUDLE, IN SELF-DEFENCE, TAKES A BOOK.

"After all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. I *shall* sleep to-night. What! *You're glad of it?* That's like your sneering; I know what you mean. Of course; I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you wound my feelings. If you cared for your own bed like any other man, you'd not have staid out till this hour. Don't say that I drove you out of the house as soon as we came in it. I only just spoke about the dirt and the dust,—but the fact is, you'd be happy in a pigstye! I thought I could have trusted that Mrs. Closepeg with untold gold; and did you only see the hearth-rug? When we left home there was a tiger in it: I should like to know who could make out the tiger, now? Oh, it's very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear.

"You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your club. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think? No: I shan't tell you to-morrow—you shall know now. I'm sure! Talking about getting health at Margate; all my health went away directly I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's china mug cracked in two places. I could have sit down and cried when I saw it: a mug I can recollect when I was a child. Eh? *I should have locked it up, then?* Yes: that's your feeling for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch-bowl; but, thank goodness! I think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the windows—you can't guess how many? *You don't care?* Well, if nobody caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows clean out, and three cracked! *You can't help it?* I should like to know where the money's to come from to mend 'em! They shan't be mended, that's all. Then you'll see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes: you're glad of it. You think that this will keep me at home—but I'll never stir out again. Then you can go to the sea-side by yourself; then, perhaps, you can be happy with Miss Prettyman?—Now, Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up. It's very odd that I can't mention that person's name, but you begin to fight the bolster, and do I don't know what. There must be something in it, or you wouldn't kick about so. A guilty conscience needs no—but you know what I mean.

"She wasn't coming to town for a week; and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. I dare say she had. And then, as she said, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She thought I should be ill again, and down in the cabin: but with all her art, she does not know the depth of me—quite. Not but what I was ill; though, like a brute, you would n't see it.

"What do you say? *Good night, love?* Yes: you can be very tender, I dare say—like all of your sex—to suit your own ends; but I can't go to sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlour will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the knives yet, but I've made up my mind that half of 'em are lost. No: I don't always think the worst; no, and I don't make myself unhappy before the time; but of course, that's my thanks for caring about your property. If there ain't spiders in the curtains as big as nutmegs, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom has the whole place seen since I've been away. But as soon as I get up, won't I rummage the house out, that's all. I hadn't the heart to look at my pickles; but for all I left the door locked, I'm sure the jars have been moved. Yes; you can swear at pickles when you're in bed; but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you want 'em.

"I only hope they've been to the wine-cellar: then you may know what my feelings are. That poor cat, too—What? *You hate cats?* Yes, poor thing! because she's my favourite—that's it. If that cat could only speak—What? *It isn't necessary?* I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle: but if that cat could only speak, she'd tell me how she's been cheated. Poor thing! I know where the money's gone to that I left for her milk—I know. Why what have you got there, Mr. Caudle? A book? What! *If you ain't allowed to sleep, you'll read?* Well, now it is come to something! If that isn't insulting a wife to bring a book to bed, I don't know what wedlock is. But you shan't read, Caudle; no, you shan't; not while I've strength to get up and put out a candle.

"And that's like your feelings! You can think a great deal of trumpery books; yes, you can't think too much of the stuff that's put into print; but for what's real and true about you, why you've the heart of a stone. I should like to know what that book's about? What? *Milton's Paradise Lost?* I thought some rubbish of the sort—something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed; and a very respectable person he was who wrote it. *What do I know of him?* Much more than you think. A very pretty fellow, indeed, with his six wives. What? *He hadn't six—he'd only three?* That's nothing to do with it; but of course you'll take his part. Poor women! A nice time they had with him, I dare say! And I've no doubt, Mr. Caudle, you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example: else you wouldn't read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as he treated the poor souls who married him. Poets, indeed! I'd make a law against any of 'em having wives, except upon paper; for goodness help the dear creatures tied to them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of candles, you don't know that the lamp in the passage is split to bits? I say you don't—do you hear me, Mr. Caudle? Won't you answer? Do you know where you are? What? *In the Garden of Eden?* Are you? Then you've no business there at this time of night."

"And saying this," writes Caudle, "she scrambled from the bed, and put out the light."

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

This unhappy old structure, which has long ago been condemned, on being tried by its Piers, has been the subject of a conversation in the Commons. It seems that several engineers and two or three commissioners have sat upon it, and "the mercy is," as the old women say, that the ricketty concern did not give way with them. We never see a loaded omnibus going over it without wondering whether it will get safe to the other side, and we are quite certain that a Life Insurance Office at the foot of the Bridge at either end, would be a very profitable speculation. Everything has been tried with this dreary pile, but nothing seems to answer. It has been made to lower its proud head to the extent of several feet, but still it is almost as bad as climbing up a rock and descending a precipice, to go on to the bridge at one end and off at the other.

The first experiment was to scoop a lot of our mother earth out of the centre of the bridge, and the foot passengers are consequently walking on the heights, while the vehicles are placed in a valley "down down below;" but nothing answers the purpose. The crazy old concern is past mending, and the only remedy is that proposed in the House of Commons the other night, namely, to pull it all down and build a new one.

THE TEA TRADE.

THE hedges about London seem to be in a very healthy state. We have heard it stated by a gentleman, whose nose is relied upon by all persons in the trade, that there will be a capital crop of Souchong in the fields off Primrose Hill. We have tasted a leaf or two near Greenwich, and can safely predict the English market will be unusually glutted this year with a quantity of full-flavoured Bohea. The Hyson is partly spoilt by the caterpillars, and the blight has taken the bloom off the Twankay in the plantations round Enfield, though it is expected they will be passed off in the provincial towns "as good for mixing," when seasoned with a little "GUNPOWDER," that is now being grown in pots at a large market-gardener's at Woolwich. There will be a good supply of green tea at four shillings a pound, if the sloe-bushes at Bayswater only keep their present appearance. There is no truth whatever in the report that the interior of Leicester Square is to be cultivated for this article of commerce by a Hong-Kong merchant. There is no necessity for it, as long as there are so many fields yet unexplored in the vicinity of the metropolis. Besides, the nettles that abound there have been found to be unfavourable to the growth of the celestial plant.

HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF ALDERMAN MOON!

SOME monster or monsters in the human shape have sported with the feelings of ALDERMAN MOON—*Punch's* own MOON; cruelly tortured them as naughty boys sport with tender butterflies. The miscreants—for the honour of our national character we trust they are not Englishmen—sent letters in MOON's name to the electors of the ward who had chosen him for their Aldermanic luminary: letters inviting them to a solemn festival in the halls of Threadneedle Street. A copy of one of these wicked epistles has been forwarded to us. We envy not, as the *Art Union* would sweetly observe, the "head-hand-and-heart" of the forlorn creature that could so sport with the feelings of an Alderman—so cruelly tantalize the abdominal yearnings of the immaculate electors of a wardmote. We subjoin the aforesaid copy:—

"MR. ALDERMAN MOON presents his compliments, and would feel himself tremendously honoured by the company of MR. —— to dinner. MR. ALDERMAN MOON feels that he has too long delayed what must be a most delightful *réunion!* For how delicious to reciprocate with sparkling wine the kindly feelings of the electors and the elected!

"MR. ALDERMAN MOON begs leave to add that his dessert will be honoured with several gorgeous pine-apples, luscious gifts from the heads of nobility.

"N.B.—DOCTOR CROLY will say grace."

No less than seventy electors, without the slightest hesitation, showed their respect for their hospitable Alderman, by accepting the counterfeit invitation; whereupon the villany was discovered; and the *Globe*, with its waggish gravity, assures us that a hand-bill was put forth convening a public meeting, "to take into consideration the unwarrantable proceeding which has recently disgraced the ward." Should the miscreants be discovered, we trust that MOON will, in his Aldermanic capacity, sentence them to the severest punishment that man could inflict upon man; namely, that for three months they should dine with him—and him alone! We can answer for it, they would never make a joke afterwards.

THE VENTILATION OF THE HOUSES.

NOTHING can exceed the sufferings of the members of the Legislature during the experiments that have been made by DR. REID in boiling them up, and then cooling them down again. "Save us from the *savans*," say we, when they are trying anything in the shape of improvment; for science must have its victims. There is only one right way of doing everything, while the series of wrong ways may be considered infinite; and as several of these wrong ways are tried before the right way is hit upon, there must be an alarming sacrifice of somebody. DR. REID has published an enormous book about ventilation, in which he says, "There are no periods where the constitution demands such a variety of supply—(he is talking of air)—as immediately before and after dinner."

As the Houses sit immediately before and immediately after dinner, he, the Doctor, thinks variety of air is necessary; and he accordingly favours them with a succession of hot blasts, cold blasts, tepid blasts, temperate blasts, freezing blasts, and blasts with the chill off. As the dinner hour is the period for a good blow-out, DR. REID sets all his ventilators at work at about the time specified.

The system, by which the Houses of Parliament are heated, is one by which hot air comes up through the floor, and goes out through the ceiling, at which a quantity of cold is constantly pouring in, so that the feet of members are being continually cooked, like potatoes over a steaming apparatus, and they are always getting blows on the head from some invisible BOREAS. We have heard a member declare, that his feet are turned into boiled soles every evening, while his head has been like a *tête de veau glacée*.

The great merit DR. REID finds in his own plan is, that any sort of temperature that may be asked for can be supplied at a moment's notice. Thus, if a member comes into the House in a violent heat he may order a gust of 40 degrees to cool him; while another, who may be shivering with cold, can call for a puff of 90, which will be as good as a blazing fire to comfort him. This arrangement would be all very well if every member could sit in his own draft, or if the ventilator could take such a correct aim as to convey the blast, hot, cold, or temperate, as the case may be—exactly to the gentleman who ordered it. Unfortunately, DR. REID's system cannot accomplish this measure. A gust which is more than enough for one may prove too much for two, and the consequence is, that the members do nothing but sneeze, cough, and blow their noses all through the session. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who is tolerably

hardy, and from being long accustomed to Parliament is used to hot and cold, has been compelled on leaving the House of Lords every night, to pop his feet into hot water, encase his venerable head in a Welsh wig, and demolish an enormous basin of thick gruel, in which the groats of Emden find a watery grave.

Exeter Hall Insolvent!

SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, JOHN DEAN PAUL, and JAMES LORD, respectively the Chairman, Treasurer, and Secretary of a body calling itself the Anti-Maynooth Committee, have issued a circular, stating, that in opposing the Maynooth Endowment Bill that Association has contracted debts to the amount of £732 14*s.* 11*d.*, which it is unable to defray, and demanding assistance, in order to discharge them. The Anti-Maynooth Committee has manifestly committed itself; but how can people have the conscience to ask charity of others who have so little of it themselves? In stirring up the fires of religious animosity, the Exeter Hallites have burnt their own fingers, and are deservedly smarting in consequence. Let us hope that the burnt children—for childish enough they are—will dread the fire. We shall not be sorry to see an execution put into their hall, and their platform and other properties sold up. May no misplaced sympathy avert that most devoutly-to-be-wished consummation!

THE TROOPS AND THE WEATHER.

Though there can be no doubt of the readiness of our gallant soldiers at all times to stand fire, it is obvious that they can't stand water. If there is to be a review, and a shower of rain comes on, our cohorts are clearly afraid of it. The idea of a weather-beaten soldier is evidently taken from the fact that a soldier is easily beaten by the weather.

As the postponement of a review is a serious disappointment to the public, we should recommend umbrellas to be added to the guns, in the same way as parasols are appended to ladies' driving whips. The experiment might be tried at all events with one regiment, who should be called the "First Parapluies." The exercise need be very simple, and "Put up umbrellas" might correspond with "Fix bayonets."

We seriously throw out this hint for the consideration of the War Office. If it is thought advisable to apply the same plan to the Cavalry, there could be a corps called the "Heavy Ginghams."

If our plan of adding umbrellas to the accoutrements of the military were to be carried out, it would be necessary to make some alterations in the martial songs of our native land; but to show how easily this might be done, we subjoin a spirit-stirring specimen.

March to the battle-field,
We fear not *horrida Bella*;
Dastard is the slave who 'd yield,
Wave high the stout umbrella.

What though the foes may fly,
As they run we 'll wing 'em;
Conquer we, or bravely die:
Unfurl, unfurl the gingham.

Base is the coward slave
Who would turn and flee;
None but the good and brave
Shall wield the *parapluie*.

Hence, then, with knavish fears!
The road to glory 's plain,
Whene'er that *parapluie* appears,
Which p'rhaps will brave a thousand years
The battle and the rain.

"THE MAID AND THE SPIDER."

Having at heart the true interests of the drama, we beg to recommend to the attention of play-pasters, scissor-poets, and others who ply the "dreadful trade," the following anecdote, quoted in the newspapers from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. The story will not be less welcome to the adaptors because from the French. A gentleman had two enamel shirt-studs, decorated with a small fly of burnished steel; a fly so delicately, naturally made, that it required but a little imagination in the beholder to hear it buzz in the bosom of the wearer. The flies were doubtless from the eggs of the celebrated iron fly of Regismantanus, for a further account of which see *Wanley's Wonders*. Well, one of the studs was lost; and Madame P. looked at the servant as mistresses are apt to look at maids when anything is missing. A year passed, the second stud was gone; whereupon, the before suspected maid was instantly cashiered. A few days afterwards Madame P. observed a large spider's web behind the wainscot; she brushed it, and—down fell the iron studs! A simple spider, deceived by the art of man, had caught the steel flies in its web; and finding it could make nothing of its victims, must have been plaguily puzzled: like unto a sharp attorney with an unprofitable case. Now, we trust that this story will be immediately adapted to the powers of that acknowledged heroine of broken hearts, Miss Vincent, for the beneficial teaching of the maid-servants of the New Cut. A fine household moral is to be cooked from the narrative; for it is plain that the servant, although guiltless of the felony, was rightfully punished, as *Audrey* would say, for her sluttishness. A powerful and pathetic warning this to maids-of-all-work never to spare the cobwebs.

To crown the attraction, could not Fitzball do something with the spider in the way of Mr. Osbaldiston? We think it quite in the actor's line.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXIX.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN."

CAUDLE, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love—I know you're not. Ha! that's like you men,—so headstrong! You will have it, that nothing ails you; but I can tell, CAUDLE. The eye of a wife—and such a wife as I've been to you—can at once see whether a husband's well or not. You've been turning like tallow all the week; and what's more, you eat nothing, now. It makes me melancholy to see you at a joint. I don't say anything at dinner before the children; but I don't feel the less. No, no; you're not very well; and you're not as strong as a horse. Don't deceive yourself—nothing of the sort. No, and you don't eat as much as ever; and if you do, you don't eat with a relish, I'm sure of that. You can't deceive me there.

"But I know what's killing you. It's the confinement; it's the bad air you breathe; it's the smoke of London. Oh yes, I know your old excuse: you never found the air bad before. Perhaps not. But as people grow older, and get on in trade—and, after all, we've nothing to complain of, CAUDLE—London air always disagrees with 'em. Delicate health comes with money: I'm sure of it. What a colour you had once, when you'd hardly a sixpence; and now, look at you!

"'Twould add thirty years to your life—and think what a blessing that would be to me; not that I shall live a tenth part of the time—thirty years, if you'd take a nice little house somewhere at Brixton. *You hate Brixton?* I must say it, CAUDLE, that's so like you: any place that's really genteel, you can't abide. Now Brixton and Balham Hill I think delightful. So select! There, nobody visits nobody, unless they're somebody. To say nothing of the delightful pews that make the churches so respectable!

"However, do as you like. If you won't go to Brixton, what do you say to Clapham Common? Oh, that's a very fine story! Never tell me! No; you wouldn't be left alone, a Robinson Crusoe with wife and children, because you're in the retail way. What! *The retired wholesales never visit the retired retails at Clapham?* Ha! that's only your old sneering at the world, MR. CAUDLE; but I don't believe it. And after all, people should keep to their station, or what was this life made for? Suppose a tallow-merchant does keep himself above a tallow-chandler,—I call it only a proper pride. What? *You call it the aristocracy of fat?* I don't know what you mean by aristocracy; but I suppose it's only another of your dictionary words, that's hardly worth the finding out.

"What do you say to Hornsey or Muswell Hill? Eh? *Too high?* What a man you are! Well then—Battersea? *Too low?* You are an aggravating creature, CAUDLE, you must own that! Hampstead, then? *Too cold?* Nonsense; it would brace you up like a drum, CAUDLE; and that's what you want. But you don't deserve anybody to think of your health or your comforts either. There's some pretty spots, I'm told, about Fulham. Now, CAUDLE, I won't have you say a word against Fulham. That must be a sweet place: dry, and healthy, and every comfort of life about it—else is it likely that a bishop would live there? Now, CAUDLE, none of your heathen principles—I won't hear 'em. I think what satisfies a bishop ought to content you; but the politics you learn at that club are dreadful. To hear you talk of bishops—well, I only hope nothing will happen to you, for the sake of the dear children!

"A nice little house and a garden! I know it—I was born for a garden! There's something about it makes one feel so innocent. My heart somehow always opens and shuts at roses. And then what nice currant wine we could make! And again, get 'em as fresh as you will, there's no radishes like your own radishes! They're ten times as sweet! What? *And twenty times as dear?* Yes; there you go! Anything that I fancy, you always bring up the expense.

"No, MR. CAUDLE, I should not be tired of it in a month. I tell you I was made for the country. But here you've kept me—and much you've cared about my health—here you've kept me in this filthy London, that I hardly know what grass is made of. Much you care for your wife and family to keep 'em here to be all smoked like bacon. I can see it—it's stopping the children's growth; they'll be dwarfs, and have their father to thank for it. If you'd the heart of a parent, you couldn't bear to look at their white faces. Dear little DICK! he makes no breakfast. What? *He ate six slices this morning?* A pretty father you must be to count 'em. But that's nothing to what the dear child could do, if, like other children, he'd a fair chance.

"Ha! and when we could be so comfortable! But it's always the case, you never will be comfortable with me. How nice and fresh you'd come up to business every morning; and what pleasure it would be for me to put a tulip or a pink in your button-hole, just, as I may say, to ticket you from the country. But then, CAUDLE, you never were like any other man! But I know why you won't leave London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club—that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other decent man. Whereas, you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple-tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, CAUDLE, and you won't let me do it.

"You don't speak, love? Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going out to have little pet's ears bored—What? *You won't have her ears bored?* And why not, I should like to know? *It's a barbarous, savage custom?* Oh, MR. CAUDLE! the sooner you go away from the world, and live in a cave, the better. You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next? My ears were bored and—what? *So are yours?* I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears, I say, were bored, and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in yours, MR. CAUDLE? Besides,—why should little pet's ears go naked, any more than any of her sisters? They wear ear-rings,—you never objected before. What? *You've learned better now?* Yes, that's all with your filthy politics again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice-box, if you'd your way: not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself,—that's all. But little pet *shall* be bored, and don't think to prevent it. I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters? And who'll look at a girl without ear-rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world, you'd know what a nice diamond ear-ring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear-rings now; MISS PRETTYMAN doesn't wear 'em; she would—I've no doubt—if she could only get 'em. Yes,—it's MISS PRETTYMAN, who—

"There, CAUDLE, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper, goodness knows! And so, love, about the cottage? What? *'Twill be so far from business?* But it needn't be far, dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that on your late nights, you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh,—sweet one?"

"I don't know what I answered," says CAUDLE, "but I know this; in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of a green bird-cage of a house, which my wife—gentle satirist!—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle-Dovery.'"

Punch an Incendiary!

La France and the *National* declare that the *dépôt* at Toulon was fired by the English. Well, we confess the fact. It was *Punch* that did the deed: innocent, unconscious *Punch!* The truth is, the number that contained *Punch's* letter to JOINVILLE had been somehow smuggled into the place; and since last summer had lain smouldering among the stores. At length the latent heat of that fervid article burst into flame, and communicating its fire to everything about it, Toulon lost its *dépôt!*

WELL WORTH THE MONEY.

WE learn from the late debate on the Estimates, that some of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons receive as much as 500*l.* a-year. Far from thinking this salary too much, we consider the functionaries are underpaid, if they have to remove all the dirty things, both real and imaginary, that people lay at the door of the House of Commons.

A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"

"VY, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"

"GOING BACKWARDS."

IT is the proud office of the DUKE OF ARGYLL to bear the crown of England before the Sovereign on state occasions. However, it is not etiquette for the subject to turn his back upon his Monarch; though history shows us that this has been done too. However, in the prorogation of Parliament, the DUKE OF ARGYLL carrying the crown and going backwards, slipped down two stairs—fell—and down, with a crash, fell the crown of England!

(But what was to be expected after the Maynooth Grant? Certain we are that however SIR ROBERT INGLIS might have lamented the calamity, he was not taken by surprise by it. MR. PLUMPTRE, too, —we are sure of it—looked at SIR ROBERT with an expressive mixture of the dismal and the knowing, as much as to say—"I told you so!")

Several of the diamonds were knocked out of the crown, and Dukes and Marquesses were picking them up like so many SINDBADS. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, we learn, immediately became the historian of the Fall of the Crown, and in his own short-sword way, narrated the mishap to the Peeresses. Fair cheeks became pale, and many and eloquent were the "dear me's!" However, when the QUEEN quitted the throne, "the housekeeper appeared in front of it, thus taking charge of the position." We know not wherefore; for who in the House of Lords would have pocketted the Crown-jewels? However, even among Peers, housekeepers we suppose ought to be cautious. At length, all the jewels were found, and the crown sent to be repaired, no doubt to the loss of MR. SWIFT, of the Tower, who shows it; for sure we are that in its battered state people would have given an extra threepence to see it: there is something so attractive in the misfortunes of the great.

However, our chief business is not with the accident, but to suggest that every means be taken to prevent a recurrence of the calamity.

It is plain that the education of the DUKE OF ARGYLL has been sadly neglected. Peers, and others destined to play parts in a court, ought from their earliest infancy to be taught to walk backwards; to ride backwards; if possible—and it is possible we know—to think backwards. We have wet-nurses and dry-nurses: we ought to have nurses for the backward step. A proneness in a noble child to walk forward like a mere human animal, should be repressed with the same anxiety that we now watch a tendency to bandiness. In fact, better be bandy than forward. To be an extraordinary backward child, ought to make the best praise of a courtier in short clothes. And these lessons in backwardness we would have so given that they might visibly associate with them the person of the monarch. Thus we would have the Royal Portrait in every nursery, that the children might play at ball and battledore and shuttlecock, always backing from the regal countenance. Or, as the good Mussulman always says his prayers with his face to the East, the backward pupil might be taught the various situations of the various palaces, and always reverently face the one whereat the royal standard should be flying.

We are very earnest in this matter. For is it not a sad thing that an elderly gentleman should be called upon to walk in a way that, when God made man, it was never intended that man should walk? Hence this fall of man, or fall of Duke!

There are, we know, hasty thinkers, superstitious quidnuncs, likely to predict some evil, to see a bad omen in this accident to the English diadem. Crowns have, we know, been shivered by going backwards, but that—despite the mishap to the DUKE OF ARGYLL—that can never happen to the crown of QUEEN VICTORIA. Nevertheless, we hope, for the sake of all parties, that those who shall henceforth convey the crown, will be allowed to go forwards. Then, certain we are, the crown will lose no one of its jewels. The olden bigotry may love the back step: but the spirit of our day cries—"Forwards!"

SONG OF THE SORDID SWEETHEART.

I LOVED thee for thy money,
For wealth, they said, was thine;
But, finding thou hast none, I
Thy heart and hand resign.
Think not I wish to pain thee,
Deem not I use thee ill:
I like thee;—but maintain thee,
I neither can nor will.

I thought thee quite a treasure—
A *bonâ fide* sum,
And dreamt of joy and pleasure
That never were to come:
The house—the hounds—the horses—
Thy fortune would allow;
The wines—the dozen courses;—
That dream is over now!

Not for thy charms I wooed thee,
Though thou wast passing fair;
Not for thy mind I sued thee,
Though stored with talents rare:
Thine income 'twas that caught me,—
For that I held thee dear;
I trusted thou 'dst have brought me
Five thousand pounds a year.

That hope, alas! is blighted,
Thereon I will not dwell;
I should have been delighted
To wed thee—but, farewell!
My feelings let me smother,
Hard though the struggle be,
And try and find another,
Rich as I fancied thee.

"THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP."

THE following intelligence—quoted from the *Hampshire Telegraph*—comes from free-hearted, liberty-loving, America:—

"By a private letter which has reached us from Gibraltar, we are informed, upon good authority, that 20,000 slave shackles, for men, women, and children—in all fourteen cart-loads—have been fished up from the wreck of the American war-steamer, *Missouri*, lately burnt at that port."

Now, as the timbers and other relics of our *Royal George* have been worked into boxes and nick-nacks, we propose to Americans—the traders of the human shambles, the money-seeking breeders of "God's likeness in ebony"—that they should turn the penny with these 20,000 slave shackles. If wrought into utensils for domestic use, or what would still be better, turned into ornaments for the women of America, they would endear to them that sweet principle which coins money from the "marrow and the bones of man." Some of these shackles might also be manufactured into steel clasps for the bibles of the very religious breeders of the black.

THE LAST FARCE AT DRURY LANE.

THERE was nothing during the past season that emanated from the genius that rules the destinies of Drury Lane, certainly nothing half so comic as the late report laid before the General Assembly of Proprietors.

Could the Poet BUNN stoop to prose, we should be inclined to believe that the document was the work of his tremendous brain. It has many of his literary characteristics. There is a freedom of style about it, a sort of touch-and-go manner, elevated too with a strong feeling of the romantic, that now and then reminds us of the Poet's happiest vein. We keenly regret that it was not thrown into verse, set to music by the Poet's own musician, BALFE, and then duly executed by the operatic company. It would have been much more consolatory to the feelings of the proprietors—(who are once a year solemnly called together to be told there is not a sixpence to be shared among them)—and quite as intelligible. The report, to begin with, is brimful of loyalty :—

"It is gratifying to the Committee to be able to state, that, *amidst the wreck of the national drama*, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY continues her patronage and support to the theatre, by her visits, both in state and in private."

Certainly it is impossible to overrate the condescension of the QUEEN, who visits Drury Lane "amidst the wreck of the national drama!" We have often felt our sympathies touched by the daring of the Deal boatmen, who visit a ship "amidst the wreck." But this is as nothing to the courage and humanity of HER MAJESTY, who goes to assist at operas written by an imported Frenchman, amidst the wreck of English tragedy, comedy, and farce. Besides, did not the Poet BUNN himself do all within his mighty energies to bring about the aforesaid wreck? It is a little bold in the offender who maliciously scuttles a ship, to bellow when the craft is going to the bottom.

"It is *matter for consolation*, that since the Legislature of the country has thought proper to extend, by their late act of Parliament, the powers of the Lord Chamberlain, and remove the drama from the two national theatres to Sadler's Wells, the Yorkshire Stingo, the Eagle Tavern, and a host of minor establishments to the number of thirty, that MR. BUNN has been enabled to furnish an entertainment worthy of the Royal patronage and the public at large."

As the Poet himself says—for we are almost certain it is he—"it is matter for consolation" (though we know not to whom) that though the drama is wrecked, BUNN can yet furnish an entertainment to set before a Queen. Part of the crew have taken to the jolly-boat, and rowed to Sadler's Wells; but BUNN, like *Robinson Crusoe*, has saved enough from the ship to keep himself in excellent case. Nevertheless, BUNN, in that confusion of ideas that will sometimes bewilder the clearest wits, does somewhat fail in his pattern respect for the QUEEN; for he must recollect that it was HER MAJESTY'S *La Reine le veut* that made the law that "removed the drama" to Sadler's Wells. But high poets, like high mountains, have, now and then, their tops in mist.

"An act of the greatest injustice has thereby been inflicted upon the national theatres, and most certainly demands compensation at the hands of those who legislate for the drama, and who are bold enough to contend that they are upholding it by legalising the representation of SHAKSPEARE at pot-houses and public gardens."

No doubt. And the same spirit that grants compensation to Drury Lane against the Eagle Tavern, should also award it to Astley's against Drury Lane. Who were the first robbers? Who stole the horses from the ring, and the lions and tigers from the menagerie? Answer, gentlemen of the General Committee.

The Poet BUNN thus modestly winds up :—

"The Committee trust that they have acted judiciously in retaining their lessee, and hope *he is too well satisfied* with the terms of the agreement to seek to disturb it."

We can answer for the Poet,—yes.

The Report being read, the conversation took a very lively turn. One Captain SPENCER ("the Captain's a bold man") painted the Poet BUNN in the prettiest colours, and then tried his hand at a little black on MR. MACREADY. This bold officer spoke as follows :—

"With respect to the performance of what was denominated the legitimate drama, he was prepared to show that the most disastrous consequences had arisen from the management of MR. MACREADY."

Then wherefore regret the removal of the legitimate drama if it were so unprofitable? Or has the experience of CAPTAIN SPENCER as a proprietor made him, like *Jaffier*, "pleased with ruin"?

"This, however, *he was anxious to prove*—that there had been more money received from MR. BUNN and music in two years than had been paid by MR. MACREADY during the same duration of time. For instance, he found that the committee had received in two years from BUNN and music, 8,000*l.*; from MACREADY and legitimate drama, 3,425*l.*; leaving a balance in favour of 'BUNN and music' of 4,575*l.*"

Doubtless, the Captain was "anxious to prove" his case; but arithmetic is not to be conquered, even by Captains. As a proprietor he ought to have known that MR. MACREADY entirely furnished the theatre, and then came the Poet BUNN and took possession. Everything was made to BUNN's hands; even the property lyre, whereto he sings his ravishing strains. CAPTAIN SPENCER, had he not been a proprietor, would, of course, have known this; but the Captain spoke from what we will indulgently suppose extreme simplicity. Captains are so unsophisticated.

Having, in our small way, laboured for free trade in the drama, we congratulate the town upon this Report, that, despite of itself, allows the value of the reform that has permitted SHAKSPEARE to travel to Islington. We are convinced that in due season a better sort of drama will originate at the minor theatres; better actors will then appear—and when they do come, how heartily will *Punch* welcome them!

THE PERFIDIOUS ENGLISH IN PARIS.

OUR correspondent informs us, that several Englishmen have been apprehended in Paris. Not content with the calamity worked by JOHN BULL at Toulon, they had hired spacious cellars, and were very busily engaged getting up an earthquake for the destruction of the whole capital. The horror was to have come off on the first of next April. A grocer who discovered the plot has been rewarded with the legion of honour!

THE POLITICAL TOMBOLA.

MOST of our readers have no doubt seen a toy made of plaster of Paris, and called a Tombola. It consists of a little figure, which only requires to be pushed gently on one side, when it will go rolling about from right to left, from Tory to Whig; so that it will be quite impossible to say which side it will permanently remain upon.

We have seen figures of the QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, and a Chinese Mandarin, taken as models for these toys; but we are surprised that the PREMIER, whose political movements point him out as the very thing for it, should never yet have figured as a Tombola. Now that *Punch* has

thrown out the hint, the PREMIER may make up his mind to find himself promoted to the heads of all the Italian image-boys. It is true that there would be very little imagery in anything so purely matter-of-fact as PEEL's oscillation from side to side on the field of politics.

PUNCH'S CARTOONS.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE masterly Cartoon of MACLISE has only one fault which *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to rectify. The error to which we allude is making the various figures in the Cartoon ideal instead of real personages. It was a beautiful saying of REYNOLDS, or DOCTOR JOHNSON, or BONAPARTE, or *Great Metropolis* GRANT, that "We care nothing for a face we don't know, but a familiar eye will lash up long dormant memories, and a nose we know will, in preference to a nose that nobody knows, come home to the recollections of all of us."

We regret therefore, that MACLISE did not render his conception perfect by "filling in" with portraits of the remarkable men of the present day—men with whom the pencil of *Punch* has rendered the public familiar, though the familiarity established may have bred contempt in two or three instances.

But to the great Cartoon of the "Spirit of Chivalry:" in the centre you will see the SPEAKER as the very personification of Chivalry, surrounded by men of various pursuits and various politics. In the background is the DUKE OF WELLINGTON staring at vacancy through a pair of spectacles.

On the other side is PEEL, looking like a chivalrous knight who has got a good account at his bankers', while STANLEY scowls at his side as if jealous of the *éclat* that his companion in arms has monopolised. Beneath is BROUGHAM in the character of a Seer or Soothsayer, who never says anything to soothe, but always something to irritate. Still lower down is O'CONNELL in the character of a Bard, inspiring Youth—that is to say, D'ISRAELI, commonly called Young England Ben—by a series of recitals, in which he is playing as usual the "precious lyre."

Among them may be seen ROEBUCK offering up the sword of duelling, but retaining in his possession the envenomed dagger of slander, while *Punch* is seen in the centre as "the poet-historian from whom future ages must derive their knowledge of the spirit and the deeds" of the chivalry of politics. GRAHAM, who has the valour and hardihood to brazen out the hostility which all his actions create, with a few others too insignificant to specify, complete a Cartoon which will go down to posterity, or rather will go down with posterity, as pleasantly as it is eagerly swallowed by the public of the present age.

GLEE

AT THE SERVICE OF THE SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY.

COME, my Muss, and cup with me,
Venison pasty shall not lack ;
Marry, no, nor furmenty,
Wash'd adown with Sherris sack.
'Fakins, yea ; and Yppocras
By the Mass !
An there be not,
Call me a sot,
And write me down an Ass.

MADRIGAL

AT THE DITTO OF DITTO.

Shepherd, wherefore shilly shally
With thy PHILLIS ? Tilly vally,
Dilly dally,
Shilly shally,
Tilly vally !

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—"SIX HOURS IN A CORN-FIELD."

A YOUNG lady, christened CLARISSA, has written a very pretty letter to the *Post*, on the late accident on the Northern and Eastern Line : she, "a young lady of *some* birth,"—by which it appears there are young ladies who are only partly born—"was placed in a corn-field." The road was to be repaired in half-an-hour : nobody went for conveyances, and the young lady, like another RUTH, "sick for home," sat six hours "amid the alien corn !"

But let it not be thought we laugh at the sorrows of this poor young lady. Fair CLARISSA ! not we. No : had we known them, we would — always allowing that we could—have sent a lark above that corn-field, over your fair and patient head, "singing like an angel in the sky." We have dwelt upon the circumstance in all its atrocity, to warn travellers by the Northern and Eastern Line to take bedding with them—a pocket mattress and half-a-dozen blankets—that when left in a corn-field for six hours, they may fare a little better than the bewildered maid, whose condition will, we trust, cut remorsefully into the hearts of the barbarians of the Northern and Eastern Line.

LES ADIEUX DE BUCKINGHAM PALACE;

BEING A PLAYFUL ADAPTATION OF HORACE VERNET'S PICTURE TO A RECENT EVENT.

Punch's Election Intelligence.

THE tranquil suburb of Kensington has long been in a state of rabid excitement on account of a vacancy having been declared in the supernumerary beadledom. It was at one time supposed that PUMMELL, who has long worn the purple—a very dark-blue official coat—was about to lay down the cane, and retire into the privacy of his own shop; for PUMMELL, like *Polonius*, is not only an officer of state, but "a fishmonger." On making inquiry at the respected beadle's own house, the answer returned was, "never say die;" and it is believed that PUMMELL will continue to pummel to the last the refractory urchins of Kensington. It is, however, found necessary to appoint a supernumerary beadle, for the energetic officer we have named was found to be rapidly sinking under the cares of the laced hat, while the weight of the cape was more than one man could possibly bear up under.

No complaint, however, not a murmur of any kind, not a sigh, or even a groan, has escaped the lips of the persevering PUMMELL. It is the opinion of the pew-opener that the good man and energetic officer would have died "with harness on his back," like *Macbeth* in the play, and poor old Jack in the dust-cart. At length the superior authorities, seeing that the beadle of their boyhood, the PUMMELL of their playful hours, was being rapidly crushed under the parochial beaver—at length, we say, the superior authorities of Kensington resolved on appointing a supernumerary beadle; and the contest for the additional cane, collar, cape, and cuffs, has thrown Kensington into a continued ferment for the last four weeks.

Some of the inhabitants have taken a constitutional objection to the creation of an extra beadledom, and they declare they have read the Reform Act through and through, over and over again, backwards and forwards, upside down, and topsy turvy, without finding anything in the measure to justify the course that has been resolved upon. They say that though Finsbury may send two members to Parliament, Kensington has no right to send two beadles anywhere. That, however, is a matter for future consideration. Even the appointment of PUMMELL himself is not exactly like the laws of the Medes and Persians—irrevocable.

Having just skimmed the surface of this bit of constitutional doctrine, we proceed to the more immediate subject of interest—the election for the extra beadledom.

PUMMELL, with his customary tact and delicacy, altogether refuses to aid the pretensions of either party. One of the candidates, however, comes forward on the railway interest, and he professes to be ready to extend *Punch's* Kensington Railway, but where on earth he is to draw the line is at present a mystery.

His adversary calls himself the farmer's friend; but as there is not a farm in the whole parish, his friend the farmer must have very little local influence.

CANDIDATE No. 1 insists that the rail must triumph over everything, which is in fact advising the process of ruling with a rod of iron.

CANDIDATE No. 2 asks what is to become of agriculture if the country is cut up for railroads, and calls upon the people of Kensington to rally round their lettuces and their fruit-trees, and to plant the standard as well as the espalier of liberty in its native soil.

Not wishing to give an undue advantage to either of the candidates, we refrain from deciding on the pretensions of either; but we do hope that Kensington, which is now labouring under a general attack of the heart-burn, will soon be restored to its former state of cordiality and good feeling, by a decision one way or the other of this most *acharné* contest.

The Engines of War.

A NEW office has been established at Algiers. It is called the *Office d'Avocat des Arabes*, and has been established to defend the natives in trials, and cases of emergency. To carry out this humane intention, we hope MARSHAL BUGEAUD will see that there is a fire brigade added to the establishment, with a strong detachment of engines.

THE STATE OF THE ROYAL NURSERY.

THE venerable HOMER, they say, sometimes nods; but our equally venerable Laureat seems to be always snoring. Nevertheless, we cannot help regretting that he should have missed many good chances of coming before the public; among others, that furnished by the QUEEN'S Visit to Germany. We consider that in the composition of the following lines, in connection with that event, we are absolutely doing his work for him, and we accordingly expect him to bestow a leaf from his chaplet on us, if not to "stand" a bottle of his official Malmsey. With this brief preface introduce we our more brief Poem; to wit:—

SPECULATION.—A SONNET OF THE PALACE.

I WONDER what the Royal children do,
Now that their gracious parents are away;
Whether like mice, when puss is out, they play,
And turn their princely nursery upside down;
Presuming on the absence of the Crown,
Frisking and frolicking, with gambols gay,
And shouting "Whoop!" and "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"—
To use a common phrase—till all is blue?
For the blood royal, sure, is human still;
And well we know what children are about,
What time the darlings know their mother 's out.
But whither wanders my presumptuous quill?
Haply, whilst thus I build my loyal rhyme,
The babes august are crying all the time.

TO SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

SIR,

YOU dedicate the last edition of your "Zanoni" to GIBSON, the sculptor, in these words:

"I, artist in words, dedicate to you, artist whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood. I love it not the less because it has been little understood, and superficially judged, by the common herd. It was not meant for them."

Now, SIR EDWARD, this is not fair to the circulating libraries. It 's all very well to talk of the "common herd" and say it "was not meant for them," with a curl of your fine lip; but you know it was meant for everybody who could pay threepence for a perusal of the volumes—and very popular it has been, especially with ladies'-maids and milliners.

You call yourself "artist in words;" this is not original. There is a man in Oxford Street who calls himself "artist in hair," and you ought, in justice, to dedicate your next novel to him. There is an analogy between your work and his, which I can 't discover between yours and GIBSON'S.

His material is as flimsy, his workmanship as dexterous, as your own. He will spin you a landscape or a cipher, a *memento mori* or a motto, with equal facility—and it shall be but hair after all. So you, SIR EDWARD, have spun for us a sentimental highwayman, a high-souled felon, a speculative seducer, a philosophic dandy, and yet the stuff of all was one and the same—"self," SIR EDWARD, "self."

Why are you always complaining? The public read your novels; the publishers pay for them: you are a lion at dinners, a thing to point at in the streets. What would man have more? It is all very well to put off a clever pinchbeck imitation for gold—we grant the skill of the workmanship and the workman,—but it is too bad to insist on our acknowledging it to be genuine gold, and to call us "common herd," when we give you a sturdy "no."

Forgive your friendly monitor for the tone he has taken towards you. We have no objection to your considering yourself ill-used; but you become a bore when you are always dinning it in our ears. A play of yours is successful—we are "a discriminating public." Your next play is dammed—we are a "common herd." Your *Pilgrims of the Rhine* makes a hit in Germany; you dedicate one edition to the German public, as philosophical critics, or something of the sort.

You must not be allowed to fancy you hold the scales quite so firmly and uncontestedly; that your works are the gauge and test of artistic judgment and taste, in this way; and it is to remind you of this, that we have taken up our pen, with which, nevertheless, we subscribe ourselves,

Your admirer (within limits),

PUNCH.

A Very Good Excuse.

WE have been assured, on the best authority, that the absence of the Sun is attributable solely to the fact, that since he has acquired so much fame by his photogenic pictures, he has been keeping out of the way for fear he should be made *President of the Royal Academy*.

THE DROP SCENES OF LONDON.

THE LYCEUM.

We are not aware to whose four pound brush, and ingenious paint-pot, we are indebted for the design of the Lyceum Drop, but there can be no doubt that his whole soul was in his pipkin, when he imagined the extraordinary scene with which he has enriched the gallery of dramatic drop-scenes in this metropolis. The character of the landscape is decidedly pastoral—though some fruit and bottles in one corner shows that "apples, oranges, ginger-beer, bottled-porter, and a bill of the play," were all running in the artist's head when he made the design which is the subject of our critical comments. The principal object in the picture—and a precious object we must admit

him to be—is a sage, while at the feet of the sage some onions are growing, which may be said to be quite in character.

The sage, by the bye, has got a book in his hand, and his eyes seem to be starting out of his head—drawn probably by the onions immediately under him. His cottage in the background is smoking away at such a rate as to lead one to suppose that the sage has not tried the patent apparatus for curing chimneys, or that the Smoke Prohibition Bill does not extend to this particularly pastoral district. A party of Irish reapers are kicking up a species of fillaloo under a large tree, which combines the trunk of the oak with the leaves of the gooseberry, the flowers of the daffodowndilly, and the fruit of the pine-apple. An enormous thistle in the foreground has been thrown in to show that the sage is not such a donkey as he looks, or the thistle would not be safe within only a few yards of him. Altogether the picture is a proof of the triumph of scene-painting over the difficulties which Nature throws in the way of the artist.

The few sheep in the foreground are dreadfully woolly, but they tell a little story of themselves; for when we look at the one standing up, we are enabled to say, with the poet, "thereby hangs a tale" of no common order.

PUNCH ON THE SILKWORM.

So dazzling is the magnificence of the ladies' dresses at the balls and assemblies of the nobility and gentry, that it is but a safe precaution, on entering one, to put on a pair of green spectacles. The finery, however, in a short time becomes tolerable; and then the now thinking mind inquires, what did it cost? We refer that question, in a financial sense, to the Lords—and gentlemen—whom it concerns, and who will discuss it, no doubt, with a due proportion of groans. Fine fashions cost something more than fine fortunes. Silks, it is well known, cannot be produced without silkworms; but it is not known as generally that their making up involves the sacrifice of numbers of those poor things.

The silkworms we allude to possess legs and arms, which are not, however, by any means in the condition in which arms and legs ought to be. These said silkworms are very generally kept shut up in close, ill-aired cages, at work, not only from morning to night, but also from morning to morning, in consequence of which they are mostly very sickly, and numbers of them are continually dying off. Need we say that our silkworms are the creatures commonly known as Needle-women? Now the disease most incidental and most fatal to these human silkworms is Consumption. It is a shocking, though very common, occurrence, to hear of a young lady destroyed in her prime by the malady just mentioned; whose origin it is no less common to hear ascribed to a cold caught at a ball. Now, as the atmosphere of Almack's is much more consumptive than that of Billingsgate, and as dances in the open air on a village green are considerably less dangerous than at the Hanover Square Rooms, we have our doubts about the connexion of the disease, in such cases, with cold.

The question has been mooted, whether consumption is contagious. We do not mean to assert that it is; and we would not frighten anybody, especially a sensitive young lady, or her anxious mamma, unnecessarily; but we do declare that we should not, were it consistent with our sex, at all like to be in the frocks of those whose dresses have been worked by consumptive fingers. We shall say no more on this subject, except that we hope we have now thrown out a little hint, which may induce those for whom it is intended to interest themselves, for their own sakes, in behalf of the over-worked silkworms.

THE

INDIAN MAIL AT BOULOGNE.

Awful complaints are made of the treatment of the Indian Mail on its arrival at Boulogne. The officer in charge of it is obliged to go begging with the letter-bags before he can find any steamer that will take him and his bag-gage for the shabby sum that the Government allows him to cross the Channel. While the *Times* has a boat, at fifteen pounds a day, waiting to bring over its separate express, and the *Herald* goes to the same expense for the same purpose, the British Government allows its officer only a five-pound note to make the best bargain he can with any one who will take him as a passenger. One day the unfortunate man was compelled to go to sea in an open boat, a party of fishermen having agreed to get the poor fellow and his letters across somehow or other, for the shabby stipend that he was enabled to offer them. A squall, however, came up, and the Indian Mail, with the officer in charge, were nearly going to the bottom, when the packet, returning from carrying over the *Times* dispatch, picked up the representative of the British post-office, and towed him with all his letters back to port again. The position in which he is sometimes placed by not being able to go higher than a "five-pun note," for his conveyance across the Channel, is sometimes very distressing. He is obliged to haggle with steam-boat captains, and very frequently gets hooted after by the very cabin boys, as "the cove wot wants to go across by hexpress, and harn't got the money to pay for it." Sometimes he has a row in broken French with the owners of the fishing-boats, and he has been several times threatened with the fate of the Noyades, for offering a paltry *cent-vingt-cinq francs* for what the mariners declare *vaut bien mieux que cela*, on account of the importance of the expedition, and the danger attending it. Something should be done immediately to provide the means of safe and speedy transit for the Indian Mail on its arrival at Boulogne.

Railway Returns.

The profits annually returned on railways are something enormous; but the largest item in railway returns bids fair to be the list of the killed and wounded.

CHEAP TOURS.

We understand that a company is being formed for the purpose of accommodating the public with cheap tours by taking them in parties of from four or six, to forty or sixty, on small excursions, at very reduced prices. The first experiment is to be tried with the *Daisy*, which is to be chartered for Chelsea, and will take a four hours' excursion, taking in its passengers at London Bridge, stopping at the Temple, to enable the excursionists to view the beautiful gardens of that enchanting neighbourhood. The steam will be then got up, and the tourists will proceed to Hungerford, where the vessel will be made fast, to allow of a guide coming on board, who will give some particulars of the commerce, arts, science, literature, and population of the locality. The vessel will then be steered southward, and will remain long enough at the foot of Westminster Bridge to allow an antiquarian to be taken on board, who will read a paper on the history of the bridge, and will show some specimens of shells found during the repairs under one of the centre arches.

The antiquarian will be put ashore at Millbank, and a clergyman will be shipped, who will explain the revenues of the see of Canterbury, and recite an ode to Lambeth Palace. The reverend gentleman will disembark at Vauxhall, and a comic singer will be introduced in his place, to sing a comic song about railroads, which will continue until the arrival of the vessel at Battersea, when a Professor of Chemistry will join the party, and deliver a lecture on Chemistry, winding up by administering the laughing gas. At Chelsea the Captain of the steamer will dance a naval hornpipe on the paddle-box, and the passengers may have an opportunity of promenading on the pier, after which they will proceed on their homeward voyage. We understand that the whole of this is expected to be accomplished for the small charge of eightpence each person.

ERROR OF THE PRESS.

"Dear Punch, "*Fulham Road.*

"You were facetiously pleased to kill me in your last number. I beg you will bring me to life again in your next.

"My change of name and residence has deceived you. You evidently thought I had gone the way of all metropolitan turnpikes, but no such luck, old fellow. You will find me about fifty yards down the same road, looking all the better for the change of air. The fact is, I could not stand the smoke of town at this time of the year, so I have taken this little box in the country. I shall be very happy to see you whenever you are coming this way.

"Till then, Dear *Punch*,
"I remain, on the Fulham Road,
"Your turnpike to command,
"The Sandford Bridge Gate.
"Late the Queen's Elm, retired."

THE AGE OF AIR.

We have had Ages of Iron, Bronze, and other metals; but the present times appear to be tending towards an Age of Air. We are, it seems, to be blown along on atmospheric railways, and balloons are now advertised to start regularly from all the suburban places of amusement. Mr. Green is to go up, or is about to go up, by moonlight, and we understand that in order to make sure of a moon on the night that it would be wanted, an arrangement has been made with Mr. Bradwell to fix the original Colosseum moon, "for that night only," over the gardens which the balloon is advertised to start from.

To revert, however, to the Age of Air. We perceive that a new periodical has been started, called the *Balloon*, and addressed especially to aeronauts. As we believe the number of aeronauts in England comprises a small bunch of Greens, a couple of Grahams, and one Hampton, who pass up every now and then in a balloon about as high as the chimneys, and then flop down again, the writers in the *Balloon*—we mean the paper, not the silk—must address themselves to a very limited circle. Nevertheless, this is an Age of Air; and the innumerable railway bubbles that are being continually blown is of itself sufficient to prove our statement.

Metropolitan Improvement.

To diversify appropriately the West End of the town, and for the accommodation of the refined lounger, we recommend that concerns like the sandwich and ale shops should be instituted in its chief streets and squares, with the following announcement in the windows:—"Established to supply the fashionable public with a slice of pine-apple and a glass of champagne for one shilling."

THE BRITISH LION BANKRUPT!

The world must remember how Sir Culling Smith talked about the British Lion at the time of the Maynooth Grant debate. "The British Lion was at length aroused," and would never again become passant, until it had torn every vestige of Popery to bits. It delighted us to hear the baronet talk so confidently of the Lion's intentions. It proved to us that he was in habits of closest intimacy with the magnanimous brute. That, like Van Amburgh with the vulgar beast, he could put his head in the British Lion's mouth, and know its innermost mystery: that, with Wordsworth, he could say—

"And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine."

Nevertheless, though we admired the prophetic boldness of Sir Culling, it may be recollected that we then somewhat doubted the truth of his predictions. We believed that the Lion after lashing its tail, and roaring, and pacing up and down, and crunching the Maynooth grant—that shin of beef thrown to Ireland—in its jaws, would go to sleep just like any of Mr. Tyler's lions in the Surrey Gardens.

We thought this would be the extent of its pusillanimity. But no! the British Lion, so rampant in Exeter Hall, so vociferous, so indomitable, is become a whining pauper! We give evidence of the leonine shame. The Central Anti-Maynooth Committee (one of the British Lion's many aliases,) have put forth a petition begging for supplies, stating that "the Protestant cause may be greatly impaired by any delay in the payment of their debts."

And is it come to this? The terrific Lion, with its eye of burning coal, and its attitude of terrible menace,—the British Lion with a hang-dog look, squatted, like a blind man's cur, upon its hind legs, begging ignominiously for a halfpenny!

Oh, champions of the Protestant cause! and will you—like mendicants—lead about the British Lion in a string? Will you—can you, considering the pet that Lion was to you,—can you see the shamefaced creature brought to such a strait? Should you not rather hush up its state of destitution, and, tender of its reputation, subscribe silently to supply its necessities? If you do not this, what a shame will fall upon you! Hard-judging men will suspect that, with all your veneration for the British Lion, you care not to sacrifice its dignity to a love of your own lucre; that with all your professed affection for the magnanimous brute, you hesitate not to sell it for the vilest purposes: that you would not stickle to barter its mane for chair-stuffing, its tail for a bell-rope, and its royal hide for a door-mat!

Heroes of the Protestant cause! Mouth-martyrs of Exeter Hall! If you have no ready cash, melt down your plate.

Military Justice.

There have been several revolting cases of military flogging at Winchester. We propose that the classical figure of Justice be altered for the especial use of the Army. The sword should be taken from her, as an instrument not cutting deep enough, and the cat-o'-nine-tails put into her hand instead. The bandage over her eyes should remain the same; for it would never do for Justice to see the cruelties that are practised in the Army under her sacred name.

Punch's Regency.

INTRODUCTION.

THE only man of any mark
In all the town remaining,
I sauntered in St. James's Park,
And watched the daylight waning.
"The SPEAKER's lips," I said, "are sealed,
They 've shut up both the Houses;
SIR ROBERT 's gone to Turnabout field,
SIR JAMES to shoot the grouses.
The QUEEN and all the Court are out
In Germany and Flanders,
And, happy midst his native *kraut*,
My princely ALBERT wanders.
No more the dumpy Palace arch
The Royal Standard graces;
Alone, upon his lonely march,
The yawning sentry paces."
Beneath an elm-tree, on a bank,
I mused, (for tired my hunch was,)
And there in slumber soft I sank,
And this the dream of *Punch* was.

THE DREAM.

I dreamed it was a chair of gold,
The grassy bank I sat on;
I dreamed SAINT EDWARD'S sceptre old
I wielded for a baton.
Men crowded to my throne, the elm,
In reverend allegiance;
And *Punch* was publish'd through the realm,
The jolliest of Regents.

Back came the ministerial rout
From touring and carousing;
Back came SIR BOB from Turnabout,
And back SIR JAMES from grousing.
I turn'd upon a scornful heel,
When GRAHAM ask'd my favour;
I sternly banish'd BOBBY PEEL
To Turnabout for ever.

To courtly ABERDEEN, I sent
A mission influential,
To serve the Yankee President
As Flunky Confidential.
LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX in banishment
I order'd to Old Reekie,
And STANLEY to New Zealand went
Ambassador to Heki.

And KELLY, whom the world assails,
But whom the bar takes fame from,
I made Lord Viscount New South Wales
Where poor JOHN TAWELL came from.
And then I asked His Grace, the Duke,
What ministers to go to,
On which he generously took
The Cabinet *in toto*.

O'then'! all other reigns which shine
Upon our page domestic,
Were mean and dim compared to mine,
That Regency majestic.
And ages hence the English realm
Shall tell the wondrous legend
Of *Punch*, when at the nation's helm,
HER MAJESTY'S High Regent.

Around my empire's wide frontier
No greedy bully swaggered,
Nor swindling Yankee buccaneer,
Nor savage Gallic braggart.
For threats and arms were flung aside,
And war-ships turned to traders,
And all our ports were opened wide,
To welcome the invaders.

At home the cottier coursed his hare,
Beside the Duke his neighbour;
The weaver got his living fair
For his ten hours of labour.

And every man without employ
Got beef—not bones—to feed on,
And every little working boy
His page of *Punch* could read on.

And Irishmen learned common sense,
And prudence brought them riches;
Repeal ceased pilfering for pence
In PADDY'S mended breeches.
Old DAN was grown too rich to beg,
And in a Union jolly
I linked MAC HALE with TRESHAM GREGG,
And BERESFORD with CROLLY.

Then gentlemen might earn their bread,
And think there was no shame in 't;
And at my court might hold their head
Like any Duke or Dame in 't.
A Duchess and her governess
The same quadrille I clapt in;
I asked old WELLINGTON to mess,
And meet a half-pay Captain.

The Bar and Press I reconciled
(They thanked me one and all for 't),
Benignantly the Thunderer smiled
On MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD * * *
I know not where my fancy strayed,
My dream grew wilder—bolder—
When suddenly a hand was laid
Full roughly on my shoulder.

It was the Guardian of the Park,—
The sun was sunk in Heaven;
"Git up," says he, "it 's after dark,
We shuts at half-past seven."
And so I rose and shook myself,
And, *satiatus ludi*,
Resigned the crown to ROYAL GUELPH,
And went to tea to JUDY.

A Comfort to Travellers.

WE have just seen a new invention, called "The Railway Pocket Companion." It is the size of a *Court Guide*, and contains a small bottle of water, a tumbler, a complete set of surgical instruments, a packet of lint, and directions for making a will. It is very elegant, being bound to look like a book of poetry, and its utility cannot be doubted for a moment when the bills of mortality are proving every day the great charms of railway travelling. We can conscientiously declare that the "Railway Travelling Companion" should be in the pocket of every gentleman who is in the habit of going on a railroad. It should be sold at every station.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

SCIENCE is generally represented with a lighted torch in her hand. This will account for some of the atrocities that have lately followed from the so-called scientific expedition of the French into the interior of Algiers.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXX.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS OF THE "TURTLE-DOVERY."—DISCOVERS BLACK-BEETLES.—THINKS IT "NOTHING BUT RIGHT" THAT CAUDLE SHOULD SET UP A CHAISE.

TUSH! You'd never have got me into this wilderness of a place, MR. CAUDLE, if I'd only have thought what it was. Yes, that's right: throw it in my teeth that it was my choice—that 's manly, isn't it? When I saw the place the sun was out, and it looked beautiful—now, it 's quite another thing. No, MR. CAUDLE; I don't expect you to command the sun,—and if you talk about JOSHUA in that infidel way, I'll leave the bed. No, sir; I don't expect the sun to be in your power, but that 's nothing to do with it. I talk about one thing, and you always start another. But that 's your art.

"I'm sure a woman might as well be buried alive as live here. In fact, I am buried alive; I feel it. I stood at the window three hours this blessed day, and saw nothing but the postman. No: it isn't a pity that I hadn't something better to do; I had plenty: but that 's my business, MR. CAUDLE. I suppose I'm to be mistress of my own house? If not, I 'd better leave it.

"And the very first night we were here, you know it, the black-beetles came into the kitchen. If the place didn't seem spread all over with a black cloth, I 'm a story-teller. What are you coughing at, MR. CAUDLE? I see nothing to cough at. But that 's just your way of sneering. Millions of black-beetles! And as the clock strikes eight, out they march. What? *They're very punctual?* I know that. I only wish other people were half as punctual: 'twould save other people's money, and other people's peace of mind. You know I hate a black-beetle! No: I don't hate so many things. But I do hate black-beetles, as I hate ill-treatment, MR. CAUDLE. And now I have enough of both, goodness knows!

"Last night they came into the parlour. Of course, in a night or two, they 'll walk up into the bed-room. They 'll be here—regiments of 'em—on the quilt. But what do you care? Nothing of the sort ever touches you: but you know how they come to me; and that 's why you 're so quiet. A pleasant thing to have black-beetles in one's bed! *Why don't I poison 'em?* A pretty matter, indeed, to have poison in the house! Much you must think of the dear children. A nice place, too, to be called the Turtle-Dovery! *Didn't I christen it myself?* I know that,—but then I knew nothing of the black-beetles. Besides, names of houses are for the world outside; not that anybody passes to see ours. Didn't MRS. DIGBY insist on calling their new house 'Love-in-Idleness,' though everybody knew that that wretch DIGBY was always beating her? Still, when folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside. In this world, MR. CAUDLE, names are sometimes quite as good as things.

"That cough again! You've got a cold, and you 'll always be getting one—for you 'll always be missing the omnibus as you did on Tuesday,—and always be getting wet. No constitution can stand it, CAUDLE. You don't know what I felt when I heard it rain on Tuesday, and thought you might be in it. What? *I'm very good?* Yes, I trust so: I try to be so, CAUDLE. And so, dear, I've been thinking that we 'd better keep a chaise. *You can't afford it, and you won't?* Don't tell me: I know you 'd save money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out in omnibuses; and if you 'd a chaise of your own—besides the gentility of the thing—you 'd be money in pocket. And then again, how often I could go with you to town,—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, dear? Now, you're obliged to be hurried away, I know it, when, if you 'd only a carriage of your own, you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after your work, you want enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect you always to run home directly to me: and I don't, CAUDLE; and you know it.

"A nice, neat, elegant little chaise. What? *You 'll think of it?* There's a love! You are a good creature, CAUDLE; and 't will make me so happy to think you don't depend upon an omnibus. A sweet little carriage, with our arms beautifully painted on the panels. What? *Arms are rubbish; and you don't know that you have any?* Nonsense: to be sure you have—and if not, of course they 're to be had for money. I wonder where CHALKPIT'S, the milkman's arms came from? I suppose you can buy 'em at the same place. He used to drive a green cart; and now he 's got a close yellow carriage, with two large tortoise-shell cats, with their whiskers as if dipt in cream, standing on their hind legs upon each door, with a heap of Latin underneath. You may buy the carriage, if you please, MR. CAUDLE; but unless your arms are there, you won't get me to enter it. Never! I 'm not going to look less than MRS. CHALKPIT.

"Besides, if you haven't arms, I 'm sure my family have, and a wife's arms are quite as good as a husband's. I 'll write to-morrow to dear mother, to know what we took for our family arms. What do you say? What? *A mangle in a stone-kitchen proper?* MR. CAUDLE, you 're always insulting my family—always: but you shall not put me out of temper to-night. Still, if you don't like our arms, find your own. I dare say you could have found 'em fast enough, if you 'd married MISS PRETTYMAN. Well, I will be quiet; and I won't mention that lady's name. A nice lady she is! I wonder how much she spends in paint! Now, don't I tell you I won't say a word more, and yet you will kick about!

"Well, we 'll have the carriage and the family arms? No, I don't want the family legs too. Don't be vulgar, MR. CAUDLE. You might, perhaps, talk in that way before you 'd money in the Bank; but it doesn't at all become you now. The carriage and the family arms! We 've a country-house as well as the CHALKPITS; and though they praise their place for a little Paradise, I dare say they 've quite as many black-beetles as we have, and more too. The place quite looks it.

"Our carriage and our arms! And you know, love, it won't cost much—next to nothing—to put a gold band about SAM'S hat on a Sunday. No: I don't want a full-blown livery. At least, not just yet. I 'm told the CHALKPITS dress their boy on a Sunday like a dragon-fly; and I don't see why we shouldn't do what we like with our own SAM. Nevertheless, I 'll be content with a gold-band, and a bit of pepper-and-salt. No: I shall not cry out for plush next; certainly not. But I will have a gold band, and—*You won't; and I know it?* Oh yes! that 's another of your crotchets, MR. CAUDLE; like nobody else—you don't love liveries. I suppose when people buy their sheets, or their table-cloths, or any other linen, they 've a right to mark what they like upon it, haven't they? Well, then? You buy a servant, and you mark what you like upon him, and where 's the difference? None, that I can see."

"Finally," says CAUDLE, "I compromised for a gig: but SAM did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE GEESE.

WE have often heard of the "royal game of goose," but never knew its difficult rules until now. We have learned them from the *Times'* Spanish correspondent, who writes from San Sebastian, whereat a grand fête has been given to the Queens and Infanta of Spain. Bulls were slaughtered, horses gored, and the necks of live geese torn from their bodies. Delicate pleasures for susceptible minds! We give the correspondent's account of this new royal game of goose:—

"Between two ships a large rope hung across the sea, and in the middle was tied a live goose, whose neck was to be wrung off by men who jumped up for this purpose from boats which passed under the rope; and, really, seeing these men one after the other jump from the boat and rise in the air, each holding the bird's head fast in his hand, was not the least amusing part, could one have divested one's-self of the barbarity of the spectacle. Then both dived under the water, and afterwards rose higher than ever. This was sometimes repeated several times; but at last, when the man succeeded in wringing off the goose's neck, down he went into the water, and the boat returned to pick him up."

This may be called a truly national game: and it has this advantage over national games in general; it contains a deep meaning, a serious lesson, if men will but learn it. The goose—so we interpret this pretty piece of sport—is any Spaniard who may be fool enough to hope to keep a high station in Spain by honest, honourable means: the fellows who jump at it, are his countrymen, who would wring off his neck, that, under the tuition of the QUEEN DOWAGER, the little QUEEN Regnant, might laugh to see such pastime. Any of our readers who doubt the truth of our interpretation, we refer to BALDOMERO ESPARTERO, Regent's Park, the goose that was too honest for modern Spain.

SHOCKING IGNORANCE OF THE BISHOPS.

DEEPLY do we regret to hear that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are in the darkest state of worldly ignorance. Many of the Bishops, it will hardly be believed in the nineteenth century, appear to be wholly destitute of the commonest knowledge of arithmetic. The consequence is, the body is in a state of bankruptcy. What sort of dividend may be obtained for the benefit of the poor churches, we cannot precisely say; but, in many cases, it is believed that the sum will not exceed a farthing in the pound. There is, however, some comfort left to the Christian mind in the contemplation of one pleasing fact; that if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have, in some instances, failed to provide for the spiritual wants of the people, they have in no case whatever neglected to build or purchase palaces for the Bishops. Thus, if Rochester need a church or so, it must not repine at the want, seeing that Rochester's Bishop is housed at the expense of 30,000*l.*! Again, the Bishop of Ripon cannot be decently lodged under 16,000*l.*; and the Bishop of Lincoln has required no less a sum for a roof to cover him. And then the shocking mistakes in the matter of Bishops' salaries! We learn that the Bishop of Durham, whose income was to be cut down to the apostolic sum of 8,000*l.* a year, has by some pleasing blunder received 18,000*l.* The Bishop of Salisbury, too, has been involved in a like error, taking 17,000*l.* instead of 5,000*l.* Heavy complaints are made against the Bishop of London, who is said to have bolted the whole of the commission—a common case, that we have before touched upon in the School of Bad Designs—and wherever he goes, carries it about with him. Yet we can hardly believe this, recollecting, as we do, his Lordship's late touching appeal in the City for funds for the spiritual necessities of the destitute English. That the commission, however, is insolvent is not to be doubted: a calamity to be of course attributed to the all unworldly ways of the reverend members. It has been said of a humble member of the Church, that "Ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side." In like manner, however irregular the arithmetic of the commission, it is always found to lean to the side of the Bishops. Their commission account, it is true, is in terrible disorder; but their own bank-books, we may rely upon it, are straightforward enough; clear "as proofs of Holy Writ."

Again, it has been often disputed what makes a Church. One controversialist says the Bishops,—another the congregation. Thus, after all, in the expenditure of between two or three millions of money the Bishops may have regulated the outlay in a manner perfectly consistent with their orthodoxy. They had the money to expend upon churches. Bishops are churches; *ergo*, the funds should be laid out upon themselves. If they have given any portion thereof for the erection of stone and brick edifices, the greater the virtue of the donors; seeing that they, the flesh and blood Bishops, are the Church. There is an old story of a play-house manager, that parallels this case.

Business had been very bad. Nothing would drag the people to the theatre. No puff soever would do it, however "craftily qualified." At length the player advertised that he would give the whole proceeds of a certain night "to the poor." The house was crammed. On the following morning the churchwardens waited on the manager to receive the funds. "They are already applied," said the manager, "according to the terms of my bill." "Applied!" cried the churchwardens. "Applied," repeated the manager. "I promised to give the receipts to the poor. I have taken them myself,—I am the poor!"

And, after this fashion, may the Bishops make their defence. "We have expended the money upon ourselves; for we, the Bishops, are the Church."

RAILROAD REFRESHMENTS.

We have sometimes seen, in a pastrycook's window, an announcement of "Soups hot till eleven at night," and we have thought how very hot the said soups must be at ten in the morning; but we defy any soup to be so red hot, so scorchingly and intensely scarifying to the roof of the mouth, as the soup you are allowed just three minutes to swallow at the Wolverton Station of the London and Birmingham Railway. *Punch*, in the course of his peregrinations, a day or two ago, had occasion to travel on this line, and was invited to descend from his carriage to refresh at the Wolverton Station. A smiling gentleman, with an enormous ladle, insinuatingly suggested, "Soup, Sir?" when *Punch*, with his usual courteous affability, replied, "Thank you;" and the gigantic ladle was plunged into a cauldron which hissed with hot fury at the intrusion of the ladle.

We were put in possession of a plate, full of a coloured liquid that actually took the skin off our face by its mere steam. Having paid for the soup, we were just about to put a spoonful to our lips, when a bell was rung, and the gentleman who had suggested the soup, ladled out the soup, and got the money for the soup, blandly remarked, "The train is just off, Sir." We made a desperate thrust of a spoonful into our mouth, but the skin peeled off our lips, tongue, and palate, like the coat off a hot potato. We were compelled to resign our soup, probably to be served out to the passengers by the next arrival.

This is no idle tale, but a sad reality; and the great moral of the tale is, that the soup-vender smiled pleasantly, and evidently enjoyed the fun, which, as a pantomime joke, is not a bad one.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers, stating that our old friend, the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, is about to change its name. We are not aware how this alteration is to be effected, unless it is by marriage, and we have heard that an alliance has long been talked of between this Bridge—which we may be excused for calling a perfect Miss—and the frequently mentioned railway terminus that is expected in the neighbourhood.

Should the union alluded to take place, we shall be happy to give the Bridge away, as we offered to do some little time since, when certain destitute jokers were taking liberties with the object we have from the first so tenderly watched over. We should say the Bridge was capable of a very strong attachment to any Railway in a respectable Station, and by riveting her chains, she may secure a permanent union, which will bring all her troubles and disappointments at last to a Terminus.

We naturally feel some interest in the fate of this Bridge, it having been an adopted child of our own; and the contemplated change of name is pleasing to us, for we know that giving a dog a bad name is equivalent to hanging it,—though giving a Suspension Bridge anything of the same kind, would, if followed by the same result, be exceedingly convenient. We have been accused of gibbeting the Bridge, but if gibbeting be hanging in chains, we have only done for it what the proprietors did themselves at a considerable outlay. If the change of name is to be simply a re-christening, Father Thames will of course officiate, and we shall have no objection to stand sponsor. Notwithstanding what has occurred, by the aid of respectable connections there is no doubt the Bridge will occupy a very useful position.

CONSOLATION FOR THE UNDECORATED.

At length the Marquis of Londonderry is about to receive the distinction long due to his combined ability and modesty. Madame Tussaud, that distinguished patroness of merit, has vouchsafed him promotion. He is to be immediately called up to her exhibition in wax. Hence, he will go down to posterity the very model of a Marquis. The waxen effigy, too, will have a great advantage over the original: for, being what folks call a speaking likeness, it will nevertheless maintain unbroken silence, even though loungers in the exhibition should touch upon the Marquis's "late lamented relative," and his peculiar claims to British gratitude. We understand that the happy thought of adding the Marquis to the other celebrated and notorious characters of Baker Street, arose in the mind of Madame Tussaud from a perusal of the account of the prorogation of Parliament. "On the left below the throne"—thus ran the passage—"stood the Marquis of Londonderry, most superbly dressed in military uniform, and *wearing his many splendid decorations.*" Madame immediately entered into a negotiation with the Marquis's valet, and, regardless of expense, possessed herself of the very suit in which the Marquis wrote his celebrated application to Lord Liverpool for a pension on the score of diplomatic services; an epistle that drew from the Minister those immortal monosyllables—"This is too bad."

Madame T. has forwarded to us an advertisement: but our respect for the Marquis will not permit us to print it among Mechi's razor-strops and Kinahan's LL whiskey: no, it would be a source of pain to us not to exhibit it in the body of our work; and here it is:—

MADAME TUSSAUD presents her respects to Prince Albert (her frequent visitor, as a lover of high art), the Nobility, Gentry, and the veterans of the Peninsula, and begs to state that she has just added the Marquis of Londonderry, with all his orders, to her collection. The orders have been made with startling fidelity to the originals; and such is their number, such their lustre, that to the imaginative eye the bust of the noble Marquis will appear not very unlike the window of a jeweller's shop, whilst to the plebeian mind it may probably suggest the Jack of Diamonds. The limits of an advertisement will not permit Madame T. to enumerate all the decorations. She can only name a few. First, there is the Order of Fraternal Love, bestowed by the late Lord Castlereagh upon the Marquis, for — being his brother. Secondly, there is the Order of the Cooked Goose, granted by the Commons, on their non-acceptance of the Marquis as Ambassador to Russia. Thirdly, there is the Order of the Trunk-makers, presented by the publisher of the Marquis's History of the Peninsular War. (This is in very unexceptionable paste). And, fourthly, there is the Order of the No Go, granted by Lord Liverpool to the Marquis, in lieu of a pension. This order is wrought in the very finest Corinthian brass, and throws, indeed, a fitting lustre on all the other decorations. Admittance, One Shilling. N.B. Peninsular Veterans—Sixpence.

THE JACK OF DIAMONDS.

The "N.B." does equal honour to Madame Tussaud's head and heart. She knows that the bold, impatient men, who have lately clamoured in the ears of Parliament for a decoration of some sort, cannot but receive a wholesome lesson from a contemplation of the waxen Marquis, whose famous original so eloquently rebuked them for "asking" for any honour soever. They will be smitten with repentance when they behold the blaze of decorations on the Marquis's breast and feel—for they must feel it—that he owes every sparkling glory to a modesty that has endeared him to the country at large. They will behold a man who never could ask for anything, not even for a pension.

A BRIDGE WITHOUT ITS PIER IN ENGLAND.

The report that Westminster Bridge is to be pulled down rests, we regret to say, upon the slightest foundation. Many people declare that the bridge is no better than the report.

The Brighton Breakwater.

The proverb which says that misfortunes never come alone, has been fearfully realised in the case of the Brighton Breakwater. The first thing that happened amiss, was the seizing of the Breakwater for debt, and putting a man into possession. This was, in fact, a case of distress, though there were no other signals of distress but the presence of a Sheriff's officer. The bailiff's follower was, however, aroused in the middle of the night by a dreadful jar of the elements, and he found that the fury of the storm had torn the Breakwater from its anchor. The Sheriff, in the person of his officer, was rapidly drifting out to sea, and there seemed every prospect of his being carried across the Northern Ocean, to the distant shores of the Pacific. Nobody in Brighton thought about the Breakwater or the man in possession, until it occurred to the debtor that he might put out to sea in a life-boat and make a bargain. He accordingly rowed out to the Breakwater, where he found the Sheriff's representative, screaming wildly for assistance. After a considerable parley it was agreed that the debt should be cancelled on condition of the debtor baling out the bailiff from the water in which he was already up to his middle. This arrangement having been completed, the parties rowed in the same boat, which they had never done on any previous occasion.

More Speculation.

The latest railway facetiousness has been the announcement of a "Railway and Pier Company for the Island of Jersey." The greatest merit of this new line, we imagine, will be its extreme cheapness. A railway cannot possibly cost much, when it might be conveniently packed, termini and all, into the Exeter 'Change Arcade, and have room for a station to spare. We have not yet seen the prospectus of this new railway, which is only worthy of the kingdom of Lilliput; but we have been told the capital will be 10*l.*, in eight hundred shares of 5*s.* each, and that the deposit will be three-half-pence per share. A great return is expected from the transport of convicts; and, as the Jerseyian authorities always make England their Botany Bay, we are sure no Englishman, who lives on the coast of the Channel, will begrudge the Island of Jersey such a return. We hear that the engineer of the Company brought to town a fac-simile of the railway in his waistcoat-pocket.

THE "AGRICULTURAL MIND."

Ately so much has been said about the Agricultural Mind, that the idea of analysing it has occurred to a distinguished metaphysician; a summary of whose views respecting it we subjoin.

The agricultural is a variety, though an odd one, of the human mind; and, notwithstanding all that has been insinuated to the contrary, is endowed, to a certain extent, with Consciousness, Perception, Conception, Imagination, Memory, and Judgment. We shall say a little—for the less is said, perhaps, the better—of these faculties, in order.

Consciousness.—The agricultural mind possesses a sort of consciousness very similar to the state called a state of beer. It is conscious, just now, of being in a predicament, though it does not know what a predicament is. That predicament may be termed a quandary, similar, in a measure, to that of the blind man in blind-man's-buff; for the agricultural mind is politically quite in the dark, whilst it is jostled about on all sides by all parties, and does not know where to turn, nor whom to lay hold hold of. It has also an obscure consciousness of being humbugged by Sir Robert Peel.

Perception.—What the agricultural mind perceives at all, it perceives clearly, as that black is black, white white, and two and two make four. It perceives pigs, oxen, sheep, and horses, when it sees them; as also corn, hay, clover, turnips, and oats, which it terms "wuts." In short, it perceives just what it sees, but not what it does not see.

Conception.—The agricultural mind, by an effort, can conceive external objects. It can conceive a plough, but it cannot conceive that any kind of plough can be so good as the old one. It conceives chalk, and it conceives cheese, and, in part, the difference between them; but it cannot conceive chalk to be carbonate of lime. However, it seems to conceive one thing rather difficult of conception, which is, how a labourer and his family can live upon seven shillings a week.

Imagination.—The agricultural mind possesses some imagination. It

can imagine a pig-stye or a cow-house, for it can occasionally plan those edifices. It is likewise apt, on very slender grounds, to imagine that the country is going to the dogs, and itself to the workhouse. It cannot, however, imagine fields ploughed by steam, or crops raised by electricity, or how anybody could be mad enough to think such things possible. Nor can it, nor ever could it, imagine what Parliament is about.

Memory.—In general, the memory of the agricultural mind is short; though it can sometimes remember what happened to it a week ago. It can remember, too, for a long time, when wheat was so much, that is, very much, a load. It can also remember promises made by "Farmers' Friends," at the last election; as, without the aid of Major Beniowski, it will probably show on the next.

Judgment.—The agricultural mind is a good judge of horse-flesh, and of the conflicting pretensions of fat cattle; and, though it does not usually understand chaff, forms, ordinarily, a fair judgment of grain. It judges pretty well, too, of the weather: though, in this respect, it often submits its judgment to Moore's Almanack. But Moore, or Murphy, or any other prophet, may be defied to predict weather that will satisfy it.

PROFESSOR BUCKWHEAT EDUCING THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.

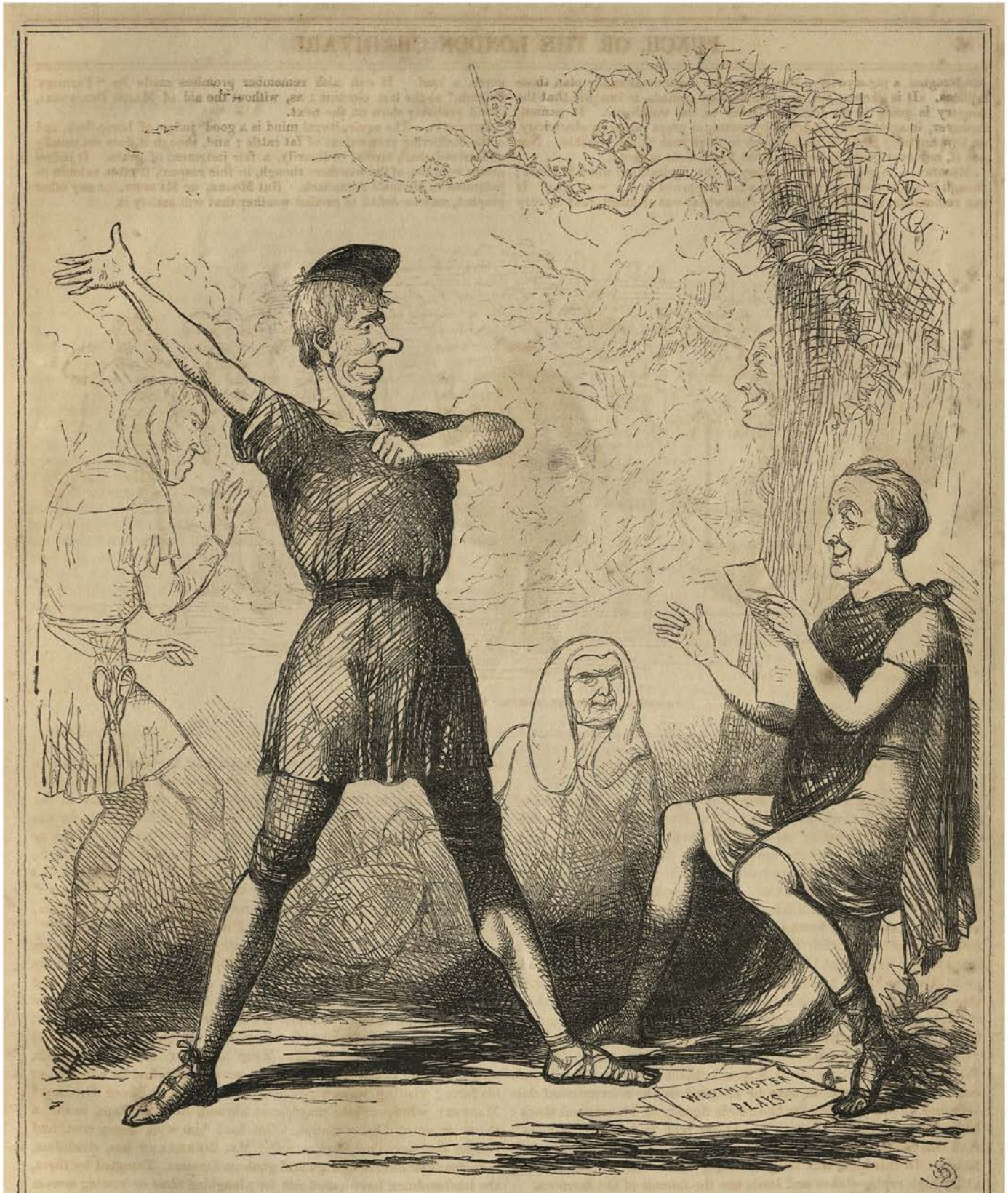
ANOTHER FARMER'S FRIEND.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley has been trying hard, by means of correspondence in the papers, to give Mr. Bright a sort of "punch on the head;" a favourite mode of argument with Mr. Grantley Berkeley. We, however, merely notice these epistles, that we may help to display in the very rosiest hues the peculiar benevolence of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He is another of the farmer's friends. A few more such friends, and woe, indeed, to the English yeoman! Indeed, no human creature ever suffered so much from friendship as the British farmer. He is an Orestes who finds a Pylades in dukes, and lords, and baronets, and honourables. He is quite the pet of the aristocracy, who are continually thinking how they shall best protect and delight their darling. It is a noble thing to contemplate—a matter to make our bosom swell like a mainsail—to think of the friendship of a Duke of Buckingham, a starred and gartered Pythias, for Roger Stack, a humble bacon-eating Damon. We see in this touching amity a proof that however artificial man may become—however he may be elevated on the conventional dais—he has an old yearning for the rustic dignity of his original stock; he needs must fraternise with "good old men in Adam's likeness." And this feeling shows a beautiful homage to the calling of our first father. In this high, this truly affecting sense—for we say nothing about high rents—dukes and lords are the friends of the farmers.

And Mr. Grantley Berkeley, fired with a noble zeal, must also show his friendship. He cries, with the conspirator in the play—though, be it understood, not with his wicked meaning—"let 's all embrace." Different men, however, have different modes of illustrating their regard and affection. Mr. Berkeley—to show the depth and intensity of his friendship for the farmer—would rigorously deny him the luxury of dog or gun. And wherefore? (Ay, now comes out the subtlety of the friendship—now is shown the profound working of the good intention.) Because they should not allure him to the pleasures of the field, and thereby cause him to neglect his farm. As for the paltry consideration of pheasants and partridges, that is nothing; the game has not dust-weight in the balance against this new Berkeleyean theory of friendship for the farmer. Was there ever such tenderness shown by high to low as this? Was there ever manifested such delicacy of sentiment, though, to vulgar eyes, it may seem thickly veiled by the natural fogginess of an Act of Parliament? "An Act for the Preservation of Game!" Why the title is altogether a misnomer—a folly—a bouncing flam. It should run thus: "An Act for the Preservation of the Farmer."

True benevolence is creative: sympathy begets sympathy, as upon moved waters circle begets circle. Hence, profoundly touched by the peculiar tenderness of Mr. Berkeley towards the farmer, and acknowledging its suggestiveness, we would propose that in all cases rents should be at least doubled. As they at present are, it is evident that their very lightness acts as an inducement to idleness and extravagance upon the tenant. Keep him poor, and you keep him temperate and industrious. Let him save money, and he will neglect his farm; visiting watering-places, following Her Most Gracious Majesty wherever she may jaunt abroad, and, perhaps, hazard a throw or so at Baden-Baden. But load him with heavy rent, and you fix him anxiously to the soil. Mr. Berkeley has, doubtless, seen the fatal effects of dogs and guns on farmers. Tempted by them, the husbandmen have cared not for ploughing time or sowing season—their constant song has been the careless carol of *Hawthorn* in the opera,—*While I have my dog and my gun!* Hence, Mr. Berkeley would reclaim the tenants. Fire-arms are denied to children, lest they shoot themselves; fowling-pieces are not to be permitted to farmers, lest they shoot their fortunes!

Under every circumstance, we pity the farmer, persecuted as he is by friends; and would advise him, if possible, to renounce the friendship of nobles, and, reversing the rule of *Mrs. Malaprop*, to end, if possible, with "a little aversion."



RECESS RECREATIONS;

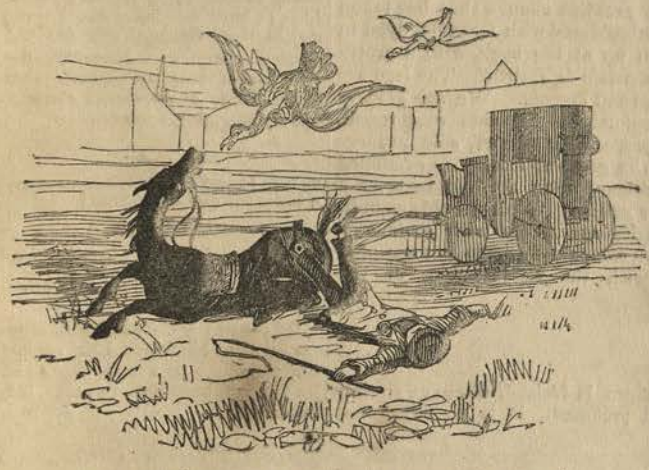
OR, REHEARSING FOR A WESTMINSTER PLAY.

"*Bottom.* Let me play the lion: I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roar again: Let him roar again. * * * * * * I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, SCENE II.

THE GREAT DESERT OF LONDON.

THE Desert we are about to write upon is not the sandy waste of Libya, for it would be waste indeed of our valuable time to write on sand, for posterity would find no trace left, and this is what *Punch* could never think of submitting to. The Desert of London has a strange peculiarity, namely, that it assumes the character of the Desert only during a certain period of the year, which is generally during the months of August, September, and October. It is divided, like the great African concern, into two unequal parts—that to the West being called the Western, or Regent Street, Desert, and that to the East, the Great City Desert, or the Waste of Fleet Street. There are a few spots called Oases, like islands in the ocean, and the Stock Exchange is just now the great Oasis of the City, where the inhabitants that still remain in the Desert of the East, may daily be seen to congregate. It would be difficult to point out an eligible oasis in the Desert of the West, for the Italian Opera, which offered an asylum until the latter end of August, became by that time as dreary a waste as the rest of the western regions.

The Caravans that traverse the Desert are omnibuses, the drivers and conductors of which thirst in vain for a good draft—of passengers. MALTE-BRUN informs us that "the caravans describe a tortuous road, in order to profit by the Oases;" and in the Great London Desert an omnibus will go roundabout ways in the vague hope of passing some Oasis where it may be possible to pick up a passenger. Such is the awful influence of the terrible Simoom, that the cab horse has been known to drop exhausted for want of water, like the



THE DYING CAB-HORSE IN THE GREAT DESERT OF LONDON.

camels, which in the year 1805 fell victims to a dearth of that delicious, but—when unmixed with alcohol—decidedly feeble element.

Running out of the Great Western Desert are numerous tracts, including the strong pass of Pall Mall, with its great solitudes, known as the Clubs, which form its southern boundary. Connected by the equally sterile Strand it joins the Fleet Street Desert, from which it is only separated by a rocky pile, called Temple Bar, giving a duller aspect to the dismal solitude. Crossing the river by the now unfrequented pass of Blackfriars, we again meet with a vast sandy tract, known as Blackfriars Road, and occupying the whole space between the dismal river, and scarcely less dismal Bedlam.

Proceeding eastwards we come to two Oases at the foot of London Bridge, where a wharf on one side, and a railway terminus on the other, afford an opportunity to the wretched inhabitants to fly on the wings of steam as far as possible from the eastern and western Deserts of London.

The doomed individuals who are compelled to remain may be seen wandering about in a state of listless exhaustion, while a settled melancholy pervades every countenance, and the passenger sinks under the fatigue of hailing a cab, and the cabman is scarcely capable of the effort of responding to the summons.

SONG OF THE UNREPORTED BARRISTER.

OH! no, they never mention me,
My name is never heard;
The press has now refused to speak
That unimportant word.
From Court to Court I hurry me,
But sad is my regret;
For, even should I win a fee,
No notice can I get.

They bid me seek at Common Law
The business others gain,
But if I e'en tried Chancery
My efforts would be vain.
'Tis true that many I behold
Who by reporting get
What I ne'er could, by pen or fee,
To my extreme regret.

They tell me there are many now,
Who in their early day
Were aided by the press, but I
Don't care for what they say.
I only know I 've struggled hard
Reporter's work to get,
But can't; and so 'gainst those who can,
I 'll make the deadest set.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

To the Poor Law Commissioners: The Humble Petition of the Inmates of the Andover Union Workhouse.

"WHEREAS the undersigned, Your Petitioners, now under sentence of imprisonment for their poverty in the Andover workhouse, have been constrained by extreme hunger, to gnaw the bones of horses and other animals, which they were employed to crush, in order to appease the same; and whereas, such bones being in a state unfit for human consumption, your said Petitioners fear that a further recourse to that expedient will entail on them divers diseases, and ultimately death, a punishment which, they venture to hope, you will esteem somewhat too grievous for their offences:

"And whereas, in divers parts of the county of Hampshire, certain animals called swine are greatly over-fed, and thereby rendered much fatter than any pork ought rightly to be:

"And further whereas, in the said county and elsewhere, large quantities of potato-peelings and turnip-rinds, are daily thrown and cast away, of which turnip-rinds and potato-peelings Your Petitioners would be very glad:

"Your Petitioners humbly request that your Honourable Board will, in such manner as your wisdom may direct, cause a reasonable quantity of the species of food termed grains, now and heretofore consumed by the said swine, and also of the rinds and peelings cast away as aforesaid, to be collected and allotted to the use of Your Petitioners, that their bodies may be sustained by a better and less noxious kind of offal than what they have been reduced to devour. For Your Petitioners assure you that they would fain partake of the refuse of the kitchen, and of the grain which the swine aforesaid do eat.

"And Your Petitioners, as by their chaplain taught, and as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c."

(*Here follow the marks and other signatures of the Petitioners.*)

Royal Reward.

BARON HUMBOLDT, and other literary gentlemen, were invited to dinner by the KING OF PRUSSIA, expressly to meet the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. The Baron was delighted with the affability of HER MAJESTY, who, by her easy familiarity, showed how much she had been accustomed in her own country to the society of the most eminent literary characters. Previous to her departure, the QUEEN conferred on BARON HUMBOLDT the Grand Cross of the "Order of Merit," which was instituted by HER MAJESTY for the encouragement of science and literature. We must state that the Order was the wonder and admiration of every one in the room, as, singular to say, a specimen of it had never been seen, or even heard of, on the Continent before!

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FASHIONS IN PARIS.

WE have just seen the last number of the *Petit Courrier des Messieurs*—a journal devoted to the embellishment of mankind in general, and Frenchmen in particular. The plate of Fashions this month gives another proof of the pride the French take in their civilisation of Algiers. Their dress now consists of the same articles as the savage tribes they have conquered, and they are worn so naturally, that if it were not the grace that distinguishes the Frenchman at all times from the savage, it would be impossible to tell the one from the other. A real tomahawk has superseded the walking-stick, and an elegant calumet the common cigar "*de régie*." But the greatest change that has taken place in the Frenchman is decidedly in the head. The hair is richly embroidered with feathers, dyed in a new colour, called the "*nuance du sang*;" and the ringlets are taken up at the back with a pretty little bone, brought from Algiers, where the soldiers wear it as a "*Souvenir de Dahra*." The legs are bandaged with a kind of rich cordage made in imitation of little twigs and faggots. We are glad to see that Frenchmen have thrown off the cloak, and will assume henceforth the Algerian wrap-rascal. This is made of the roughest sheepskin, smoked all over, with a new preparation of turf, sold in large quantities under the name of "*Pélissier*." In these new fashions the greatest luxury is combined with the commonest objects, in order to show the world that a Frenchman, when he does take off a barbarian, does it with an air that is quite beyond the reach of other nations. We hope this complimentary attention to costume will have the good effect of ingratiating the Arabs with their new conquerors, by convincing them that MARSHAL BUGEAUD and his brave companions have not scrupled to sink the Frenchman, in order to be identified the more closely with the worst habits of the barbarian.

THE ORANGE LION.

THERE has been what is called a Great Protestant Demonstration at Lisburn in Ireland, where an entirely new animal, worth any money we should say to WOMBWELL, has been produced. It is no other than "an Orange Lion!" At Lisburn, gentlemen—alive—alive! Listen to the words of the showman, a MR. HUDSON:—

"The Orange lion *had risen* in his might. (Loud cheers.) He stood beside the Crown, *where he had ever stood.* (Cheers.) His roar was heard abroad (loud cheers)—his mane was erect (loud cheers)—and Repeal, Popery, and Peelery, were already crouching before him. (Loud cheers.)"

After this, we think, the British Lion of Exeter Hall may curl his tail round his legs, and go to sleep like any puppy dog. SIR EARDLEY SMITH'S Lion is done for by the Orange Lion, that has just "*risen* in his might" beside the Crown, "where he had *ever stood*;" a Lion, it will be acknowledged, of wondrous powers of action. But we have expected this all along. A wonder is never long permitted to remain unrivalled. A cobbler finds a Singing Mouse; and a fishmonger immediately lights upon a Whistling Oyster. A Yankee brings over a TOM THUMB, and, presto! we have a family of dwarfs from Germany. A vile spirit of imitation is the low, creeping spirit of the age. If the phœnix were caught to-morrow morning, we should have phœnixes advertised, common as pheasants, at poulterers'. SIR E. SMITH and MR. HUDSON, like rival showmen at a fair, may each call upon the whole world to walk up to see his peculiar Lion; but we fear his leonine majesty of Orange will for the present carry it. However, the rival bipeds may assail each other in the words of *Bombastes Furioso*, merely changing names:—

Mr. Hudson.

So have I heard, on Afric's burning shore,
A horrid lion give a horrid roar!

Sir E. Smith.

So have I heard, on Afric's burning shore,
Another lion give another roar;
And the last lion thought the first a bore.

Of course, O'CONNELL will, if he see fit, start his Green Lion against the Orange. In a little time, and orators will keep lions in packs, like fox-hounds.

TOO TALL BY A HEAD.

MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL,

PRAY, Sir, are you aware that you are a head taller than you have any *right* to be? In the year 1843 you were pleased to promise that you would achieve repeal within six months, or else "lay your head upon the block." Since then eighteen months have elapsed, whilst neither has the empire been dismembered, nor yourself decapitated. There you go, Sir, with your head on, in defiance of all that is trustworthy. You have thus disappointed Great Britain on the one hand, and Ireland on the other. It is to be hoped that you keep your temperance pledge better than you have kept your pledge to intemperance. You still walk and talk like—very like—one LORD LOVAT; whereas you ought to bear yourself, and your head, like ST. DENIS.

Your head must be more brazen than FRIAR BACON'S to remain where it is. True, it has diminished somewhat of late; but no thanks to you for that. Hide your diminished head, if you will; keep it instead of your word: otherwise, will you nill you, I will have it taken off myself. I have an artist who will execute you at a moment's warrant; and if you had ten thousand heads I should have as many blocks to bring them to.

PUNCH.

P.S. The nation is open to a compromise with you. If you wish to keep your head, would you object to parting with your tail?

THE WONDER OF THE STRAND.

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has been excited as to the immediate objects and future prospects of the Wenham Lake Ice Company, recently established in the Strand. An established wag, who stands unusually high in the facetious world, has given it as his opinion that the ice must be poisonous, for it is openly advertised as *Concentrated Wenom* (*Wenham*).

We understand, however, that the real object of the Wenham Lake Ice Company, and the one by which it is expected that the largest profit will be realised, is the paving the metropolis with large blocks of the article, which will be found almost as durable as the wood pavement, and not quite so slippery.

A Monster Tea-Cup.

THE *Cheltenham Journal* says:—"139 ladies and gentlemen, (at Gloucester,) *partook of a delightful cup of tea.*" Only imagine one hundred and thirty-nine people all drinking out of the same cup! What an extraordinary size it must have been! A correspondent has obligingly sent us the dimensions. The saucer that held it was as large as one of the basins in Trafalgar Square. The spoon was the length of a boat-oar, and the tea-urn that filled it was about the size of a washhouse pump. We hope this Cheltenham Tea-Cup has been preserved, as we are confident that in a short time it will be quite as celebrated as the monster Tun at Heidelberg. We suggest that it be christened "FATHER MATHEW."

RIGHTS OF A FRENCH PEER!

The wings of the press have carried the news all round the world that Victor Hugo, Poet and Peer of France, was a short time since criminally detected with Madame Biard, wife of the celebrated French painter. Victor Hugo, with a chivalry not to be found in his books, claimed his privilege as a peer; was loosed from the hands of the police, and immediately set out upon his travels, leaving poor Madame Biard to pay the penalty of their double offence. The husband, a few days since, applied for a *séparation de corps*, which the Civil Tribunal granted him; at the same time condemning Madame Biard to be imprisoned for three months in the House of Correction. Three months in gaol for the weaker vessel, the erring woman—and a pleasant tour of three months in Italy or Spain for her criminal accomplice—the Poet and Peer! Great, indeed, is the privilege of a Peer of France; and vast, in truth, are the beneficial results of the French revolution. But we can judge Victor Hugo from his books. Yes; we know that ardent, chivalrous soul. We feel that it will be impossible for him to enjoy liberty beneath a summer sky, whilst the fragile partner of his sin is alone punished. No. Immediately he knows the sentence—the instant that he reads the paragraph in *Galignani*—he will order post-horses. He will return to France. He will pray the Civil Tribunal that he may be imprisoned also: and if—as it may be—his prayer be denied, he will for three months become a voluntary prisoner to his house, and the better to show his sympathy with his fellow-prisoner, let his nails grow. This the poet will do; unless, indeed, he should take it in his head to stay where he is; and write a volume of *Rêveries* for an enterprising publisher.

Any way, we cannot but stare that the most chivalrous, the most gallant nation under the sun—as France always modestly calls herself—should imprison the gentler sex for frailties which we rough Britons never visit with the gaol. Had Madame Biard sinned in London instead of Paris, she would have been as free—as Victor Hugo himself. And then the rights of the peerage! We shudder at the old feudal *droits du Seigneur;* and yet the nineteenth century has *les droits du Pair!*

ADVICE TO ASPIRING ARTISTS.

At the Palace of Westminster a clever artist has now a chance of a good job or two; and we especially address those who are desirous of that sort of employment. Painting being an imitative art, it behoves every painter to cultivate his faculty of imitation. He can do nothing without a model, and the best models that he can choose are the Germans. Accordingly, let him allow his hair to grow long, and let him also wear mustaches and a great beard. He will likewise do well to dress in the style of the middle ages; or if his clothes are not middle-aged, they should at least be old, and the dirtier and shabbier they are, consistently with common decency, the better. This is that judicious kind of imitation which, if not tantamount to originality, is the next thing to it, and is sure to gain credit for it at any rate.

A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.
(*Gothic.*)

As to copying Raphael and Michael Angelo, he need take pattern from them in no respect except in his personal costume. It is now admitted that those individuals were very poor daubers, their style being a great deal too free and easy, and not at all cramped, stiff, and wooden enough for high art. They had, in particular, a certain bad knack of foreshortening, a process very allowable in a caricature, but which in all grand or serious subjects, ought to be avoided. Feet, in historical and sacred paintings, ought to be drawn, so that one may see the whole front of them; and with regard to hands, every figure that holds anything should be made to grasp it, as a bishop in an old church window, or on an ancient font, is represented clutching his crozier. Or, which comes to

A SCENE FROM GOTHIC LIFE.

the same thing, whatever the figure holds, should be held as our own wooden representative is wont to hold his cudgel.

The old prejudice in favour of what was called the breathing canvass, is a fallacy; an artist should not depict life but marble, and then his pictures will be æsthetical. Neither should he, following Nature, affect a variety of tints; let him stick to one or two, and not attempt to advance in colouring till he has mastered form. He ought to consider Nature as opposed to Art. Indeed he should not go to Nature at all: he had much better go to barn-doors; for there he will be enabled to study Art in its rudiments—the chalk sketches of infant genius.

By following these directions he may displease English taste, and outrage English sense; but English sense is very common sense, and greatly inferior to German nonsense—at least in the opinion of certain patrons of the Fine Arts.

CANUTE REPROVING HIS COURTIERS.

RAILWAY SHARES.

We are requested to state that applications for railway shares are carefully executed at Mr. Montague Tigg Scribleigh's superior penmanship establishment, in Leicester Square.

Mr. M. T. S. flatters himself he could lend a hand to any attorney, or stockbroker, who is desirous of getting up a railway for the public benefit. Mr. M. T. S. makes it an invariable rule never to fill up two applications for shares in the same railway with the same pen or ink. Mr. M. T. S. uses the greatest discretion in the selection of names and addresses, and he is proud to say he has got at his fingers' ends every variety of aristocratic, legal, clerical, literary, and mercantile letter-writing. Mr. M. T. Scribleigh takes the liberty to state, as a proof of his qualifications, that out of a hundred letters furnished by him to the Dublin and Galway Railway, not one was rejected by the Directors. A *Court Guide* kept on the premises, and a valuable set of autographs to refer to. No extra charge for a Bishop or a Duke.

THE STAGS. A DRAMA OF T[illegible]AY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM STAG, *a Retired Thimblerigger.*
JIM STAG, *an Unfortunate Costermonger.*

(TOM *dictates to* JIM).

NAME IN FULL	"*Victor Wellesley Delancey.*"
RESIDENCE	"*Stagglands, Bucks.*"
PROFESSION	"*Major-General, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.S.W.*"
REFERENCE	"*His Grace the Duke of Wellington.* "*Sir Robert Peel. Coutts and Co.*"

"That 'il do. Now, MARY, a vafer: and, JIM, I don't mind standing a pint of alf and alf!"

BAR TOUTING.

THE *Times*, some days since, jocularly compared the learned gentlemen of the Bar, at Westminster Hall, to the gentlemen of the Whip, on a cab-stand, where they wait for fares. "Touting," however, the *Times* said, or active exertions to get a fare, was not allowed at the Bar; and, in so far, the Bar was more dignified than the Whip.

The *Times*, however, has been forced to confess its error. It hasn't apologised to the cabmen as yet; but it should. The Bar touts upon occasions with wonderful activity; the gallant fellows have been at work for the last fortnight, canvassing for the vacant Judgeships of the Courts of Request, as the following different appeals will show:—

THE GENTEEL CANVASS.

"Mr. FREDERIC FIGTREE solicits your vote and interest. His connexions with Westminster are of long date. He was educated at Westminster School. His uncle was a Canon of Westminster; and his grandmother, the HONOURABLE MRS. FIGTREE, occupied for thirty-eight years a house in Great George Street.

"MR. FIGTREE is a member of the Western Circuit, and in the year 1822, his first circuit, held a brief in the case of SNOOKS *v.* SNOBBY.

"He has occupied chambers on the third floor for twenty-three years, during which time he has eaten two thousand four hundred and eleven dinners in hall; has paid nine hundred and sixty pounds rent; and never been in arrears to his clerk or laundress.

"MR. FIGTREE flatters himself he is a gentleman by birth and education.

"He has never had any connexion with the Press, which he heartily despises, and voted for the banishment of reporters from the Bar-mess.

"Having thus upheld the dignity of his profession during a period of nearly a quarter of a century, MR. FIGTREE offers himself to notice as a person qualified to hold the [illegible]ce of Judge of the Westminster Court of Requests.

"He has the honour of subjoining the following testimonials:—

"'FROM MR. JUSTICE HUMDRUM.

"'MY DEAR FIGTREE,—I am delighted to give any testimony I can in your favour. To my certain knowledge you have travelled twenty thousand miles on circuit, always in a post-chaise; and during that period you have ever conducted yourself as a man of honour and a gentleman.

"'Most sincerely yours,
"'HUMPHRY HUMDRUM.'

"'FROM MR. BARON MAULEY.

"'DEAR FIG,—*Olim truncus eras ficulnus inutile lignum.* I am glad to think you are to be useless no longer, and that after twenty-five years your talents are to have fair-play.

"'Though you have not been lucky as a Barrister, I am sure you will be great as a Judge. As a Judge of claret, for instance, I know few like you. I wish you every success in your canvass, and shall be glad to see you presiding in your Court, and all the tradesmen in Westminster sitting under their figtree.

"'Faithfully yours,
"'MOMUS MAULEY.'"

THE PATHETIC CANVASS.

"MR. PUMP, *to solicit your Vote and Interest.*

"MR. PUMP has dwelt in Westminster twelve years, and is the father of thirteen children.

"They may be seen at his chambers, Pump Court, at any hour from ten till four. It is to the Christian, the family-man, the father, that MR. PUMP appeals for support.

"MRS. PUMP will wait upon the ladies of the Commissioners, and solicit their suffrages, with her last beloved baby—

"Men and fathers,
"Plump for PUMP.

"P.S.—No connexion with the Press."

THE HOUNDSDITCH CANVASS.

"The friends of BARTHOLOMEW NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Esquire, Barrister at Law, are requested to meet at the Rose of Sharon Hotel, Holywell Street, to take measures for forwarding that gentleman's canvass for the post of Judge of the Court of Requests.

"D. DAVIDS, Esquire, Blue Lion Square, SAMUEL SLOMAX, Esquire, Fetter Lane, BENJAMIN BENONI, Esquire, Holywell Street (General Outfitting Warehouse), have established branch committees at their residences, where the friends of B. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Esquire, are requested to attend."

MANSLAUGHTER AND STEAM.

A LETTER the other day appeared in the *Times*, from which it would seem that passengers at Hungerford Pier are expected to jump into steamboats whilst starting, at the risk of their necks. Within a few days afterwards, at the same place, a poor lad had one leg wrenched off, and the other broken in two places, through the uncontrolled vagaries of a certain rope.

Among the peculiarities of steam competition, that of regardlessness of life and limb is very remarkable. Steam-boats in this respect seem to vie with railways. We have heard of steam-tugs; but surely Thugs of another sort must be incorporated with the steam-boat and railway companies. Perhaps their object would be the more effectually promoted were some malevolent society established for the encouragement of negligence and the increase of accidents, by proposing prizes and medals for the severest fractures and greatest number of homicides, which those companies, respectively, could furnish in the course of a week; to be distributed to the individuals through whose neglect or drunkenness such casualties occurred. A suitable reward of another kind might be provided for them by Government, if Government would attend to any other duties than Taxes.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXXI.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS VERY BITTERLY THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS "BROKEN HER CONFIDENCE."

Mr. Caudle! you 'll catch me telling you anything again. Now, I don't want to have any noise: I don't wish you to put yourself in a passion. All I say is this; never again do I open my lips to you about anybody. No: if man and wife can't be one, why there 's an end of everything. Oh, you know very well what I mean, Mr. Caudle: you've broken my confidence in the most shameful, the most heartless way, and I repeat it—I can never be again to you as I have been. No: the little charm—it wasn't much—that remained about married life, is gone for ever. Yes; the bloom 's quite wiped off the plum now.

"Don't be such a hypocrite, Caudle; don't ask me what I mean! Mrs. Badgerly has been here—more like a fiend, I 'm sure, than a quiet woman. I haven't done trembling yet! You know the state of my nerves, too; you know—yes, sir, I *had* nerves when you married me; and I haven't just found 'em out. Well, you 've something to answer for, I think. The Badgerlys are going to separate; she takes the girls, and he the boys, and all through you. How you can lay your head upon that pillow and think of going to sleep, I can't tell. *What have you done?* Well, you have a face to ask the question. Done! You've broken my confidence, Mr. Caudle: you've taken advantage of my tenderness, my trust in you as a wife—the more fool I for my pains!—and you 've separated a happy couple for ever. No; I 'm not talking in the clouds; I 'm talking in your bed, the more my misfortune.

"Now, Caudle—yes, I shall sit up in the bed if I choose; I 'm not going to sleep till I have this properly explained; for Mrs. Badgerly shan't lay her separation at my door. You won't deny that you were at the Club last night? No, bad as you are, Caudle—and though you 're my husband, I can't think you a good man; I try to do, but I can't—bad as you are, you can't deny you were at the Club. What? *You don't deny it?* That 's what I say—you can't. And now, answer me this question. What did you say—before the whole world—of Mr. Badgerly's whiskers? There 's nothing to laugh at, Caudle; if you'd have seen that poor woman, to-day, you 'd have a heart of stone to laugh. What did you say of his whiskers? Didn't you tell everybody he dyed 'em? Didn't you hold the candle up to 'em, as you said, to show the purple? *To be sure you did!* Ha! people who break jokes never care about breaking hearts. Badgerly went home like a demon; called his wife a false woman; vowed he 'd never enter a bed again with her, and, to show he was in earnest, slept all night upon the sofa. He said it was the dearest secret of his life; said she had told me; and that I had told you; and that 's how it had come out. What do you say? *Badgerly was right? I did tell you?* I know I did; but when dear Mrs. Badgerly mentioned the matter to me and a few friends, as we were all laughing at tea together, quite in a confidential way—when she just spoke of her husband's whiskers, and how long he was over 'em every morning—of course, poor soul! she never thought it was to be talked of in the world again. Eh? *Then I had no right to tell you of it?* And that 's the way I 'm thanked for my confidence. Because I don't keep a secret from you, but show you, I may say, my naked soul, Caudle, that 's how I 'm rewarded. Poor Mrs. Badgerly—for all her hard words—after she went away, I 'm sure my heart quite bled for her. What do you say, Mr. Caudle? *Serves her right—she should hold her tongue?* Yes; that 's like your tyranny—you 'd never let a poor woman speak. Eh—what, what, Mr. Caudle?

"That 's a very fine speech, I dare say; and wives are very much obliged to you, only there 's not a bit of truth in it. No, we women don't get together, and pick our husbands to pieces, just as sometimes mischievous little girls rip up their dolls. That 's an old sentiment of yours, Mr. Caudle; but I 'm sure you 've no occasion to say it of me. I hear a good deal of other people's husbands, certainly; I can't shut my ears; I wish I could; but I never say anything about you,—and I might, and you know it—and there 's somebody else that knows it, too. No: I sit still and say nothing; what I have in my own bosom about you, Caudle, will be buried with me. But I know what you think of wives. I heard you talking to Mr. Prettyman, when you little thought I was listening, and you didn't know much what you were saying—I heard you. 'My dear Prettyman,' says you, 'when some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together; just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.' Eh? *You don't remember it?* But I do: and I remember, too, what brandy was left, when Prettyman went. 'Twould be odd if you could remember much about it, after that.

"And now you 've gone and separated man and wife, and I 'm to be blamed for it. You 've not only carried misery into a family, but broken my confidence. You 've proved to me that henceforth I 'm not to trust you with anything, Mr. Caudle. No: I 'll lock up whatever I know in my own breast,—for now I find nobody, not even one's own husband, is to be relied upon. From this moment, I may look upon myself as a solitary woman. Now, it 's no use your trying to go to sleep. What do you say? *You know that?* Very well. Now, I want to ask you one question more. Eh? *You want to ask me one?* Very well—go on—I 'm not afraid to be catechised. I never dropt a syllable that as a wife I ought to have kept to myself—no, I 'm not at all forgetting what I 've said—and whatever you 've got to ask me speak out at once. No—I don't want you to spare me; all I want you is to speak. *You will speak?* Well then, do.

"What? *Who told people you 'd a false front tooth?* And is that all? Well, I 'm sure—as if all the world couldn't see it. I know I did just mention it once, but then I thought everybody knew it—besides, I was aggravated to do it; yes, aggravated. I remember it was that very day, at Mrs. Badgerly's, when husbands' whiskers came up. Well, after we 'd done with them, somebody said something about teeth. Whereupon, Miss Prettyman—a minx! she was born to destroy the peace of families, I know she was: she was there; and if I 'd only known that such a creature was——no, I 'm not rambling, not at all, and I 'm coming to the tooth. To be sure, this is a great deal you 've got against me, isn't it? Well, somebody spoke about teeth, when Miss Prettyman, with one of her insulting leers, said, 'she thought Mr. Caudle had the whitest teeth she ever *had* beheld.' Of course, my blood was up—every wife's would be: and I believe I might have said, 'Yes, they were well enough; but when a young lady so very much praised a married man's teeth, she perhaps didn't know that one of the front ones was an elephant's.' Like her impudence!—I set *her* down for the rest of the evening. But I can see the humour you 're in to-night. You only came to bed to quarrel, and I 'm not going to indulge you. All I say is this, after the shameful mischief you 've made at the Badgerlys', you never break my confidence again. Never—and now you know it."

Caudle hereupon writes—"And here she seemed inclined to sleep. Not for one moment did I think to prevent her."

BAILABLE OFFENCES.

We should really be very glad to have some authorised list of what are and what are not bailable offences. We find from a police report in Wednesday's *Chronicle* that an individual was called upon to "find good bail" for having forwarded a beautifully inlaid box to the Archbishop of Canterbury. If the prisoner had taken away an article of that description we should have understood his having become liable to punishment; but we are not aware by what statute it is declared to be criminal to give away valuable goods, or at least to forward them with the view of giving them. If sending beautiful specimens of art to the palaces of great people is an offence, we are happy to hear that it is at all events bailable. The criminality of the act is no doubt founded on the old classical authority—which by a sacrifice of metre may be altered, to suit the occasion, into *timeo pauperes et dona ferentes*.

New Register Office.

In order to accommodate the gentlemen of the Bar who are in want of good situations, it is in contemplation to open a Register Office, where candidates may enter their names, and electors may meet with any kind of article they may wish to take into their service. No Barrister need apply, unless he can have at least six respectable characters. Booksellers' certificates not admissible.

A Night Scene at the School of Bad Designs.

"If you Please, Sir, you are Standing in our Light."

THE WICKEDNESS OF WANT.

When we see ladies and gentlemen driving about in their vehicles, fine almost as the carriage of the sun—when we see them clothed in the richest and the best—when we know that they have their town palaces and their country palaces—when their sumptuous banquetings are trumpeted through the columns of the *Morning Post*—it is to us a matter of surprise and sorrow that none of the offenders are made to answer for their manifold transgressions against a multitude of their fellow-creatures. We cannot understand why they escape the police-court. And yet, we doubt not, so strong are the prejudices of the world, so deep its reverence for the majesty of wealth, that were any Christian champion to call upon them to answer for their misdoings,—he, the aforesaid champion, would be speedily consigned to the inspection of a couple of doctors, preparatory to his committal to a mad-house. Imagine the Duke of Manystars charged before Mr. Greenwood with superfluity. Imagine a summons issued against his Grace for that he has half-a-dozen carriages, whereas thousands of his fellow-men trudge bare-footed; that he has as many mansions, whereas thousands have not a roof to cover them; that he dines every day in the Apollo,—while multitudes of his fellow-creatures never dine at all. Now, if Christianity be anything more than the *Tales of the Genii*,—such charges preferred against a rich man could not be considered so very preposterous. Surely they would not be so wide of its spirit as many most respectable church-goers might, at the first blush, believe. Their first astonishment a little subsided at the extravagance of the charge, and some time granted them to consult their Testaments, though they might still very strongly protest against the inconvenience of such charges to the rich and well-to-do, they could not, with any Christian face, condemn them as wholly subversive of the principles of the religion that, in comfortable pews, they once a week sacrifice to. "Charged and indicted for superfluity!" A man of monstrous wealth placed at the bar, to answer for his manifold possessions!

Well, we will allow that a man so indicted, would create much amazement—would attract to himself a world of sympathy. But we contend that the spectacle of such an offender would, in the eyes of true Christianity, be less monstrous than that of a son of Adam, charged with destitution! It is not an indictable offence to possess two or three hundred feather beds, but it is a social wickedness—an affront put upon the possessors of even one pallet—for a man to make his couch of a door-step. A case in the *Cork Examiner*—commented upon by the *Times*—strongly illustrates this wickedness of want. One Jane Coffee and Cornelius Connell were indicted, and tried before Mr. Justice Burton, "as vagrants having no fixed residence or mode of living." Well, their very looks convicted them. The case presented no knotty point to the jury: the atrocity of their destitution—the infamy of their having nothing, spoke for itself—was too apparent in their haggard faces, in their "looped wretchedness." Whereupon the Judge directed them each to find sureties for their good behaviour within six months, to the amount of 5*l.*—that is, two sureties of 50*s.* each; telling them, moreover, that "if they did not, they would be transported for seven years!"

Thus, your half-naked, houseless Adam is a felon, by the iniquity of his destitution. This is a beautiful world about us, teeming with plenty in its many forms, and the man who in this Land of Promise has neither milk nor honey, is a varlet to be chastised for his nothingness. To be sure, if he visit the dairy of another—if he rob the bee-hives of his neighbour, he is equally indictable for the wickedness of his ways. A hard case this for the ragged Adam of the nineteenth century. Chains and slavery if he have nothing, and if he steal from others who have too much—chains and slavery. It is a terrible truth, and strongly indicative of the inborn badness of want, that, let us search our statute-books centuries back, and we shall find poverty to have been always in the wrong. Man obtains virtue only with the goods of this world.

Nevertheless, when we read such cases as that of Jane Coffee and Cornelius Connell—when we hear starving, hopeless indigence "charged" with destitution,—we should like to find a companion for the felon: it would give us a curious pleasure to contrast at the Bar beggarly want with plethoric wealth; and having sworn in a Jury—mind, a Jury possessed with Christianity as prescribed by its Founder—we should like, when the pauper culprit, the offender "charged with destitution," was disposed of,—we should much like to hear the verdict on the criminal indicted for superfluity. It is, in faith, a startling picture to contemplate a Dives on the tread-mill; and yet, according to our faith, he is in a much worse predicament.

"Charged with destitution." Well, the Evil One—we are sure of it, from the horrid contradictions we sometimes see about us—has his Jest Book, and this is one of his bitterest pleasantries.

SERENADE.

We have been (exclusively) favoured with a copy of the following graceful verses composed by Doctor Prætorius, and sung by him to the guitar before the windows of the Royal guests at Rosenau. They show considerable aptness in a German, and there is only one word, that of *Ritter*, (knight,) which is not idiomatic English. The Doctor has been appointed Knight of the George and Blue Boar of Coburg in consequence of the effusion.

Sleep, softly sleep, O royal pair! and be your slumbers cosy now;
Watch round their pillows, angels fair, and give their eyes repose enow;
And summer flowers and summer air breathe soft around Schloss Rosenau!

No jealous gates are locked and barred around the Dame and Ritter here,
Nor sentinels keep watch and ward, save wakeful stars which glitter here,
Or larks (which come relieving guard at morn,) and sing and twitter here.

Though England is an Empire grand, and but a humble Duchy's this;
And though the realm which you command a thousand times as much as this;
You cannot take, in all England, a pleasant slumber such as this.

As calm as in his infancy the royal Albert dozes here;
Forgetting cares of royalty the Stranger Queen reposes here,
Though citizens and peasantry come walk amid the roses here

In Pimlico there roses blow, if true the papers write of you,
But 'tis not thus in Pimlico your people take delight of you;
Were ever English people so allowed to take a sight of you?

Then softly sleep, O royal pair, and pleasantly repose ye now,
In England there is state and care, and weariness and woes enow;
But summer wind and summer air breathe gently round Schloss Rosenau.

NEW INVENTION.

A PATENT has been taken out by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for a new invention to be used by equestrians on the wood pavement. It consists of a very ingenious cradle into which the horse is placed, and which moves upon castors. Strong bandages are thrown across its back, and fastened to the instrument on both sides, so that it is impossible for the most broken-kneed Patent Safety cab-horse to fall on the wood pavement, even after a shower of rain or a watering-cart, when held up by this new invention. It is called the Hippo-crutch, and is calculated to knock up the Glaciarium that has been established for the use of horses, and the profit of veterinary surgeons, who have made very handsome incomes out of the casualties on the wood pavement in London.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

WE are happy to say that the look of the crops does not justify the wretched portraits that have been given of the harvest. The picture of the corn painted in water colours is a gross exaggeration, and the little anecdotes of distressed wheat are mixed up with a great deal of what may be termed chaff on the part of the reporters. We have ourselves been through the barley districts, and can congratulate the lovers of barley-water on the generally healthy appearance of the grain that is destined to supply them with their favourite beverage. The peas have not suffered much, the strength of their pea-coats having protected them from the rain: but we are sorry to say that the potatoes have been soaked by the frequent showers having penetrated through their jackets. The reports that have been spread about the failure of the crops originate chiefly in selfish motives, and a desire to raise the price of grain; for directly it is said that the corn is beaten down in the field, it is sure to get up in the market.

Scotch Liberality.

INVERNESS has lately, with the utmost generosity, presented the Sons of BURNS with the freedom of the City. The freedom was enclosed in a deal box, and written out on one piece of parchment, to save the expense of copying. The possession of this freedom will enable the gallant Colonel and his Brother, the Major, to drive a cart through the City of Inverness without paying turnpikes, provided they have their names at full length painted on a conspicuous part of the vehicle.

PUNCH'S REPORT ON A RECENT RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

(AFTER GENERAL PASLEY.)

THE great merit of GENERAL PASLEY's reports appears to consist in their being so very scientific that unlearned people can make neither head nor tail of them. We are not among those unreasonable persons who seem to think that GENERAL PASLEY has no right to go in safety along any line that he inspects; nor do we join in holding him responsible for any accident that occurs on a Railway, because he was not cut to pieces or blown to atoms when travelling over it. Nevertheless, we think his reports are not a bit better than we could do them ourselves, and we beg leave to offer the following as a specimen :—

PUNCH A LA PASLEY.

On examining that part of the line where the accident occurred, a spheroid inclination, with a rectangular bend in the outer rail, was perceptible. It might have happened that one of the flanges of the wheels in describing a rhomboid on the base of the centre of gravity had come into collision with the square root of the axle-tree of the tender, leaving only two cubic inches for the passage of the air into the cylinder, and thus caused the accident. It is a well-known fact in physics, that two solids coming into a state of cohesion with each other, will leave no room between, and the pressure upon the bone of a man's leg would be at least one in nine, which would account for the fracture of the limb of one of the passengers.

All the tunnelling seemed to be in good order, but as the mean speed of thirty-five miles an hour under the earth's surface is unfavourable to a minute inspection, it would be imprudent to speak with too much certainty on this part of the question. As to the width of gauge, it is clear that twos into five are two and one over, and this leaves the inference perfectly obvious. At all events, a common piston, acting in an ordinary valve, and revolving spherically round a condensing cylinder, could not be less safe on the broad gauge than on the narrow.

The carbonic acid gas sent off by evaporation from the coal might stupify the guard, but it might not, which is on the whole the better opinion. By stationing a guard at the mean inclination of the chief gradient nothing would be gained, nor would the accident have been prevented had this plan been resorted to. Perhaps, in future, it might be as well to keep a better look-out, unless the look-out kept at present is the best that can be had; in which case improvement would be difficult. A thermometer on the boiler would do no harm, but it could not be useful. Nevertheless, the effect might be tried, as anything would be better than the continuance of accident.

Signed, for GENERAL PASLEY,
PUNCH.

New Version of God Save the Queen.

THE Coburg children sang our national melody in presence of their Majesties with great sweetness and precision. It is not generally known that DOCTOR PRÆTORIUS, who invariably accompanies his Royal patrons, was present at the rehearsals of the poem, and instructed the little darlings personally.

When the occasion came for singing it, *one* little rogue (son of PROFESSOR VON MUFF) piped out—

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
DOCTOR PRÆTORIUS.
GOD save the QUEEN."

At which the royal revellers laughed with much good humour.

ANOTHER ALTERATION IN THE TARIFF.

WE understand that one of the earliest measures to be carried next session will be a reduction of the duty of the Herne Bay policeman. He will then be able to lead a life of lettered indolence.

A CUTTING WIND.

A TRIUMPHAL arch, erected in honour of the QUEENS OF SPAIN, was blown down before their arrival. It seems from this that the wind is the only thing left in Spain that has any of the old Spanish pride about it.

AN UNREPORTED TRIUMPH.

THE last night of the Opera was a new era in the distribution of theatrical favours. The *Prima Donna* has generally monopolised the evening's "blaze of triumph," or else the *Première Danseuse* has always received the nosegays and wreaths. But on the night we mention a humble individual, who has quietly worked his way to the foot-lights in public estimation, obtained a share of the rewards the white kids of the Opera delight in showering upon their favourites. The individual in question has not been in the habit of singing, or joining in any opera, beyond coming on occasionally, and modestly taking away a chair or a table; nor has a ballet as yet been composed for him. His name has never appeared in red letters in the bill, and yet he is as well known at the Opera as the big chandelier; for there never was a performance at that theatre without him. His reputation is such, that he always comes before the curtain at the end of the performance to receive the plaudits of the audience; and on the last night of the season a pleasing proof was given by the subscribers of the very high esteem in which they hold his talents. He had no sooner appeared to execute his usual *pas seul* between the opera and the ballet, than he was received by a perfect simoom of bouquets. In his consternation he dropped his watering-pot, which generally forms part of the popular character he plays, and rushed off the stage in a speechless state of excitement. He was succeeded by a "green-coat man," of a hardier nature, who was proceeding to lay the dust for him, when, to his consternation, he found it already watered. The stage was completely deluged by the tears his agitated companion had shed.

This trait of gratitude was so warmly appreciated by the sensitive PERROT, that he has determined to compose a little *divertissement* for the green-coat man next season, in which he shall execute for the future, in the character of *St. Swithin*, the aqueous part he is always cast at the Opera.

Miraculous Escape.

A GENTLEMAN of property stood up, whilst it was raining last week, under the portico of the British and Foreign Destitute for at least ten minutes. He was allowed to depart without being compelled to become a member. It is supposed that a number of *Punch* the gentleman had in his hand preserved him.

THE CAUSE OF THE LATE BAD WEATHER.

M. ARAGO has discovered that the inclemency of the weather in Paris is occasioned by certain blocks of ice floating about in the Atlantic. From this we may infer that the cold weather which we have lately experienced has arisen from the large quantities of Wenham Lake Ice which are daily carried about the streets of London.

Punch's Election Intelligence.

A GENTLEMAN who calls himself, and we believe is, the Chief Justice of Newfoundland, dates a printed letter from a chop-house in Piccadilly, where he happened to be putting up; and having heard that there was a better thing than the Newfoundland Judgeship to be had in the neighbourhood, he determined to "go in for it." This new-found office seems to have tickled the appetite of the Newfoundland Judge, who hastened to join in the game of legal bob-cherry, which he found proceeding with considerable activity in the vicinity of the Piccadilly chop-house. As these things are the legitimate objects of solicitation from gentlemen of the bar, who are ready to pick them up on their passage from place to place, we presume that gentlemen will, on entering a new town, go into the chief hotel, and hold with the waiter such a dialogue as the following:

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WAITER AND A BARRISTER.

SCENE.—*A Chop-house.*

Barrister. Here, waiter!

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Bar. What have you got in the house?

Wait. Roast beef, Sir, just up.

Bar. By the way, have you any offices in this town?

Wait. There's a Commissionership, Sir, just up.

Bar. Indeed! What's it worth?

Wait. I believe, Sir, it's in very good cut, there's a good many trying for a slice of it.

Bar. Have you any other place?

Wait. The best fish is all gone, Sir, for we've had the town full of barristers.

Bar. Dear me, that's very awkward. But the Commissionership you spoke of. It's not gone?

Wait. Oh no, Sir! I know it's not; for we've got a barrister upstairs now, who says there's a good bit of fat upon it.

Bar. Ah! he does, does he? Then I've no time to lose. Bring me a sandwich and a printer. [*Exit Waiter.*

[*Barrister sits down and draws up a circular, announcing himself as a candidate for the vacant Commissionership.*

RECESS RECREATIONS.

A QUIET DAY AT TAMWORTH.

How about the Statue of Cromwell?

IS OLIVER CROMWELL to have a statue in the New Houses of Parliament? That is, is he proper company for the deceased KINGS and QUEENS of England? At first thought, we should be disposed to say that he was: but when we come to compare him with the respectable KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, and the beneficent daughters of that Sovereign, MARY and ELIZABETH, not to mention as fat, if not as notorious, a monarch of later date; and withal to put ourselves in the PROTECTOR'S place; we doubt whether that place would be along with those said personages. Is CROMWELL fit to stand among them? Are we fit to carry food of a certain description to a bear?

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

OR, THE RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

POLITICAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

We regret to have to record an accident which happened to one Peel, the driver of the engine "Expediency," belonging to the express train on the government line of railway. It is well known that this line is exceedingly crooked, and the ins and outs have always been considered very dangerous. Peel, who is a reckless fellow, and who has lost his place once or twice for improper conduct, put the engine at full speed, though it had got an enormous weight to pull against in the shape of an article for Maynooth, which was very awkwardly placed, and if it had fallen down must inevitably have crushed him.

Regardless of consequences, he urged the engine on; and if it had not happened to be "Expediency," which he is in the habit of driving, the result would probably have been fatal. It was however by keeping up the speed that he succeeded in keeping clear of the dead-weight at his back; and there being fortunately nothing in his way to cause a collision, he arrived in safety at the end of his journey.

INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.

CASE OF MRS. CHURCH.

Yesterday, Mrs. Church — familiarly known to many as Mother Church—applied for bail at this Court. Great interest was excited by the case; and the Court was thronged. Among the Bishops who were present, and who appeared to feel acutely the condition of the Insolvent, quite as much as if it was their own, we noticed the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Ripon. Mr. Cooke appeared for the insolvent, and Mr. Thomas for the opposing creditor, one John Bull:—

The Insolvent—although appearing under what may be conceived the most humiliating circumstances—was handsomely dressed in the very richest purple and the very finest linen. Neither could she say, "silver and gold have I none;" being, indeed, ornamented from head to foot with the precious metals. Her appearance, too, bespoke one who looked benignly on the fat of the land. There was a soft, contented, sleepiness about the old lady's eye; a ruddy pulpiness of lip; and her cheeks glowed like a September peach. When she spoke—and she would often interpose certain sentences, such as, "the wicked, in his pride, doth persecute the poor;" "the meek shall eat, and be satisfied;" "let integrity and uprightness preserve me,"—the words seemed to flow from the old lady like melted butter. The Bishop of London was frequently observed to throw a sympathising glance upon the insolvent, and now and then—with his hands in his pockets—appeared to be buried either in meditation, or calculation (for our reporter will not be positive).

Mr. Cooke said he appeared for the Insolvent, and (of course) in the whole experience of his professional life, had never so keenly felt the responsibility of his duty. The Insolvent, Mrs. Church, was known to the worthy Commissioner and every respectable person present in that Court, as a most virtuous and discreet old lady—a gentlewoman who, wherever she lived—and he would not deny that she had many residences, town and country—was an example of purity, and chastity, and benevolence, to all around. The poor and hungry who thronged her gates, and went away relieved and strengthened, would never be known to that Court. No; her benevolence was like the refreshing lymph that entered all their houses. There it was, to cool the lip and assuage the thirst of him who sought it; but the means which sent it there were out of sight—the pipes were buried from the eye of man, deep under ground. And thus was the charity of Mother Church—for he would use the more endearing epithet—laid on in the dwellings of the poor. (Here the insolvent, becoming affected, wiped her eyes with a lawn handkerchief trimmed with lace, which a lady near our reporter pronounced to be worth at least ten guineas a yard.) Well, he now came to the immediate cause that had placed Mother Church in her present painful position. The truth was, wide and deep as was her pocket, her heart was wider and deeper still. It was true that of late she had received certain sums of money—something between two and three millions. Now, in the ordinary concerns of life, two or three millions were a large amount. He (the learned gentleman) would not take it upon himself to say that to a humble individual like himself a single million would not be a sum demanding his especial interest; yet it was a strange fact—a fact oddly enough disregarded by Ricardo, M'Culloch, and every other monetary philosopher—that money always sank in value, directly it was applied to the purposes of Mother Church. Let him not be misunderstood. What he wished to say was this. It was well known that many Bishops—faithful and loving sons of the Insolvent—received ten, twelve, fourteen thousand a year (for he would keep on the safe side, and would not exaggerate). Well, it was plain that such sums became reduced to at least one twentieth part of their value when dropt into the pocket of a Bishop; that what would house and keep the laity in highest luxury, merely sufficed to supply the decencies of existence to the sons of the Church: for once a week, at least, they preach against pomp and all the sins of the flesh; and is it likely that they would do this, unless, great as might appear their revenues to the "ignorant laity," they were as nothing when applied to what he (the learned counsel) would venture to call Church purposes? In his ardent youth—ere the roseate visions of romance had been shut out by the stern truthfulness of that Court—he had read an Eastern story; in which he read of one who was suddenly possessed, as he thought, of a large heap of gold; and lo! in the morning, all the glittering coin was changed to withered leaves. Some such strange, debasing transmutation appeared to fall upon all moneys granted, for the very best of uses, to Mother Church: they all seemed to be turned to leaves—but whether or not to the leaves of the Prayer Book, he would not say.

In conclusion, the learned gentleman asked for the kindest construction of the Court. His client was all unversed in the ways of this coarse, calculating, double-entry sort of world. Her rule of three was not the rule of three acknowledged in the city. It was true, she was in debt—yes, with a choking throat he would speak it—she was an insolvent. But she had—especially in her early youth—never been used to keeping accounts; and she had fallen into her present plight from a most beatific state of charity—namely, that her left hand never knew what her right was doing.

The learned gentleman sat down, melted in his own feelings, and amidst a melodious murmur of applause. Many ladies, old and young, whose faces are familiar to the beadle of Exeter Hall, were affected even to hartshorn.

Mr. Thomas said he was instructed by Mr. John Bull to oppose the application. His learned brother had made a most eloquent address, from which it would appear that the Insolvent had fallen into her present difficulties from her extreme simplicity of mind—from her all unworldly ways. He (Mr. Thomas) would call the attention of the learned Commissioner to the appearance of the Insolvent at that moment. Did she appear a person who cared nothing for the outside look of this world? Would the Commissioner look at her purple—would he cast his eye upon her lawn, so fine that it seemed woven from the locks of angels? Would he also—indeed, so massive, so glittering were they, he could not help it—would he also take note of the gold, the gold *not* from Ophir, that decorated her? More: he would ask of the learned Commissioner to step outside that Court, and look at the splendid carriage in which the Insolvent had come down to Portugal Street: to consider well the silver harness, the satin-skinned horses—for they were not asses from Jerusalem; and more, the coachman and footmen in purple and powder. He would ask the Commissioner to consider all these things, and then say whether the Insolvent, with such luxuries about her, ought to have appeared in her present place, to pray the indulgence of that Court? And (said the learned gentleman) he must oppose bail upon acts of extravagance which, if needful, he could

prove on *viva voce* testimony. He would not charge the Insolvent with embezzlement: no, he would not quite do that. But he would show that she had, in the most flagrant manner, misapplied the funds placed in trust at her disposal for far other purposes. He would show that she had received moneys in order to build places of immortal comfort for the poor, and that—they might call it maternal weakness if they would—she had laid out such moneys in the purchasing, not of houses—oh! no, houses would not satisfy her, but palaces—for her children. He could prove what she had done for one of her sons.

She had laid out 30,000*l.* on a palace for ROCHESTER—"the beams of his house were cedar, and his rafters were fir." And he (the learned counsel) would again ask if such a person was entitled to the indulgence of that Court. What! they remanded miserable mechanics—untaught, wretched men, for reckless expenditure—and would they wink at the unparalleled, the unchristian extravagance of the Insolvent? He (the counsel) would now call the attention of the Commissioner to one important fact. He would go back to the origin, the early life of MOTHER CHURCH, and would prove that her babyhood, ay, her youth, was passed in privation; that her greatest comfort, her truest pride—if, indeed, in those days she could feel pride at anything—was to cast down the outside fashions of the world—to stand, as it were, tiptoe upon earth, her hand reaching towards heaven. In those days, she went forth in sweet simplicity, like REBECCA to the well—and did not, like the Insolvent before them, keep red-nosed butlers.

In conclusion, the learned gentleman, on the part of his client, JOHN BULL, begged that bail might not be granted.

The learned Commissioner said this was a bad case—a very bad case: nevertheless he would not refuse bail. When the Insolvent came up to pass her examination, the learned counsel would then have a further opportunity of opposing her.

MRS. CHURCH then left the Court; and, as our reporter understood, went off in the BISHOP OF LONDON'S carriage, that her nerves might be properly attuned amid the groves of Fulham.

THE CONTESTED BEADLEDOM.

HIS election, which has kept a whole suburb in a state of fermentation for months, threatening to burst the very district in which it was bottled up, came off at the appointed spot on the day that had been agreed upon. As the candidates came to the hustings, they were greeted with the cheers of one party and the cabbage-leaves of the other. PUMMELL, who wore the crimson collar of Modesty and the golden hat-band of the ancient order of Merry Flunkies, looked remarkably well; but a flush of the nose, and a quivering of the eye-lash, told what was going on beneath. The second candidate advanced with a rapid step, and, bowing ceremoniously to the crowd, retired as it was supposed from the contest, but in fact only to refresh at the tap of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, said to have been painted by HOGARTH for a small score which he had run up with the landlord, an honest fellow, who could brew a better cup of sack than any wineherd in Kensington.

The polling having commenced, each candidate continued addressing every elector that came up to vote; and PUMMELL'S homely expression of "Give us your support, old fellow," went home to the hearts of many who were only disgusted by what they called the formal palaver of the opposition candidate. As the time for the official declaration of the poll approached, the excitement became terrible, and PUMMELL several times fainted away with agitation, while his opponent only sustained himself by frequent visits to the tap of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY. At length the result of the election was announced to be an equality of votes for both parties, when, having consulted with their friends, the candidates tossed up, and PUMMELL having sung out tails, to which the populace responded with a loud shout of "tails it is," he was declared duly elected.

NEW LINE OF BUSINESS.

WE understand that medical students, instead of walking the hospitals, intend to apply for permission to walk the different railways, as, from the number of accidents that occur on each line, they expect to finish their surgical education in one-half of the usual period.

THE DESERTED CITY.

(AN OSSIANIC FRAGMENT.)

OW empty is Westminster; empty as thy purse, oh Bard! The Hall no longer echoes to the bounce of the barrister; silenced in its courts is the hum of law. Hushed in ST. STEPHEN'S is the voice of braying; whither are ye gone? oh, M.P.'s! Whereunto have ye betaken yourselves, ye wise men? From the moors afar, resounds a noise of popping, as of multitudes of corks of the water of soda; by honourable members many grouse are slain. Thither have they departed; the sons of ST. STEPHEN roam on the distant heath. When wilt thou return, oh BROUGHAM; and thou, CAMPBELL of the North? When will ye renew your battles, oh ye heroes? when will ye shake our sides again? And thou, FIELD MARSHAL DUKE OF WELLINGTON, unto whom art thou presenting thy compliments? and where art thou speechifying, PEEL of the sliding scale?

Closed is the theatre of HER MAJESTY in the Haymarket. Around it are the shops of various tradespeople; within it is—solitude. Perfumeless is thy pit, oh Opera House! white-kid-gloveless are thy stalls! Cooked are the capers; mute is the voice of song. They have flitted, like swallows, the artists of a foreign land. How have they flown, laden with the golden spoil? They have flown upon the wings of steam: with the spring they shall return: and the coxcomb shall be joyful in the Alley of Fops.

At ALMACK'S all is over. Nought is there but room in the Rooms of WILLIS. Beneath the bright chandelier, to the band of JULLIEN, the Nobility and Gentry polk no more. Where is the leader, of the white waistcoat, and when shall he revisit town? Tenantless are the mansions of the Square of Grosvenor; nobody dwells in the abodes of Belgrave. Drearily from second stories frown the closed shutters of the aristocracy; dark is the eclipse of drawing-rooms. The life of fashion, also, hath departed from the houses of Bloomsbury, and Fiddlefaddle hath shut up the windows thereof. Where are they of the family? They have retreated to the two-pair back.

Weep, GUNTER, ice king of celebrity; mourn VEREY, glory of Regent Street. With the season have ceased the parties of evening, and the demand of beauty for lemonade and cream: in the morning the calls for mock-turtle are few; so of an afternoon are the orders of coffee. Pipe your eyes, drapers of Regent Street; lament, tailors of the Street of Bond. Cry amain, ye foremen; raise the wail, walkers of shops. Vanished are your customers, flat is business. The thoroughfares no longer are lined with carriages; empty is Rotten Row. The *élite* of Ton have gone to Tonbridge; the superior classes to the sea-side; the circles of exclusiveness to the Continent. The nobility and gentry have made themselves scarce. Noiseless are the pavements; save with the tramp of the policeman, and the tread of the occasional and peripatetic passenger. Desertion hath darkened the Clubs of Pall Mall: desolation is paramount in the Places of Pimlico.

RAILWAY UNIONS.

As much fraud is said to have been carried on by the amalgamation of projected Railways, we beg leave to suggest that the fact of such junctions being contemplated should be published, to give an opportunity to interested parties for protesting against the intended union. The form might be something similar to a publication of the banns of marriage, and instead of being asked in change, the railways might be asked at the Royal Exchange, or any other convenient locality. It would then be competent for any party to forbid the banns, and prevent the union until inquiries could be made as to its being suitable. An incompatibility of station might be a good ground of objection, and the high position of one would also be a reason for preventing its union with another on a very low level.

The same principle might be applied to proposed Railways between different places, calculated to form unions that can be productive of no good to either party. If, for instance, it had been asked if any one knew any just cause or impediment why Kensington Canal should not be joined to Wormwood Scrubs, it would have saved a great deal of trouble to both parties. As it is, they have been living quite apart; for want of means has prevented that communication between them, which was the alleged object of their union. If the London and Birmingham had not taken pity on the unfortunate couple, got them out of their difficulties, and taken them into its employ, we really do not know what would have become of them.

ILLIBERALITY ON BOTH SIDES.

THE wind has been playing MAG'S diversions with the tiles of the Tuileries, sending them flying in all directions. The Carlists declare this is the first time they recollect LOUIS PHILIPPE keeping open house.

Forthcoming Railways.

We have been favoured with the following list of Railways which will be brought before Parliament early next session :—

A Railway from the Stock Exchange to the Bethlem Hospital, with a branch to Newgate, and another to the Queen's Bench. The shares are already at a very heavy premium, having been principally bought up by large speculators at Leeds. The Chairman is the late projector of the Diddlesex Insurance Company.

A Railway from Covent Garden Theatre to Portugal-street, with branches to the Strand, Olympic, and other minor theatres. Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. Vandenhoff have taken a number of shares in this Railway, which is now known familiarly as the tragedian's line.

Branch Railways from the different termini of the principal Railways in London to the largest metropolitan hospitals will be opened as soon as sufficient accommodation can be made in the latter for the great access of business this contemplated junction is sure to bring.

Prospectuses of Railways from the Punch Office to the Bank of England—from the Dramatic Author's Society to the French Plays—from the Ecclesiastical Commission Office to the Bankruptcy Court—from the Conciliation Hall to the Groves of Blarney, and various others, will be published in a few days. Investment of capital to any amount may be considered perfectly safe in any of these new lines, as from the intimate connexion that has long existed between the respective localities of each, the weekly traffic in passengers and property must be immense.

WHAT A BARRISTER MAY DO; AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

There seems to be at present a very considerable difference of opinion among the Gentlemen of the Bar as to what may or may not be done by a Barrister. We had some idea of publishing a small hand-book of *etiquette* for the exclusive use of the gentlemen of the long robe ; but as what is etiquette to-day may not be etiquette to-morrow, we feared the work would not possess the permanent utility which alone would recompense us for the labour of writing it. We have however drawn up a few general rules founded on our own observation as to what a Barrister may do, and what he may not do, consistently with his professional dignity :—

1st. A Barrister may be employed in inducing Members of Parliament to vote in favour of railway bills ; *but* he may not report for a newspaper.

2nd. A Barrister may practise the "artful dodge" for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice ; *but* he must not enter an assize town in an omnibus.

3rd. A Barrister may tout for a small judgeship; *but* he will be very properly disbarred if he advertises his readiness to plead the cause of clients.

4th. A Barrister may libel a rival candidate for an office in a "private and confidential" circular; *but* he must not degrade himself by asking an attorney to dine with him on the circuit.

5th. A Barrister may take a fee when he knows he cannot attend to the cause; *but* he may not return the money, for his doing so would be very unprofessional.

6th, and lastly. A Barrister may be a very honourable man ; *but* many things which professional *etiquette* allows him to do, would be thought disgraceful and dishonest among ordinary people.

The Atmospheric Railway.

An experiment was attempted the other day, on the Herne Bay Pier Railway line, which runs from the clock tower at one end of the jetty to the flag-staff at the other. The object was to try the effect of the atmospheric principle on the truck used for carrying the luggage, and a sail having been stuck up among the three portmanteaus and four carpet-bags taken out of the steamer, the truck sailed triumphantly down the jetty upon the iron lines, amid the shout of a bystander.

RECEIPT FOR BREAKING STONES.

Select the thickest and strongest box you can find, and be sure to see that it is free from all defects. Then take the stones, which pack, as carefully as possible, in hay or straw. Write "Glass—with care," and sundry other such admonitions, on several parts of the box, in large letters. Then give it to one of the appointed men at a railway station, and desire him to take particular care of it. If you do this, and send your box fifty miles on the railroad, you may be certain that the stones will be Macadamized.

THE JOLLY YOUNG BARRISTER.

And did you not hear of a jolly young Barrister,
At the Old Bailey who used for to ply ?
He made out his case with such skill and dexterity,
Twisting each fact, while he glozed o'er each lie.
He stuck at nothing ; and that so steadily,
The felons all sought his aid so readily,
And he saved from conviction so many a thief,
That this Barrister ne'er was in want of a brief.

What sights of fine rogues he got off by his blarney ;
His tongue was so glib, and so specious withal :
He was always retained by the great City forgers
To Newgate from Mansion House sent, or Guildhall.
And often the Press would be gibing and jeering,
But 'twas all one to him, its carping and sneering ;
He 'd swear black was white in behalf of a thief,
So this Barrister ne'er was in want of a brief.

And yet, only think what strange morals have lawyers,
The Bar of such conduct think nothing at all ;
Whilst should any poor Counsel report for a paper,
"To Coventry with him !" that instant they call ;
From their mess they 'll expel him, he 'll find, to his sorrow ;
But they 'll dine with the housebreaker's hireling to-morrow ;
Then hurrah !—though his client be swindler or thief,—
For the Barrister never in want of a brief.

INTERESTING RELIC AT ROSENAU.

At Rosenau, where His Royal Highness Prince Albert first saw light, they show affectionately, not only the cradle in which the royal infant was laid, but *the silver spoon which he had in his mouth* when he was born. The Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* fainted when he saw this admirable relic. It is as large as a soup-ladle ; handsomely embossed with the arms of England ; and in the custody of Madame Eyerglück, His Royal Highness's excellent nurse.

Prince Leopold (now King of the Belgians,) was born with a similar ornament. It is kept at Gotha, under the charge of the lady who brought up his then Serene Highness by hand, Madame Pappenheim.

An Oversight.

An individual who advertises that he is going out of town, states his house is to let, with "the additional accommodation of a cow, and the use of a piano." We think that out of mercy to the animal there should be a stipulation in the agreement that the piano shall not be used for playing the tune the cow died of.

KING DEATH.—A PARALLEL.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,
He ground away at his mill;
He threw in gamboge so yellow,
And out came a PARR'S Life Pill.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for the PARR'S Life Pill.

There came to him many a stupid,
Who 'd been reading his puffing bill;
And hundreds were daily dup-ed
Into buying his PARR'S Life Pill.
Hurrah! for the PARR'S Life Pill.

The fool all experience spurning,
Of the nostrum, too, swallow'd his fill,
Till his cheek into parchment turning,
He swore at the PARR'S Life Pill.
Hurrah! for the PARR'S Life Pill.

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laugh'd while he cramm'd his till
With silver and gold so yellow,
All got by his PARR'S Life Pill.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for the PARR'S Life Pill.

LEGAL SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RAILWAY Committee-men and Members of Parliament are off to the moors, but our legal friends have been compelled, until the conclusion of the Assizes has given them relief, to be looking for their game on the various circuits. The papers furnish us with long lists of grouse bagged by sundry sportsmen; but the following bit of legal sporting intelligence has not yet appeared in print. We have much pleasure in being the first to give it publicity.

The circuit has been unfavourable to legal game, and some of the oldest shots declare that they have never known so few gaol birds for many seasons. Some of the QUEEN'S Counsel have, however, bagged a fair share of plaintiffs and defendants; but several juniors, after having exhausted all their shot, have declared emphatically that their wigs might be dashed if they had bagged enough to pay for their powder. A few leading legal sportsmen have monopolised nearly all the game, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of some, who have had setters at work, and have themselves been beating about the bush in the hope of turning up a stray client.

OYSTERS IN YOUR OWN BASINS.

Prospectus,

ADDRESSED TO EVERY OYSTER'S FRIEND.

The *Sun* announces a letter from M. CARBONEL to the Academy of Sciences, stating that he has discovered the means of producing Oysters in fresh water ponds and basins; and some publicans in the City, friends to the Englishman and the Native, have entered into a correspondence with that eminent man of science, determined on establishing the great

Oyster-Bed-in-your-own-Basin Company.

Sec. pro. temp., GEORGE DANDO, Esq., Basinall Street.

THE advantages of this Company will be manifest. THE FEAST OF SHELLS is now within the reach of the poor. Every man who uses a basin may draw from it, not only cleanliness, but a delicious *feast of molluscous enjoyment*. Very young persons of both sexes have hitherto objected to enter the tub of Saturday nights; but how eagerly will they now fly to their weekly toilet, when it places at the same time within their reach a splendid and nutritious supper!

The great benefit derived from pearls in oysters is well known. Parties may hope to realise a vast income from this delightful source.

Science and ingenuity are busy in contriving a thousand ways of *facilitating* THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE OYSTER AND MANKIND. The former being sowed in a tin dish and fed with bran, will, by warming, instantly produce the most admirable scolloped oysters. Ready-made oyster patties will be constructed in smaller vessels. A tureen prepared with the spawn over-night will yield a savoury oyster soup, so much appreciated by epicures. A butter-boat, arranged in a similar manner, will be found to contain a satisfactory portion of that sauce (so often a mere fabulous compound), without which it is sufficient to say no cod's-head-and-shoulders can be complete.

A large supply of the oysters have arrived, and are for sale and on view at the Temporary Offices of the Company, in the City. And to convince the squeamish, the sceptical, or the prejudiced, MR. GUSTAVUS DANDO engages (the cost price being discharged) to eat any quantity of the article BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.—In connexion with this Company, we hear of a branch Company, for THE PROPAGATION OF WELCH RABBITS, which can't fail to meet with public sympathy.

THE STATE OF OUR SHIPS.

WE regret to hear that the wooden walls of Old England are in a very dilapidated condition. We have spoken to an intelligent boat-builder, who tells us that half the fleet is only fit for fire-wood. Among the war-frigates, we have learnt with much anguish that the *Monkey* is lame in both paddles, while the *Jackall* is subject to convulsions of the boiler, with occasional hemorrhage from the safety-valve. The *Grampus* has got something the matter with its inside, and the *Scourge* has been suffering under a sort of elephantiasis, which has led to such extreme lowness and depression, that it was feared she would have sunk altogether. The *Janus* has been operated upon for an internal disease of the engines, and notwithstanding JANUS being characterised in Mythology by two faces, the frigate of that name is quite unfit to face the enemy. We understand that MESSRS. CATTARNS and FRY, of the Iron Steam Boat Company, have offered, in case of invasion, to place the whole of the fourpenny fleet at the service of the Government. The Greenwich Company has made the same liberal proposal with reference to the sixpenny squadron.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXXII.

MRS. CAUDLE DISCOURSES ON MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK AND MAIDS IN GENERAL. MR. CAUDLE'S "INFAMOUS BEHAVIOUR" TEN YEARS AGO.

HERE NOW, it isn't my intention to say a word to-night, MR. CAUDLE. No; I want to go to sleep, if I can; for, after what I've gone through to-day, and with the head-ache I've got,—and if I haven't left my smelling-salts on the mantel-piece, on the right-hand corner just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—in a little green bottle, and——well, there you lie like a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move. Oh, my poor head! But it may open and shut, and what do you care?

"Yes, that's like your feeling, just. I want my salts, and you tell me there's nothing like being still for a head-ache. Indeed? But I'm not going to be still; so don't you think it. That's just how a woman's put upon. But I know your aggravation—I know your art. You think to keep me quiet about that minx KITTY,—your favourite, sir! Upon my life, I'm not to discharge my own servant without—but she shall go. If I had to do all the work myself, she shouldn't stop under my roof. I can see how she looks down upon me. I can see a great deal, MR. CAUDLE, that I never choose to open my lips about—but I can't shut my eyes. Perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind if I always could. Don't say that. I'm not a foolish woman, and I know very well what I'm saying. I suppose you think I forget *that* REBECCA? I know it's ten years ago that she lived with us—but what's that to do with it? Things arn't the less true for being old, I suppose. No; and your conduct, MR. CAUDLE, at that time—if it was a hundred years ago—I should never forget. *What? I shall always be the same silly woman?* I hope I shall—I trust I shall always have my eyes about me in my own house. Now, don't think of going to sleep, CAUDLE; because, as you've brought this up about that REBECCA, you shall hear me out. Well, I do wonder that you can name her! Eh? *You didn't name her?* That's nothing at all to do with it; for I know just as well what you think, as if you did. I suppose you'll say that you didn't drink a glass of wine to her? *Never?* So you said at the time, but I've thought of it for ten long years, and the more I've thought, the surer I am of it. And at that very time—if you please to recollect—at that very time little JACK was a baby. I should n't have so much cared but for that; but he was hardly running alone, when you nodded and drank a glass of wine to that creature. No; I'm not mad, and I'm not dreaming. I saw how you did it,—and the hypocrisy made it worse and worse. I saw you when the creature was just behind my chair, you took up a glass of wine, and saying to me, 'MARGARET,' and then lifting up your eyes at the bold minx, and saying, 'my dear,' as if you wanted me to believe that you spoke only to me, when I could see you laugh at her behind me. And at that time little JACK wasn't on his feet. What do you say? *Heaven forgive me?* Ha! MR. CAUDLE, it's you who ought to ask for that: I'm safe enough, I am: it's you who should ask to be forgiven.

"No, I wouldn't slander a saint—and I didn't take away the girl's character for nothing. I know she brought an action for what I said; and I know you had to pay damages for what you call my tongue—I well remember all that. And serve you right: if you hadn't laughed at her, it wouldn't have happened. But if you will make free with such people, of course you're sure to suffer for it. 'Twould have served you right if the lawyer's bill had been double. Damages, indeed! Not that anybody's tongue could have damaged her!

"And now, MR. CAUDLE, you're the same man you were ten years ago. What? *You hope so?* The more shame for you. At your time of life, with all your children growing up about you, to—*What am I talking of?* I know very well; and so would you, if you had any conscience, which you haven't. When I say I shall discharge KITTY, you say she's a very good servant, and I shan't get a better. But I know why you think her good; you think her pretty, and that's enough for you; as if girls who work for their bread have any business to be pretty,—which she isn't. Pretty servants, indeed! going mincing about with their fal-lal faces, as if even the flies would spoil 'em. But I know what a bad man you are—now, it's no use your denying it; for didn't I overhear you talking to MR. PRETTYMAN, and didn't you say that you couldn't bear to have ugly servants about you? I ask you,—didn't you say that? *Perhaps you did?* You don't blush to confess it? If your principles, MR. CAUDLE, ar'n't enough to make a woman's blood run cold!

"Oh, yes! you've talked that stuff again and again; and once I might have believed it; but I know a little more of you now. You like to see pretty servants, just as you like to see pretty statues, and pretty pictures, and pretty flowers, and anything in Nature that's pretty, just, as you say, for the eye to feed upon. Yes; I know your eyes,—very well. I know what they were ten years ago; for shall I ever forget that glass of wine when little JACK was in arms? I don't care if it was a thousand years ago, it's as fresh as yesterday, and I never will cease to talk of it. When you know me, how can you ask it?

"And now you insist upon keeping KITTY, when there's no having a bit of crockery for her? That girl would break the Bank of England—I know she would, if she was to put her hand upon it. But what's a whole set of blue china to her beautiful blue eyes? I know that's what you mean, though you don't say it.

"Oh, you needn't lie groaning there, for you don't think I shall ever forget REBECCA. Yes,—it's very well for you to swear at REBECCA now,—but you didn't swear at her then, MR. CAUDLE, I know. 'MARGARET, my dear!' Well, how you can have the face to look at me—*You don't look at me?* The more shame for you.

"I can only say, that either KITTY leaves the house, or I do. Which is it to be, MR. CAUDLE? Eh? *You don't care? Both?* But you're not going to get rid of me in that manner, I can tell you. But for that trollop—now, you may swear and rave as you like—*You don't intend to say a word more?*—Very well; it's no matter what you say—her quarter's up on Tuesday, and go she shall. A soup-plate and a basin went yesterday.

"A soup-plate and a basin, and when I've the head-ache as I have, MR. CAUDLE, tearing me to pieces! But I shall never be well in this world—never. A soup-plate and a basin!"

"She slept," writes CAUDLE, "and poor KITTY left on Tuesday."

TESTIMONIAL TO PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

"SIR,

"BEING desirous of getting some railway shares allotted to me in different names, and feeling it necessary to assume disguises that I might sign the necessary deeds, I wished for some specific to alter me as much as possible. I was advised to try your pills, and I beg to say that every dose I took made quite another man of me.

"Believe me to be
"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"WILLIAM BALDRON,
"*Alias* STINTON,
"*Alias* PROTEUS."

Blockade of the Streets.

A GREAT deal has been said about the glorious three days of the barricades at Paris, but what ought to be said about the three weeks of barricading to which the principal thoroughfares of London have been already subjected? The pass of Fleet Street is stopped; the great hill of Holborn is blocked up, and Piccadilly has fallen into the hands of the paviers, who hold possession of it with an obstinacy that would do honour to a better cause. As to NAPOLEON'S achievement in forcing a passage over the Alps, it was an easy process compared with the difficulty which he would have found in carrying his cohorts over Holborn Hill, or leading his legions along Fleet Street.

We cannot understand the policy of keeping the great London thoroughfares continually blockaded, unless it be to harass an invading enemy; for, supposing JOINVILLE and his party to arrive in the metropolis by the Dover Railway, they would naturally make for the Regent Circus, and being hemmed in by wheelbarrows in front, they might be surprised in the rear by a regiment turning suddenly round the corner of Jermyn Street. This precaution is all very well as far as a foreign foe is concerned, but it is very inconvenient to a native omnibus and its cargo of British passengers, who are carried considerably out of their way by the main thoroughfares being rendered impassable.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

OR AN, the indefinite article, which is exceedingly useful in the language of politics. Thus, an election candidate, pledging himself to *a* plan of Reform, or *an* extension of the suffrage, leaves himself, by the indefiniteness of the article, at liberty to act as he thinks proper. A in politics, like the A in Greek, often has the force of a negative; as, when a statesman promises to bring in A Bill to remedy an evil, he frequently brings in no bill whatever.

ABBEY, formerly a religious community, but now an exhibition or show, to which the public may be admitted at various prices, and, in some cases, for the small charge of three pence. Since the Reformation, abbeys have become scarce, and their rarity causing them to be considered as luxuries, they have been paid for accordingly. The speculators in Westminster Abbey have liberally reduced the prices of their exhibition; but visitors are hurried over it at a rapid rate, in order that quick returns may be an equivalent for small profits.

ABBREVIATION, the art of shortening; an art which seems to be unknown to long-winded speakers in Parliament. An M.P. is, however, often found abbreviating or cutting short a voter who comes to ask a favour soon after one election, and before there is any immediate chance of another.

ABDICATION, in its original sense, means the voluntary renouncing an office; but as offices are in these days seldom given up voluntarily, the word resignation, which expresses the act of resigning one's-self unwillingly to fate, is used with reference to retirement from place, which is almost always imperative. Abdication is now applied exclusively to the running away of sovereigns from thrones that are in a tottering condition. The last case of the kind that has occurred, or, as we hope, ever will occur, in England, is that of the exceedingly well-bred dog of the true KING CHARLES'S

breed, known as JAMES THE SECOND, who, observing preparations for ejecting him, cut, but did not come again to the throne.

ABERRATION (of Light), is in politics, as in astronomy, an apparent alteration in the position of anything according to the place it is viewed from. A politician who shifts his own ground, fancies that things are changed, and place makes a wonderful difference in the mode of looking at the same objects.

ABJURATION (oath of), administered to an attorney on his admission, apparently for the purpose of putting a shilling into the pockets of the usher, to drink luck to the new candidate for legal employment. The oath denies the right of the POPE OF ROME to exercise jurisdiction in England, as if it was feared that his Holiness might start a court of justice on his own account in some hole or corner of the empire. It would be quite as much to the purpose to swear that the EMPEROR OF CHINA may not exercise summary jurisdiction at Bow Street Police Office, or that RUSTI KHAN may not sit in *banco* during term at Westminster.

ABORIGINES, a term denoting the first inhabitants of a place, who are generally in a wild and savage state, like the first residents at Herne Bay, the Exeter 'Change Arcade, and other outlandish places. The American aborigines are offensive to the eyes of Yankee civilisation, which cannot bear to look on man in a barbarous state, and the natives are being rapidly exterminated in the land of equality. In a few years the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, or Greenwich Fair, will be the only spots where the war-whoop of the Native Indian may be heard in all its freshness and purity.

ABORTION, a word often applied to a ministerial measure.

ABSENTEE, one who gets his income in one place and has his establishment in another. Thus a London tradesman dining in the City but living a little way out of Town, is liable to a charge of absent-teeism. Some, however, having an income nowhere, and living anywhere they can, become absentees only when they are asked for money. The two teas who got over the palings of White Conduit House without paying their score, were absent-teas in the sense alluded to.

ACTION, (in law,) from the Latin *actio*, the state of doing; an action being frequently a continued *do* from beginning to end. An action also means a battle; and the term is therefore applicable to a law-suit which generally terminates in frightful loss to both sides.

ADMINISTRATION is the act of administering the goods of a person who dies without a will, and hence the word administration has come to mean collectively the government which distributes the goods of the nation, which may be said to be, to a certain extent, without a will of its own.

ADOPTION, taking as one's own the offspring of others, as SIR R. PEEL, in 1844—5, adopted all LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S legislative little ones. By the Roman law no one who had children of his own could adopt other people's; and in conformity with this rule, SIR R. PEEL being without principles of his own, was free to adopt those of the Whig Ministry.

THE BLACKFRIARS PIERAGE CASE.

THIS Pierage, though quite a new creation, is already in abeyance, for there is some mistake as to the title, and every one is aware that the title is the very essence of every Pierage. It seems that the grounds of dispute are the mud which constitutes the bed of the river, and we presume that this Pier, being confined to its bed, it must be regarded as a dormant Pierage. The old Blackfriars Pierage, with its bar sinister—or rail on the left hand—is nearly extinct from age, and the confirmation of the title of the new Pier is consequently looked for with intense interest. It is said that the new Pier is very inapproachable, and is much too high, which we are extremely sorry to hear, for in these days Piers must not be above contributing to the necessities of the people, and the Pier of Blackfriars must be made to lower its head, if it be true that it is of an improper altitude at present. We should be sorry to see a popular Pierage like that of Blackfriars has been, and may be again, earning the title of Barren of Accommodation.

Bow Fair, as seen at Mile End,

AUGUST 27, 1845.

21 Pleasure Vans,
3 'Busses,
1 Stage Coach,
1 Parcels' Delivery Company's Cart,
2 Shows,
A drove of Oxen,
1 Mad Bull.

WAR PANIC AT BRIGHTON.

THE inhabitants of Brighthelmstone were alarmed a little while ago by the arrival of the French War Steamer, the *Pluton*, and it was generally rumoured throughout the town that the French were in the act of invading England, and that JOINVILLE would take up his head-quarters at the Albion. Some, who had no notion of what an invasion could be like, ran down to the beach to look at it; and others, who had no notion of being present at a thing of the kind, hurried off to town by the first train after the French steamer appeared in the offing. The one artilleryman, into whose arms all Brighton must rush for defence in the event of a hostile attack on its unprotected shores, was busy rubbing up with sand-paper the touch-holes of the pieces of ordnance, on which the Brightonians rely "for safety and for succour." Happily, the whole turned out to be a false alarm; and originated in the fact that the French, not knowing how to construct a breakwater, came over to see how CAPTAIN TAYLOR had made his.

The crew of the French steamer, after looking at the breakwater, and refreshing themselves with some shrimps and small beer, returned to their vessel, where "*Rien aller*"—no go—was entered in the log-book as the result of their expedition.

THE GOTHA HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.

AIR.—"*Der Freischütz.*"

WHAT sportsman can vie with the sportsman of Gotha?
For whom foams more brightly life's glass of champagne?
What butcher can boast him a handsomer quota
Of meat in the course of his life to have slain?
With rifle his hand in,
He takes his proud stand in
His shooting-box raised on a hillock's ascent;
And from that pavilion,
Deals "Death to the Million"
Of deer down below him in fold snugly pent.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, pop-a-pop, pop-a-pop, pop pop,
Bang, bang, bang;
Go it, go it, go it, go it,—pop;
Go it—bang,
Go it—pop,
Go it, bang away, pop!

The arbour around him with flow'rets is trick'd out,
And foliage and heather so pretty and fine;
Beneath run the bucks and the does to be pick'd out,
Before him are tables with cake and with wine.
The deer whilst he's slaying,
Musicians are playing,
And Polkas and Waltzes resound through the grove;
And mellow his popping,
The animal's "dropping"
As he lounges at ease in his shady alcove.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

Gay hunters—their master's protection their duty—
Attend him in liveries of green and of gold,
Whilst a little way off sit the Daughters of Beauty,
Surveying the feats of the sportsman so bold;
With ogling and smiling,
His labours beguiling,
As whizz! from its barrel his rifle-ball flies.
Oh! scarcely less killing,
I'll wager a shilling,
Are the glances as often that flash from their eyes.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

Declare, now, ye yägers of Epping, who follow
The hounds at the risk of your limbs and your lives,
If this kind of sport doesn't beat your own hollow,
And wouldn't suit better your sweethearts and wives?
Take, then, to deer shooting,
Both Epping and Tooting,
And you, all ye suburbs of famed London Town;
Let sportsmanship fire you,
And courage inspire you,
With Coburg and Gotha to strive for renown.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

A Bargain.

TO BE SOLD—the Statues of KEAN and SHAKSPERE in the vestibule of the Drury Lane Theatre, the manager having no further use for their services. They are capitally suited for Sadler's Wells, or any "pothouse," where the National Drama may still be acted.

N.B. They must be cleared away before the opening of the next Opera Season.—For terms, apply to MR. ALFRED BUNN, Académie de Musique, Paris.

NOTICE OF EJECTMENT.

IT is now a rule of the British and Foreign Destitute that every member must procure an additional member within the next six months, or else pay a double subscription. "Double" is an ominous word. It suggests that awful alternative, "Quits." We are afraid that when the matter comes to be decided, it will be found that MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM alone cries "double," but every member "quits."

THE SCHOOL OF BAD DESIGNS.

THE STUDY OF "HIGH ART" AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

A NEW HISTORY FOR ENGLAND.

IF it be finally determined upon that no statue of CROMWELL shall be erected in the new Parliament House, the wise and dignified measure will be followed by another equally sagacious and magnanimous. An act will be passed, containing very stringent clauses, compelling all men to bring in to a certain place—to be duly named—all copies of the History of England; so that they may be destroyed like debased coin, and a new History be issued; which History shall satisfactorily prove that CHARLES STUART died, at a green old age, very comfortably in his bed; that JOHN HAMPDEN flourished as a tax-gatherer, collecting ship-money; that there was a certain OLIVER CROMWELL, a bluff-looking man, with a wart on his cheek, who lived somewhere in Huntingdon, following the trade of a brewer; and that men called PYM, VANE, and MARTIN, were his quiet, pains-taking servants. The History will contain a very touching narrative of all the circumstances of CHARLES THE FIRST'S death-bed—(he will be made to die of sheer old age)—with his paternal advice to CHARLES THE SECOND, who will be proclaimed next morning at St. James's.

It will also be shown that CHARLES THE SECOND passed his leisure hours translating *Thomas-à-Kempis*, and such other pious books; that he was the most faithful of husbands; that—had he been blessed with children—he would have been the tenderest of fathers, and very probably the stanchest of friends. LADY CASTELMAIN, NELL GWYNNE, and such rosy sinners, will be treated as NIEBUHR treats many whom we have been accustomed to look upon as real personages, as men and women of flesh and blood; namely, they will be shown to be pure abstractions—mere heroines of fables. JAMES THE SECOND will die in good time, in an English palace: for if it is not to be thought of that an English king was ever decapitated, neither can it be allowed that a British monarch was ever turned out of his realm. There will, to be sure, be a little difficulty in bringing in the House of Hanover; but it is difficulties only that test true genius. We have read historians who have made GEORGE THE FOURTH "one entire and perfect chrysolite," and his wife CAROLINE a second LUCRETIA. Thus, the House of Hanover, may—in default of issue of the Stuarts—be made to descend direct from JUPITER, and be duly conducted to St. James's by MERCURY. By adopting this line of history, the great difficulty of that great wickedness, OLIVER CROMWELL, will be got rid of, whilst new subjects of unexpected interest will be supplied to the artists in fresco.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE.

TRAVEL expands the mind. We do not issue this truth as a fire-new coin from our own mint; assuredly not; we merely call the attention of our readers to its beauty, as reflected upon by passing events. QUEEN VICTORIA goes to Germany. She assists at the inauguration of a statue to genius that has left its wondrous harmonies—bodiless souls, floating about the world—to upraise the hearts and solemnise the minds of men. There was an old, odd, stone-deaf musician, named BEETHOVEN.

Even whilst alive he was thought by some to have "something in him:" nevertheless, no man can show the house in which a few years back he dwelt. But now, there is a huge statue raised to the memory of the wizard of sound, and crowned heads vailed for a time their greatness, doing homage to the royalty of genius. The KING OF PRUSSIA and the QUEEN OF ENGLAND forgot the stern republican in the musician. The effect of that day's ceremony at Cologne upon the mind of our beloved QUEEN will, on the twenty-third of next April, be made manifest on the heights of Dover. We are not, at present, permitted to name our authority; but we speak from a source of intelligence that, often as we have applied to it, never yet failed us. What that source may be, we leave to the sagacity of the reader to discover.

Briefly then, QUEEN VICTORIA—touched by the ceremony at which she has so lately assisted—has determined that a colossal statue of SHAKSPEARE shall be erected at Dover on the Shakspeare Cliff! There is something grand in the choice of the site. It is wisely and well determined that the image of the tutelary genius of England shall stand a sea-mark to all nations: it is nobly conceived that he who, above all, has written for the great family of man, should, upon the rampart-cliff of his own England, receive the homage of every scion of the human race. And his claim will be acknowledged. Not by manning of the yards—not by that vapouring, noisy bully, blank-cartridge—but by that deep and silent reverence of the soul, which the soul in its fulness pays to its benefactor. Not that we shall object to a visible mark of respect, shown, sailor-fashion, to the Undying Philanthropist. No: it will be more than a pretty sight, as intelligence travels, and "the circle widens as the earth spins round," to see ships from all ports of the earth lower their sails, like wild swans stooping in their flight, to the image of him who has cast "a girdle round about the world"—a girdle made of the triple cord of love, and gentleness, and truth! All glory then to QUEEN VICTORIA! who, in honouring—in so far as royalty can honour—God-lighted genius, casts a lustre on herself and reign! All glory to the monarch who, with the quick and delicate sympathies of womanhood, acknowledges the power that makes the true grandeur of her own land—who acknowledges in her native English, as breathed by SHAKSPEARE, a thoughtful muse that softens and refines the world!

We have said that the inauguration of the statue will take place on the 23rd of next April, the birthday of SHAKSPEARE. We might, if we would, give every particular of the ceremony to be observed on the occasion; for we know that the

"REMEMBER THE POOR ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONER."

programme of the solemnity—so much has HER MAJESTY the matter at heart—has wholly engaged the royal attention during the QUEEN'S retirement at Coburg. As, however, the time approaches, we will furnish our readers with a most minute account of the observances of the ceremony. We shall at present content ourselves with stating that the day of inauguration will be a holiday throughout England—that the QUEEN herself will, by some cunningly-devised machinery, first discover the statue to the world,—and that moreover, HER MAJESTY will invite the royalty of every country to assist at the ceremonial. It is said that a royal autograph letter has been already despatched to the Emperor of China, inviting him to "knock head" to the poet of the human race.

Everybody attending the festival will appear in a Shaksperian character. HER MAJESTY, graciously to assure the diffident, will represent *Titania*. We have not yet heard the character chosen by PRINCE ALBERT. The great folks at the West-End are already in a flutter of preparation. For if they were so strongly moved by the idea of a costume-ball, which was to do honour to nobody but the tailor and the milliner, what will they not do when required to mark their admiration of SHAKSPEARE!

Again and again, all honour to the QUEEN! And when she is gently summoned to lay aside her present crown for a diadem of stars, it will be no small part of the glory of her epitaph, that it shall contain these truths:—

"She rarely went to the Italian Opera;
"And
"She raised a Statue to Shakspeare!"

SPORTS FOR QUEENS!

s *Punch* is very frequently smuggled beyond the Pyrenees, we have been solicited by DONNA MENDOZA—wife of a Spanish refugee, residing in Seymour Street, Somers-town—to print the subjoined letter, that it may meet the eye of the writer's sister, a lady of high rank, residing at San Sebastian.

"MY DEAR JACINTA,

"You know how much I hate this dull and foggy prison, England—how much I yearn for the sweet freedom, the blue heaven of our adored Spain. However, in the next revolution but ten—and that cannot be longer than three months—BALDOMERO ESPARTERO will be paramount in Madrid, and we shall again embrace.

"Beloved JACINTA,—you can have no idea of the sluggish blood of these Britons—of their utter ignorance of romance—of their insensibility to true heroism. Will you believe it?—they absolutely sneer at our glorious bull-fights! Yes, they condemn that gallant sport which thrills the heart-strings of Spain's daughters—they denounce the pleasure derived from disembowelled horses, with now and then a crushed and wounded *matador!* It is only a few days since that some of the audacious newspapers wrote in the most treasonous terms about the bull-fights at San Sebastian (witnessed by our beloved QUEEN—whom Heaven preserve! and her apostolic professor,)—and moreover cast the venom of their ink upon that truly national game, so dear to the hearts of Spaniards, of jumping at the head of a live goose, and pulling it from its quivering body. Imagine the effrontery of this!

"I had given up these English as a dastard race—a nation of cowards—incapable of nothing but killing men in equal fight—when my hopes of what they may do yet were raised by accounts from Germany. You must know that QUEEN VICTORIA (whom Heaven preserve!) has been to Saxe-Gotha, and there, with other royal ladies, has witnessed the butchery of I know not how many stags, in a way almost worthy of our own delicious bull-fights. All the deer were driven into a corner, when the QUEEN and the royal ladies, while the band played the Polka, were seated in easy chairs at a table, to see the fun. Well, the slaughter began—the princes fired away, the band playing the lustier; and, after *two hours*, nearly all the brutes were killed. Then, says the *Times'* account:—

"'The dead or dying deer were either dragged, or carried suspended from poles, across towards the pavilion, where the huntsman plunged his enormous *couteau de chasse* into their throats.'

The royal ladies, be it remembered by those who sneered at our bull-fights and our game of goose, looking on. When the delightful sport was over, why then, says the *Chronicle*:—

"'The ladies passed along the line of dead on the way to their carriages. It was a wretched sight. The poor creatures arranged side by side—their dull, dim, dead eyes looking as ghastly as the wounds from which the clotted blood came oozing in black drops down the yet warm carcass. I had as lief see a knacker's yard.'

"After this, dear JACINTA, I must confess I have some hopes in the spirit of English ladies. I do hope, that, influenced by the highest example, there may yet be bull-fights, and games of pull-goose in Hyde Park; and that at least until that glorious time arrive, young ladies of the very best families will gradually accustom themselves to bear the sight by attending the westernmost slaughter-houses on killing-days. To be sure, to see an ox felled with a pole-axe, or a sheep's throat cut, is hardly so exciting as to behold a herd of stags butchered as above described; nevertheless, the slaughter-house will do to begin with.

"However, after this, let us have no sneering at our beloved QUEEN OF SPAIN, the *toros* and the goose,—let Englishmen think of Germany, and be quiet.

"Your affectionate Sister,
"MARIA MENDOZA."

BRUTUS, THE BARRISTER.

DOWN with the Press! The hireling pens, who 're paid for what they write,
Who make a bad cause plausible, and alter black to white;
Let others coin their brains for dross, here 's one that never can,
For BRUTUS is a Barrister, "an honourable man!"

'Tis true, in Justice' holy cause a point I sometimes strain;
I own with pride I 've done it, and hope to do again:
For such has been the rule of Court since first the Bar began,
And "Barrister" was synonyme for "honourable man!"

Suppose my client be a rogue, he is my client still;
To prove the guilty innocent 's the triumph of my skill;
The truth or falsehood of my tale the judge sits there to scan,
I 'm not the less a Barrister, "an honourable man!"

You 'd stare to see how I can wind the jury round my thumb,
How fast and free my tears can flow, when sentiment I come;
A timid witness I browbeat, an honest one trepan,
And all the world says, BRUTUS is "an honourable man!"

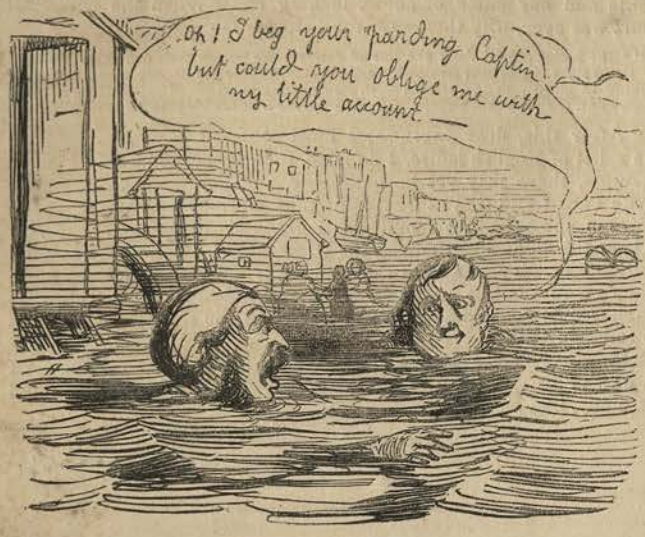
While pleading for a murderer, (I brought him off scot free,)
The fool confess'd; but I was bound by honour and my fee:
Of course I finish'd the defence, which I 'd so well began,
And his Lordship said I 'd acted as "an honourable man!"

I 'm anything but squeamish, but still—*stoop I to report!*
Why every curl would stand erect on every wig in Court!
No, never! Thus upon the Press I place my solemn ban,
I, BRUTUS, Barrister-at-Law, and "honourable man!"

Appropriate Present.

IT is not generally known that PRINCE ALBERT—"his brows bound with victorious garlands,"—on his return to the Isle of Wight from deer-killing, was waited upon by a deputation of ladies, who presented him with a blue apron, very curiously worked, in honour of his recent conquest of the stags. The ladies represented the body of butchers' wives of London, and the blue apron was worked with a *couteau de chasse*, and various gouts of blood, in scarlet silk. We understand that the master-butchers themselves intend to offer for the royal acceptance a magnificent knife, and a beautiful steel, manufactured from the very best German metal. It is further stated that SIR H. BISHOP proposes to compose a new Royal catch, the burden of which will be—"What will ye buy?" The articles in question will, no doubt, be preserved as part of the Regalia, and consigned to the curatorship of MR. SWIFTE, of the Tower, to whom by-the-bye we alluded erroneously the other day as the showman of the Crown, whereas he is entrusted with the honourable office of Viceroy of it.

PENCILLINGS ON THE BEACH.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

HIGH TREASON.

A TRAITOR, who signs himself ALPHA, and writes in the *Times*, writes thus :—

"It is no use to conceal the fact—British high art is *hated at Court, and dreaded by the aristocracy*. They don't want it; they can't afford it; they think any art, which does not cultivate their vanity or domestic affections, can have no earthly use!"

We trust that the writer of the above will be immediately committed to the Tower, there, in due season, to be brought to the block: or, if we might suggest a still more terrible punishment, we would propose that he should be sent to the School of Bad Designs, Somerset House, there to have his head taken off, as only MR. WILSON, the master, can perform the operation. Hence, we would not kill the traitor at once, but destroy him by lingering agonies.

A WALK IN OUR SLEEP.

have never before confessed it to the world, but we do sometimes walk in our sleep. How we have escaped a mortal cold, how we have so often escaped the police, has often puzzled us to explain. We are apt to put down our preservation to our "cheerful faith," as our friend WORDSWORTH has it, that we are the favourite of Fortune; and when, in truth, we think of the dolts and nincompoops that Fortune, in her day, has fondled and coddled, we think she only does something like reparation to the world at large, by taking such tender care of *Punch!*

The favourites of Fortune! Merciful MOMUS! Here, *Toby*, good dog—fetch us the *Red Book*, and in a trice we'll pick out five hundred favourites, who—*Toby* doesn't think it worth his while, but yawns, curls himself round head to tail, and slightly snores. *Toby* is right; the folly of Fortune is too obvious; 'twould be to hold a rushlight to the sun to show it.

Be it understood, then, that we walk in our sleep. Well, a night or two since, we left our eider-down, at 92, Fleet Street, and—when we do walk in our slumbers, we walk a clipping pace—in a short time found ourselves in the primitive village of Fulham. We proceeded down a narrow lane that led to the church. We suddenly paused, for there, under the midnight sky, and immediately beneath a gas-light, stood a mendicant. Reader, that man had all the externals of a Bishop. And yet—thought we—it is strange he should beg at midnight; and then, again, we made every philosophical allowance for the inveteracy of habit.

The mendicant was one, who, it was plain, had seen better days. There still upon his cheek lingered traces of happier times. His face was somewhat flushed with a departing rosiness. He was a wreck, it was true—but, like other wrecks we have heard of, he still preserved a very jolly figure-head. He looked with a sweet boldness in our face, and jerked the string that held his dog, that held in his mouth a very curious cap: we have seen such, if we mistake not, in cathedral windows. The dog—although, we are sure of it, he had been whelped in a cellar, and had in his day led a blind fiddler—the dog seemed ashamed of his present occupation. We have heard of an apocryphal blue dog that blushed in a dark entry; blush as he might, he never blushed so deeply as that dog in the lane at Fulham.

"Is it possible," said we, addressing the reverend man, "is it possible that you can be so destitute as to beg? What can have brought you to this dreadful pass?"

"Bricks and mortar! Bricks and mortar," said the Bishop. "We're regularly built out." And then, in moving accents, he told some of his sorrows: how 30,000*l.* had been spent upon one MR. CHATHAM, and how, from knowing nothing of book-keeping, he and his friends had run through three millions of money. "It's a wicked world"—said he—"and we wer'n't brought up to know anything of arithmetic." Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added—"The builders have gammoned us." Drying his tears, he cried in a chirping voice—"If you're a Christian, give us sixpence!"

"Give you sixpence!"—we cried, "we'll ——".

"Come, you must walk on—no noise here," cried a policeman, and he shook us wide awake. How delighted were we to find that it was all a dream. That we had seen no Bishop—had looked upon no dog—had heard no story of being built-out—and, more than all, that 30,000*l.* had *not* been spent upon one MR. CHATHAM.

With a lightened heart and very cold feet, we took a back cab and returned to bed. Still something of the vision would haunt us: for in our late slumbers we saw the BISHOP OF LONDON in his oaken study at Fulham, buried in profoundest meditation. On one side of him laid a copy of the *Ecclesiastical Commission*, and on the other *Cocker's Arithmetic*. And his grace sat meditating—painfully meditating—how he should best make those two books meet!

STEAM FOR THE MILLION.

SOME enterprising speculators, jealous of the success of the fourpenny fleet, have started an experimental squadron of twopenny steamers, which have been advertised as Steam for the Million; but as penny boats have since commenced running, we presume that "Steam for the Billion" will now be the cry of the Company. If the mania for this kind of navigation increases, we don't know where names are to be found for the various vessels that are being daily launched on the Battersea billows, to be tossed on the waves of Westminster, and find a haven at Hungerford. We have already had the flower-beds exhausted to provide titles for the *Daisy*, the *Primrose*, the *Pink*, and the *Daffydowndilly;* but we are told the *Polyanthus* is now upon the stocks, and the keel of the *Crocus* is already laid in the Fulham Dockyards. The social relations have been used up by the iron boats, which rejoice in the titles of *Bridegrooms*, *Brides*, *Bachelors*, *Fathers* and *Sons of the Thames*, and the various shades of *Moonlight*, *Daylight*, and *Twilight*, have been applied to other craft belonging to the same company. Entomology is now being resorted to, and the *Ant* and the *Bee* were placed on the Adelphi station a few days ago, to carry penny passengers. We have heard it whispered that Geology is to supply another series of steamers, which will shortly come forth with the astounding names of *Megatherium*, *Deinotherium*, *Ichthyosaurus*, and *Anti-Megatherium*, for the purpose of taking people at the rate of three a penny from Lambeth Palace to the Temple.

An Epistolary Rocket.

WE understood that it was against the law to transmit explosive substances by post; but we have received a burst of fiery indignation, evidently designed to blow us up, from a friend of the LATE Chief Justice of Newfoundland, repudiating the application to him of the little anecdote of the chop at HATCHETT'S, and the candidateship for the Court of Requests Judgeship. In referring to our last week's number it will be found that the LATE Judge of Newfoundland was not alluded to. The individual who indulged in a little touting from the box in HATCHETT'S coffee-room was in a transition state from the Bar of England to the Bench of Newfoundland, but the late Judge is by far too good a judge of what is due to himself and his profession to have been guilty of the indecorum which his successor seems to have committed.

MEDITATIONS ON SOLITUDE.

BY OUR STOUT COMMISSIONER.

UR drawing-room at the Regent is a desert. You can't get a rubber of whist in the evening, for the card-players are all gone. PUFFINS is the only man left in the smoking-room, and he is such a bore, that solitude is pleasant compared to his frightful conversation. All the house-carpets are up, and the place infested with abominable scourers, gilders, and whitewashers. The house-steward is out of town: the French cook has got leave of absence, and I believe the hall porter is gone to the Moors. It is September in a word, and I am alone and deserted.

All the familiar places where you get dinner during the season are shut up. They are painting HOBANOB'S house. CARVER'S shutters are closed in Portland Place, and the parlour-blinds are pinned up with newspapers. I wonder whether the BOGLES like frying at Naples as well as their cool pleasant house in Hyde Park Terrace? What capital 34 Claret that was of BOGLE'S; that last batch from CARBONEL'S, I mean. Dear EMILY BOGLE! I thought there was a tear in her eye as I led her down to the carriage at LADY KICKSEY'S, and said farewell. I wish to Heaven BOGLE would come back. Not so much about EMILY; but his cook makes the best white-soup in England.

Why the deuce did not SIR JOHN KICKSEY ask me down to Kicksey Acres. I gave him hints enough. I told him I could not go abroad this autumn—that I thought of going to shoot in his neighbourhood at old HAWCOCK'S. I told the old brute as much three times, and he always turned the conversation. Does he fancy there is anything serious between me and ELIZA? Psha! I can't marry twelve thousand pound. The girl *was* rather sweet on me, I confess. But her mother is bent upon marrying her to a title; and the way in which she is manœuvring poor little TUFTO, makes all London laugh.

Out of the six red-jacketed villains who used to hold your horse opposite the palace in St. James's Street, (the claret at the guards' mess has been remarkably good this year, and I warrant you there's no stint,) only two are left. I asked where the head of the gang was—the squinting one? He is gone abroad, upon my conscience! To Baden-Baden, or the Pyrenees, no doubt.

The number of men growing moustachios during the last two weeks of August, was quite facetious. Snuffy upper lips met you everywhere. I met SWINNEY, the artist—snuffy upper lip; his hair is of a light hue, and the incipient whisker looked like a smear of Welsh High-dried. He was going up the Rhine, he told me, and blushed as I sneeringly pointed to the ornament beginning to decorate his jolly face. I met QUACKLE, the barrister—snuffy upper lip. He has made nine or ten thousand in the committees this year, and is off for three weeks' pleasuring. I warrant *he* didn't blush when I alluded to the black stubble sprouting under his beak of a nose. QUACKLE blush, indeed! I went into BULTER and VOGEL'S, my tailors', in Clifford Street—snuffy upper lip again; not BULTER'S, who is a family man, and has his villa at Roehampton; but VOGEL'S moustache bids fair to be as long as that of TIMOUR THE TARTAR. He has a right to the whiskers, however, being a tailor, and a Count of the empire.

But the best of the moustachios that I have heard of is that of old WARSHOT, our tutor at Oxford, who was detected in Belgium, whiskered, in a green-frogged coat, and calling himself COLONEL WALDEMAR.

If our people are invading the Continent in great force, on the other hand, the influx of Frenchmen hitherwards is prodigious. I never saw so many of the little smug, self-satisfied, high-heeled, narrow-ribbed, be-stayed, be-whiskered, be-curling-ironed, under-sized generation. They are jabbering about every corner of Leicester Square and Regent Street; and you see the little ricketty creatures peering in at the empty club-house doors, or chaffering with cabmen for their fares.

I saw two of them standing on Richmond Hill the other day, and *patronizing* it. *C'est joli*, says one; *c'est pas mal*, says the other; as if, now they had given *their* opinion, the view might pass muster. And then one of the little dwarfs curled his waxed moustache, and leered at MRS. BLOBBY'S handsome nursery-maid, who was passing with about eleven of B.'s youngest children.

It can't be helped. Do what you will, you *can't* respect Frenchmen. It's well of us to talk of equality and amity. But we can't keep up the farce of equality with them at all. And my opinion is, that the reason why they hate us, and will hate us, and ought to hate us for ever, is the consciousness of this truth on one side or the other. It is not only in history and in battles, but we are domineering over them in every *table d'hôte* in Europe at this moment. We go into their own houses, and bully them there. We can't be brought to believe that a Frenchman is equal to an Englishman. Is there any man in England who thinks so in his heart? If so, let him send his name to the publishers.

This huge desert of a London is abominable. Everybody is gone! Everybody. It's heart-breaking to pass from house to house, and think glasses are covered, the carpets are up, the jolly Turkey-rug gone from under the hospitable mahogany, 'neath which your legs have reposed so often, and the only inhabitant of the mansion a snuffy char-woman. How to pass your evenings? In theatres—to see clumsy translations from the French—to see vulgarised multiplications of MRS. CAUDLE. The passion for the Stage is like the love of gooseberry-fool—strongest in youth. The only thing in the dramatic art which has survived early youth in my love, is WIDDICOMBE, and he is *always* new. But you can not do, WIDDICOMBE, more than six times in a season.

* * * * * *

I could not leave town or its neighbourhood, being (between ourselves) chairman of the Diddlesex Junction; and *exceedingly anxious* about the Great Pedlington line, (with a branch to Muffborough and Stagg's End). And the above observations were written in the deepest despondency, as I sate at dessert, alone, in the enormous coffee-room of the Regent Club: when suddenly, the bright idea rose to my mind,—if London is empty, why not go to the watering-places? Have you ever been at Bagnigge Wells, you who know Baden so well? Have you who have beheld the pyramids (*ille ego qui quondam*, &c.), ever glanced at Rosherville Gardens? Tivoli is a very nice place; but what do you say, my lad, to Tunbridge? You who have seen the caverns of Posilipo, say, have you beheld the Swiss Cottage and Grotto, Shoreham, near Brighton? Go out, and be a Commissioner for *Punch* at the watering-places of this great kingdom.—And my soul was refreshed at the thought, and I knew the first moment of happiness I have enjoyed (for the Diddlesex Junctions are somehow low in the market) since the end of the term.

THE DYING ONE.

THERE is a kid-glove cleaner in Gravesend who says, in one of his circulars, that "he has had the honour of dyeing for the Royal Family, and scouring for the House of Lords for the last twenty-six years."

We really think this worthy fellow is entitled to a pension. His dying so repeatedly for HER MAJESTY surely deserves some national acknowledgment, but his being employed for such a number of years in keeping the House of Lords clean would make any extravagant sum that was given to him appear dirt-cheap. After the situation of the Clerk, who is obliged to listen to LORD BROUGHAM making five speeches on each question, we can imagine no duty in the House more laborious than that of keeping it continually clean. Cleaning the Augean Stables must have been an old charwoman's work compared to it; and yet we will be bound to say, this modern HERCULES is modestly employed at Gravesend, like a second CINCINNATUS, in cultivating his summer cabbages, unconscious of the great good he has done his country. Let SIR ROBERT PEEL give another proof of his active appreciation of merit by finding out this noble successor of our HAMPDENS, and elevating him to that House his whole energies and knees have been bent upon for six-and-twenty years. Surely, after cleaning the whole House for a quarter of a century, no one would be mean enough to deny him a seat in it?

The Awkward Squadron.

IT seems the vessels of the Experimental Squadron are dreadful slow coaches. Some of them only go eight miles an hour. We propose that their names be altered to suit their intuitive powers of slowness, for it looks like mockery to call a vessel *The Monkey*, when it goes no faster than a night cab-horse. We suggest that the *Grampus* be re-christened the *Tortoise*—that the *Jackal* be changed into the *Snail*—and that the slowest of the lot be appropriately called *The Omnibus*, or *The Chancery Suit*. The *Monkey* steamer might take the name of *Prince Joinville*, out of compliment to his pamphlet for invading England, for we must say we never knew anything in nautical matters slower than that.

PANORAMA OF THE BLACKWALL RAILWAY.

ENJOYMENT of the scenery constitutes more than half the pleasure of travelling; and in order that the voyager along the Blackwall Railway may know what to expect, we have had a panorama prepared by a first-rate artist of the scene that will greet the eye and sink into the heart of the passenger from Fenchurch Street.

Talk of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," what are they compared with "the feast of chimneys and the flow of smoke," on the line alluded to? There is something elevating in the idea of running for miles on a level with the weathercock and the cowl, while we mark the fierce cat revelling uncontrolled along the sky-piercing parapet. The chamois hopping and skipping over rocky peaks, or the goat frisking about in the caves of the Colosseum, are both objects of grandeur; but the unfettered cat, roaming at ease through the lofty gutters of Limehouse and Poplar, is a sight which none but the passenger on the Blackwall Railway is privileged to contemplate.

But we are growing sentimental, and the tear-drop is trickling down the cedar pen-holder, till, mingling with the murky ink, it becomes darkened with that it mixes with; like the gushing dew-drop, which—but we are losing sight of the Panorama of the Blackwall Railway, to which we entreat the serious attention of all lovers of the beautiful.

SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

WE were much shocked the other day at seeing two individuals rolling about the streets in a fearful state of intoxication, bearing enormous placards inscribed—

"One of Ourselves."

We were naturally anxious to know who the inebriated boardmen could possibly be claiming as a congenial spirit, when one of them, happening to give a sudden whirl round, disclosed another board at his back, with—

"Pilcher for Southwark"

printed in conspicuous characters. Surely MR. PILCHER's committee cannot sanction two drunken emissaries going forward into the public streets, and identifying PILCHER with themselves.

The Conservative candidate has announced himself as a steady friend to Protestantism; but if two fellows go reeling about the streets, calling PILCHER "*one of them*," he can have no pretence to steadiness of principle. We should as soon expect to see a placard, announcing "PILCHER the friend to the Constitution," on one side, and "We won't go home till morning," emblazoned on the other. During the period of canvassing, we know that the most aristocratic candidates profess to be identified with the people; but it would be as well if the committee of the steady Protestant would take care in future that the individuals selected to carry the boards inscribed "Vote for PILCHER, ONE OF US," should at least keep sober.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

THE contest between the Morning Papers for a priority of fashionable intelligence places one or two of those journals fearfully on their mettle in the collection of facts relating to the movements of the aristocracy. A constant struggle is going on between the emissaries of the papers, to be first in the announcement of an intended diplomatic dinner or "*thé dansante*," and each paper has now its JENKINS, who is employed to flirt with the housemaids in the fashionable squares, for the purpose of getting into their confidence and extracting from them in their weaker moments—"exclusive intelligence." Occasionally, in their efforts to get at something new, the JENKINSES sink into the mysterious, and we hear of people whom we never heard of before doing things that are of as little consequence as the individuals who do them. One of them has lately dug up from the mine of obscurity an individua whose movements have been made the subject of the following paragraph:—

"CAPTAIN CUDDY left town yesterday for Scotland, to join his brother-in-law, JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, Esq., cousin to his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland, on board his yacht the *Ada*, at Islay. CAPTAIN CUDDY, after making a tour in Scotland, will proceed to Ireland on a visit."

This paragraph has a good deal puzzled us, and has suggested to us the following series of interrogatories:—

1st. Who is CAPTAIN CUDDY?

2nd. How does his leaving Town affect the public so as to make his departure a matter of interest?

3rd. Why introduce the name of "JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, Esq., cousin to his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland," unless for the purpose of showing that CUDDY has a sister who married a gentleman, or that CUDDY himself married the sister of a gentleman, whose father or mother married either the brother or the sister of the father or mother of the Lord Primate of Ireland?

4th. Does the Lord Primate of Ireland keep a yacht; and how is it that his Grace can find time to be on board of her at Islay?

5th. What tour is the Captain going to make in Scotland, and why? and if he is—what matters?

6th. Who cares about his intended visit to Ireland?

Perhaps the Editor of the Paper in an early leading article will oblige us with an answer to these queries.

NEW WEAPON OF WAR.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD has sent 50,000 crosses of the Legion of Honour into the interior of Africa, for the purpose of subduing the natives. The terror evinced by the poor Arabs at having one of these crosses levelled at their breast, is such, that they instantly take to flight. MARSHAL BUGEAUD is in hopes, by this new method of warfare, of conquering the whole of Algiers in a very short time, without shedding a drop of blood.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6. York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of *Middlesex*, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1845.

PENCILLINGS ON THE BEACH.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXXIII.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS DISCOVERED THAT CAUDLE IS A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

"WHEN I took up the paper to-day, CAUDLE, you might have knocked me down with a feather! Now, don't be a hypocrite—you know what's the matter. And when you haven't a bed to lie upon, and are brought to sleep upon coal-sacks—and then I can tell you, MR. CAUDLE, you may sleep by yourself—then you'll know what's the matter. Now, I've seen your name, and don't deny it. Yes,—the Eel-Pie Island Railway—and among the Directors, JOB CAUDLE, Esq., of the Turtledovery, and—no, I won't be quiet. It isn't often—goodness knows!—that I speak; but seeing what I do, I won't be silent. *What do I see?* Why, there, MR. CAUDLE, at the foot of the bed, I see all the blessed children in tatters—I see you in a gaol, and the carpets hung out at the windows.

"And now I know why you talk in your sleep about a broad and narrow gauge! I couldn't think what was on your mind,—but now it's out. Ha! MR. CAUDLE, there's something about a broad and narrow way that I wish you'd remember—but you've turned quite a heathen: yes, you think of nothing but money now. *Don't I like money?* To be sure I do; but then I like it when I'm certain of it; no risks for me. Yes, it's all very well to talk about fortunes made in no time; they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together.

"And now it's plain enough why you can't eat or drink, or sleep, or do anything. Your mind's cut up into railways; for you shan't make me believe that Eel-Pie Island's the only one. Oh no! I can see by the looks of you. Why, in a little time, if you haven't as many lines in your face as there are lines laid down! Every one of your features seems cut up,—and all seem travelling from one another. Six months ago, CAUDLE, you hadn't a wrinkle; yes, you'd a cheek as smooth as any china, and now your face is like the map of England.

"At your time of life, too! You, who were for always going small and sure! You to make heads-and-tails of your money in this way! It's that stockbroker's dog at Flam Cottage—he's bitten you, I'm sure of it. You're not fit to manage your own property now; and I should be only acting the part of a good wife, if I were to call in the mad-doctors.

"Well, I shall never know rest any more now. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this, that I shan't think it's the man coming to take possession. 'Twill be something for the CHALKPITS to laugh at when we're sold up. I think I see 'em here, bidding for all our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—what are you laughing at? *They're not bigotry and virtue; but bijouterie and vertu?* It's all the same; only you're never so happy as when you're taking me up.

"If I can tell what's come to the world, I'm a sinner! Everybody's for turning their farthings into double sovereigns and cheating their neighbours of the balance. And you, too—you're beside yourself, CAUDLE,—I'm sure of it. I've watched you when you thought me fast asleep. And then you've lain, and whispered and whispered, and then hugged yourself, and laughed at the bed-posts, as if you'd seen 'em turned to sovereign gold. I do believe that you sometimes think the patch-work quilt is made of thousand pound bank-notes.

"Well, when we're brought to the Union, then you'll find out your mistake. But it will be a poor satisfaction for me every night to tell you of it. What, MR. CAUDLE? *They won't let me tell you of it?* And you call that 'some comfort?' And after the wife I've been to you! But now I recollect. I think I've heard you praise that Union before; though, like a fond fool as I've always been, I never once suspected the reason of it.

"And now, of course, day and night you'll never be at home? No, you'll live and sleep at Eel-Pie Island! I shall be left alone with nothing but my thoughts, thinking when the broker will come, and you'll be with your brother directors. I may slave and I may toil to save sixpences; and you'll be throwing away hundreds. And then the expensive tastes you've got! Nothing good enough for you now. I'm sure you sometimes think yourself KING SOLOMON. But that comes of making money—if, indeed, you have made any—without earning it. No: I don't talk nonsense: people *can* make money without earning it. And when they do, why it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught; it gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. And you're in that state now, MR. CAUDLE: I'm sure of it, by the way of you. There's a drunkenness of the pocket as well as of the stomach,—and you're in that condition at this very moment.

"Not that I should so much mind—that is, if you *have* made money—if you'd stop at the Eel-Pie line. But I know what these things are: they're like treacle to flies: when men are well in 'em, they can't get out of 'em: or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with. No: if you've really made money by the Eel-Pie line, and will give it to me to take care of for the dear children, why, perhaps, love, I'll say no more of the matter. What! *Nonsense?* Yes, of course: I never ask you for money, but that's the word.

"And now, catch you stopping at the Eel-Pie line! Oh no, I know your aggravating spirit. In a day or two I shall see another fine flourish in the paper, with a proposal for a branch from Eel-Pie Island to the Chelsea Bun-house. Give you a mile of rail, and—I know you men,—you'll take a hundred. Well, if it didn't make me quiver to read that stuff in the paper,—and your name to it! But I suppose it was MR. PRETTYMAN'S work; for his precious name's among 'em. How you tell the people 'that eel-pies are now become an essential element of civilisation'—I learnt all the words by heart, that I might say 'em to you—'that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary,—and that by means of the projected line eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Ratcliffe-highway, and the adjacent dependencies.' Well, when you men—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves—do get together to make up a company, or anything of the sort,—is there any story-book can come up to you? And so you look solemnly in one another's faces, and never so much as moving the corners of your mouths, pick one another's pockets. No: I'm not using hard words, MR. CAUDLE—but only the words that's proper.

"And this I *must* say. Whatever you've got, I'm none the better for it. You never give me any of your Eel-Pie shares. What do you say? *You will give me some?* Not I—I'll have nothing to do with any wickedness of the kind. If, like any other husband, you choose to throw a heap of money into my lap—what? *You'll think of it? When the Eel Pies go up?* Then I know what they're worth—they'll never fetch a farthing."

"She was suddenly silent—writes CAUDLE—and I was sinking into sleep, when she nudged me, and cried, 'CAUDLE, do you think they'll be up to-morrow?'"

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

DULTERATION, a very important branch of commercial industry. Though adulteration has been prohibited by several acts of Parliament, it is a species of manufacturing skill which improves whatever it is employed upon. It turns the humble cabbage-leaf into the wholesome cheroot, and converts the coculus Indicus, the quassia, the liquorice, into porter, or some other equally popular beverage. Sand is elevated into sugar; sloe-leaves are exalted into tea; and alum takes its place by the side of flour as an ingredient, in the great staff of all our existences. The statutes against adulteration, being regarded as a check on the progress of science, are usually disregarded by that great and glorious character, the British merchant. It is, perhaps, a patriotic preference for the productions of his native land, which induces the English cigar-dealer to seek the Savoy of Great Britain rather than the weed of Bengal; and the same feeling no doubt actuates the tea-merchant when he looks for a profit—sloe and sure—from the suburban hedges.

ADVOCATE, from the Latin words *ad*, to, and *vocare*, to call; because an advocate is at the call of any one who needs his services. The early Roman advocates professed to plead gratuitously, but some of them were soon detected in taking fees indirectly, by making no charge, but "leaving it to the generosity" of their employers. Clients were "expected" to give something to the advocate, and were no doubt considered to have acted shabbily if they shirked it; so that at last a regular charge was made, and some of the Roman barristers used to receive so much a head from as many as chose to take shares in these joint-stock advocates. At length the gentlemen of the Roman long-robe became so greedy, that it was found necessary to limit their fees, the maximum of which was fixed at ten thousand sestertii, which the classical student may at his leisure reduce to six-and-eightpences. The advocates were paid generally in *asses*, or brass, and they paid those asses their clients usually in the same metal. The fees were always payable before the cause was pleaded; and it was a rule that if the advocate died, or did not, or could not, or would not, attend to his duties, the sum he had received was in no case to be given back again. "No money returned" was the motto of the Roman as well as of the English barrister.

AGENT, is a-gent acting for another gent, and is derived from the Latin word *agens*, doing, because an agent is often doing his principal.

AGRARIAN LAWS related to the public lands; and SPURIUS CASSIUS, who was called spurious to distinguish him from the genuine CASSIUS, was the first poor man's friend who proposed an agrarian law; for which piece of patriotism he was tried, condemned, and put to death in no time. Subsequently, SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS, who was the LORD ASHLEY of his day, carried an agrarian law founded on the small allotment system; and he was murdered in an election row, as a reward for his good intentions. His brother, CAIUS GRACCHUS, who wished to see the poor settled on their own land, got settled himself, in a shindy, when putting up for the tribuneship. Other Roman radicals passed agrarian laws, but Radicalism was so unfashionable that its adherents got assassinated very rapidly. The professed object of the agrarian law was to divide the public land among the poor, so that every Roman should grow his own cabbage, as the people of Cos reared their own lettuces.

AGRICULTURE, SOCIETIES FOR THE PROMOTION OF. The head of these Institutions is the Agricultural Association of England, whose chief objects are to keep science moving, and to bring animals to a dead stand-still by their excessive fatness. There are also provincial societies, some of which carry round the country a quantity of over-sized beasts to make a show of them, on the same principle as WOMBWELL'S travelling menagerie. Megatherium bullocks, and sheep that look like moving mountains of wool, are consequently collected into the shape of an agricultural annual.

AIDS having been all abolished, except lemon-ade and orange-ade, which do not savour of politics, we have torn up three sheets of antiquarian lore, two pages of enthusiasm, one of constitutional learning, and six lines of vehement invective, which we had prepared on this subject. The MS. will lie for inspection for one week at our butterman's, after which it will be allotted in shares to his various customers.

ALDERMAN. This word, after being macadamised with the sledge-hammer of Saxon research, is knocked into *ealdorman*, then into *ealdor*, then into *eald*, and finally into *old-man*; so that Alderman and jolly old cock, were in Saxon times synonymous. There was formerly an *Aldermanus Regis*, or King's Alderman, supposed to have been an occasional judge; and if he dined with the king there could not have been a better judge of the merits of the respective dishes, which was perhaps the object of allowing the alderman to hold sittings in mahogany with his Majesty. There are twenty-six London Aldermen, and "the wonder is," says GUNTER, "where all the real turtle comes from to supply the demand that six-and-twenty London Aldermen must of necessity occasion."

CHILDREN'S SONG FOR THE COBURG GREGORIUS' FEST.

WE 'RE happy German children;
You praise our glossy hair,
Our wreaths and pretty costumes,
Our cheeks so fat and fair:
Our little bodies never
Grew stunted at the loom;
Our infant eyes ne'er ached in
The pit-seam's choky gloom.
We never sobb'd to sleep, on straw
Close crouched for warmth, like vermin—
We are not English children;
No, Gott sey dank, we 're German.

They say our English sisters
Are never blithe, as we;
But, QUEEN, you look so gracious,
That this can never be.
They tell us they 're ill nurtured,
Of raiment scant and rude—
Not picturesque, as we are—
A wild and wolfish brood!
Then bless good SAINT GREGORIUS,
That did our lots determine—
We are not English children;
No, Gott sey dank, we 're German.

When you go back to England,
You 'll think on what you 've seen;
Then ask our English sisters
To dance upon the green.
Perhaps they 'll look less savage,
With seemlier clothes and food;
Perhaps with kindly teaching
You 'll change their sullen mood.
'Tis sad that they should go in rags,
And you, their QUEEN, in ermine—
We are not English children;
No, Gott sey dank, we 're German!

NAVAL MORBID ANATOMY.

THE Lords of the Admiralty, we understand, are going to do a good thing. That will be something new, perhaps; but no matter. The public is aware that there is something very rotten in the state of our Navy in general, and that a large number of screws are loose in the steam portion of it in particular. A serious impairment of the faculty of locomotion is extensively prevalent among the vessels of the line. They halt and bungle in their movements, nobody knows why; they are taken to pieces: nobody is the wiser; they are put together again, and get on as lamely as ever.

It is, therefore, we hear, the intention of their Lordships to establish in the principal dock-yards Professorships of Naval Morbid Anatomy. The object of the labours of the learned Professors will be the development and exposition of the ricketty, carious, and other faulty structures, which form so large a part of the organisation of our men-of-war.

In connection with these Professorships, will also, we believe, be founded Museums, for the preservation of diseased specimens of timbers, masts, rigging, paddle-wheels, and boilers. We earnestly hope also that the foundation will be completed by Hospitals, for the application of the discoveries to be made by the dissection of the dead hull to the benefit of the living craft. We trust also that those discoveries will lead to an improved knowledge of the laws which ought to regulate the construction of the ship, by attention whereto its liabilities to disorder may be prevented.

TEARS AT GOTHA.

THE *Standard* gives the following extract of a letter from Gotha to a gentleman in London :—

"'This (the deer killing) was very shocking. The QUEEN wept. *I saw large tears in her eyes;* and HER MAJESTY *tells me* that she with difficulty kept the chair during what followed. When the QUEEN saw the otter hunt in Scotland, the pity that she *naturally felt* at the death of the animal *was counterbalanced by a knowledge of his propensities*, so that it is almost as meritorious *to destroy an otter as it is a snake*; but this was a totally different case; nor is HER MAJESTY yet recovered. *For the Prince*, the deer were too numerous, and *must* be killed. *This* was the German method; and no doubt the reigning DUKE will distribute them to his people, who will thank PRINCE ALBERT for providing them venison.'"

And so HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY was shamefully entrapped into the sport! She had no idea whatever of the sort of butchery about to be perpetrated; and when seated, like the lady in *Comus*, she was compelled to look upon the abomination. There she was—she, the greatest of earthly potentates—as BARRY CORNWALL has it—

"Prison'd in ermine and a velvet chair,"—

the weeping victim of the iron necessity of state. Poor PRINCE ALBERT, too, not being "to the manner born," was of course wholly ignorant of the kind of sport he was to take so lively a part in, and therefore could not have communicated to his wife any hint whatever of the details. How, indeed, should *he* know anything about them? And thus, for two hours, was the QUEEN OF ENGLAND compelled to sit in suffering, with "large tears in her eyes," whilst her husband and her Secretary for Foreign Affairs continued to lacerate her womanly feelings. Sometimes, how helpless is majesty! Even QUEEN ELIZABETH once wished herself a milkmaid.

Touching the otter hunt, and the pity naturally felt by the QUEEN at the death of the animal being "counterbalanced by a knowledge of his propensities," we may be allowed to observe, that there are very many creatures necessary for our comforts to be killed, and yet such knowledge hardly calls upon amateurs to be in at the death. There is a certain destroyer who continually advertises himself as killer to the QUEEN; the scenes of his prowess being the bed-chambers of the palaces. It is surely sufficient to know that he extirpates the noisome intruders: the pleasure to be derived from absolutely witnessing the slaughter is yet to be proved.

But the deer "were too numerous, and must be killed." The carcases would be distributed to the people, "who would thank PRINCE ALBERT for providing them venison." At Christmas time, we believe there are certain quantities of beef distributed to the poor of Windsor. Is it necessary, then, for the greater grace, that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS should knock down the bullocks, and further, that HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY should honour the butchering by her presence?

But KINGS and QUEENS can do no wrong. Vulgar minds may for a time judge them according to their acts; when a nobleman writes a letter to his friend, the letter is extracted from, and all again is *couleur de rose*.

REDUCED CLERGYMEN.

FROM a recent statement in the *Times*, we learn that one THOMAS BLACKWELL, of Buckingham, was, on Thursday, September 4th, at the magistrates' clerk's office in that borough, committed to the house of correction for two months, at the expiration of that term to find sureties in 5*l.* each, or one surety in 10*l.*, for his good behaviour for twelve months; and in default of doing so, to be imprisoned further for six months—by the Reverends W. ANDREWS and J. COKER. BLACKWELL's offence consisted in having, on the 25th of February, 1844, been in company with two other persons guilty of poaching on the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S preserves.

It is really lamentable, and makes us more than ever indignant at the conduct of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to find that two Buckinghamshire clergymen—no doubt scholars and gentlemen—should be so destitute of any better occupation as to be reduced to the necessity of acting, virtually, as a Duke's gamekeepers. Of course, in conformity with their sacred calling, they dealt as mercifully with the culprit as they could, and visited him with the lightest penalty that the law allowed for the heinous crime of having been in company with poachers; but still their task was an ungracious one—to say the least.

The business of a pastor is, undoubtedly, to look after his flock, and not to attend to the preservation of game. The reverend shepherd has enough to do to feed his sheep, without having to look after hares and pheasants: but to force him in the latter vocation—to commit, instead of feeding those very sheep—is beyond everything cruel. We hope some charitable churchmen will find means of procuring for the Buckingham clergy some more suitable employment than that of gamekeeping.

The Prince of Wales's Spelling-Book.

WE understand that a Spelling-Book is in preparation for the use of the heir to the throne, in which the examples of his Parents will be put forth in a Series of Easy Lessons, in one Syllable. We have been favoured with a sight of a specimen, which proves how the tastes and habits of papa and mama may be pleasantly put forward for the imitation and admiration of the infant.

LESSON I.

The Deer is a poor weak Brute, which it is good to Kill. It was once the Plan to Hunt the Deer; but it Runs so fast, that it puts one quite in a Heat to try to Catch it. A PRINCE should not get Hot, or be at much pains to Hunt the Deer, but should have the Deer all Caught, and put in a small Space, which they can in no way get Out of. Then the PRINCE should come with his Gun, and Shoot at the Deer, when he must Kill some. It is fine Sport to see the Deer fall Dead in the Place, where they are all put so Close that a PRINCE, Shoot how he will, must Hit some of them. If you are a good Boy, you shall have a Gun, and some Deer to Shoot at with the Gun; and then they shall be all put Dead in a Row, for you to look at them. Oh! what nice Sport for a PRINCE of the Blood!

THE SOUTHWARK CONTEST.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH having been returned for Southwark, it is evident that he took his stand upon HOBBES to some purpose. We should have thought HOBBES to have been rather hot ground; but the constituents, no doubt, thought of their hearths, and supported a candidate whose regard for hobs was so loudly insisted on. If there had been a Barrister, he might have taken his stand on one of the Bars—either English or Irish, and thus added to the heat of the contest. HOBBES, of course, includes a very wide range, and, some have thought, a little too much latitude.

A Pretty Compliment.

ACCORDING to the *Journal des Débats*, the POPE, lately, at Rome, went, accompanied by several Cardinals, to celebrate the fête of ST. LOUIS, to the French Church at Rome. M. ROSSI, the French Plenipotentiary, opened the door of the POPE'S carriage at the church door; and "thanked HIS HOLINESS *for the honour he had deigned to confer* on the French Church!" We should think it was the Church that honoured the POPE, and not the POPE the Church. The idea of any Clergyman, of any rank or denomination, honouring a religious edifice, is to us rather odd. But a French Ambassador has so much *politesse!* We have heard of an exasperated Pontiff boxing a Prelate's ears for his impudence; but we think that M. ROSSI might have earned the same reward by his civility.

APPROPRIATE DECORATIONS.

A SHOWY line of weathercocks has been erected along the new Houses of Parliament. We detected "speaking likenesses" of particular members in many of them. In one we perfectly traced the profile of LORD BROUGHAM, and in another the wig of the present LORD CHANCELLOR. This new style of portraiture is capitally adapted to such a building; and as it is closely allied to the Gothic, it is perfectly in character with the other features that are prominent in the decorations of the future ST. STEPHEN'S.

TOURNAMENT BETWEEN THE PRESS AND THE BAR.

This tilting match, or tourney, has been carried on for some time between the Press and the Bar; but it has at length ended in the utter prostration of the latter. The tournament took its rise from the feudal system, and a few dull Barristers have entered into the tourney with a most congenial spirit.

Geoffrey of Prouilly, introduced the tournament into Western France; but Briefless, of Pump Court, has the merit of introducing it into the Western Circuit. The encounter was very fierce, and the pen, used as a lance, completely triumphed over the stick, which is the emblem of many a Barrister. The public has watched the progress of the combat from time to time, and our cartoon will therefore tell its own story.

The Bar has been completely beaten, and has retired from the lists in confusion.

LICKSPITTLEOFF, OF THE "MORNING POST."

The Russian editor of the *Morning Post* has a deep article—deep as a thimble—on the continental movements of Her Majesty. Yes, Lickspittleoff—for such is his real Tartar name—expatiates upon the royal privileges possessed by German sovereigns, and then weeps tears of train-oil to think that Queen Victoria may not govern "at her own sweet will"—that democratic England is not iron-bound Prussia. Lickspittleoff, however, opens with a grand fling at constitutional sovereigns. Even Louis-Philippe, who laughs at the revolution that placed him where he is, will not satisfy Lickspittleoff. Here is a loud, swelling note:—

"The Queen is going to Eu! From Germany to France the distance, *geographically speaking*, is not great; the voyage from Antwerp to Tréport will not be long, and scarcely be wearisome. But the change, *how vast!*"

Her Majesty, however, did not at once plunge into a constitutional cold bath. No; she was somewhat prepared for the shock by the tepid warmth of Belgium:—

"To be sure, Belgium, with *its spick and span new monarchy*, will be something *like a preparative*, and the sudden transition from loyal sound-hearted Germany, *where Kings rule, and people are happy*, to the France of suppressed factions and *parvenu royalty*, will not be *so abrupt* as it would otherwise have been!"

Lickspittleoff "doubts" whether any constitutional states—"as they are called"—have ever benefited by their constitutions.

"Indeed, as far as we [Lickspittleoff] can make out, *the primary object* of representative assemblies is *the imposition of taxes;* and certainly such was the result of the great development of the representative system in England which ensued '88."

And, therefore, it would be much better that English parliaments should be altogether abolished, and the fortunes of Englishmen—it is so in Lickspittleoff's native Russia—be at the disposal of the English monarch.

"It is not in England, where railway kings rule, railway parliaments legislate, expediency Ministers tyrannise, money-mongers, share-jobbers, and exchange-brokers, are petty princes—it is not in the England of speculation that *the true functions of royalty* can be the most perfectly understood."

You are right, sagacious Lickspittleoff—most right! The "true functions of royalty,"—as understood by your Tartar soul—are exercised in the unlimited application of the knout—in the banishment of man, woman, and child, to Siberia—in holding, as it were, the heart-strings of millions in the iron hand of King or Kaiser!

We have said that the presiding political genius of the *Morning Post* is a Russian. As he is—as much as the bear in the Zoological Gardens—a public character, we shall take an early opportunity of giving his biography—of showing how he was found in a cradle by a sentinel near the palace gates of St. Petersburgh—how he was brought up, and taught the kind of English he knows, at the charge of the Emperor—how he afterwards served in the Emperor's kitchen—and how, subsequently, he became political editor of the *Morning Post* for the conversion of the English. Lucky Lickspittleoff.

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT.

We understand several of the Civic Companies have invited Prince Albert to a day's sport in the City. They have offered to collect in the area of the Stock Exchange all the bulls and bears that are in the habit of prowling about the neighbourhood. As soon as these are despatched, a number of desperate *Stags*, that have been brought up expressly by the railways, will be driven from Capel Court into the interior, and His Royal Highness will be armed with unlimited power to hunt down as many as he pleases. The lame ducks of the City will be reserved for the last, as an especial treat.

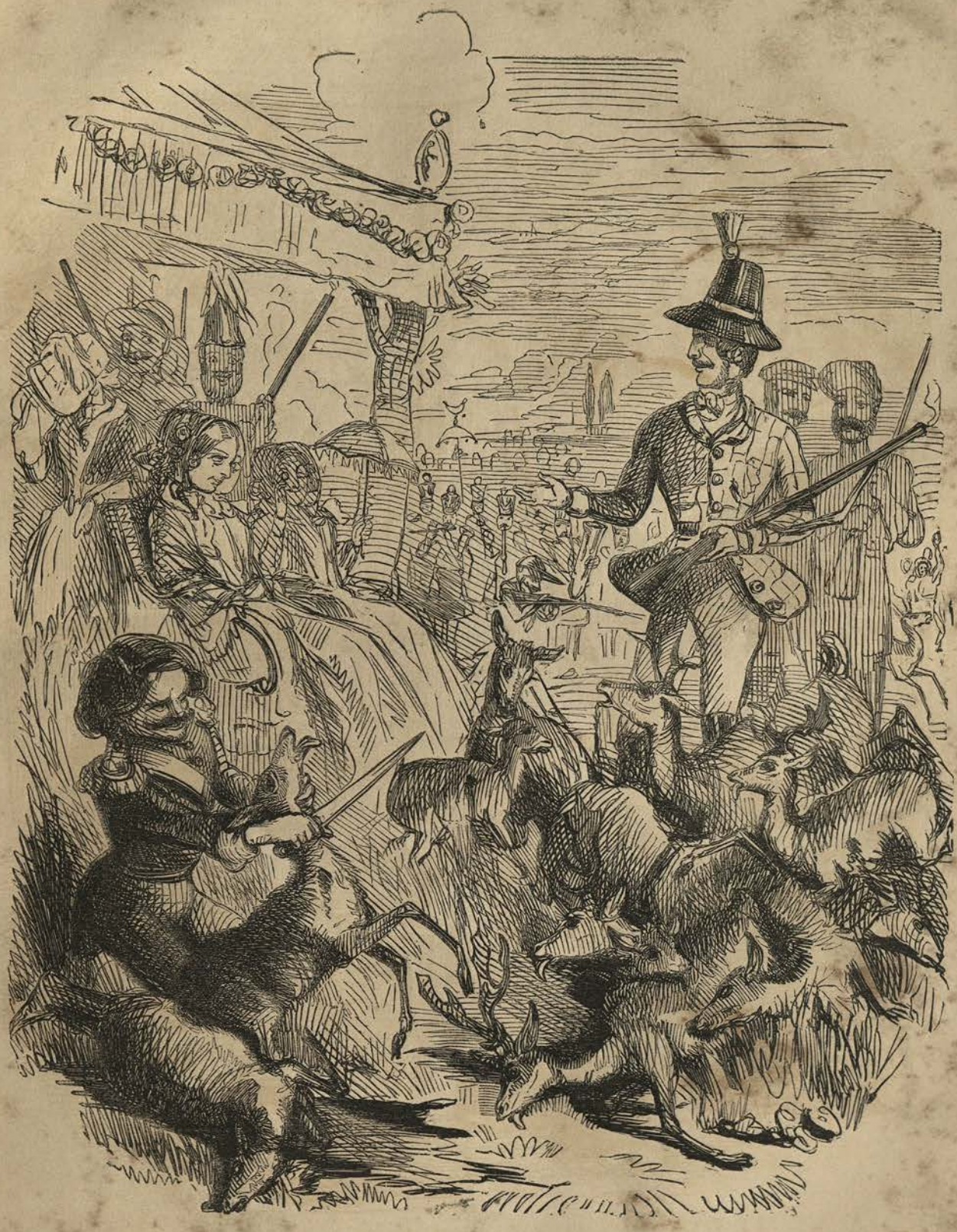
The large room at Lloyd's has been fitted up handsomely for the occasion, so that His Royal Highness will be put to no inconvenience or fatigue, in firing at his leisure from a magnificent throne erected at the largest window. Weippert's Band will be in attendance. In fact, nothing has been neglected to make this "Civic Battue" worthy of the noble guest for whom it has been provided.

BURNING AFRICA.

The French papers, published in Africa, hint very strongly that it is Marshal Bugeaud's ambition to be crowned Monarch of Algiers. As he will want a title, we suggest he be called "The Fire-King of Algeria."

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL;

ELIZABETH—1580.



OR, COURT PASTIMES.

VICTORIA—1845.

Sonnick

SEJESTED BY PRINCE HALBERT GRATIOUSLY KILLING THE STAGGS AT SACKS-COBUG-GOTHY.

Some forty Ed of sleak and hantlered dear
In Cobug (where such hanimmles abound)
Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,
By Halbert Usband of the Brittish Crownd.
Britannia's Queen let fall the purly tear;
Seeing them butcherd in their silvn prisns;
Igspecially, when the keepers, standing round,
Came up and cut their pretty hinnocent whizns.

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport
This Saxn wenison which he shoots and baggs,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court
And make a massyker of English Staggs.
Pore Staggs of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,
What avoc he *would* make & what a trimenjus battu!

Jeams.

SOME COBURG CORRESPONDENCE.

For the following letters we are indebted to the courteous attention of Sir James Graham, who, believing they might be interesting to our public, politely forwarded us post-office copies.

FROM LADY MARY BLANK, TO LADY EMILY ASTERISK.

"Dearest Emily, "*Rosenau, Saxe-Coburg.*

"I must steal ten minutes to tell you how charmed we all are with everything here. Such an agreeable disappointment. The reigning Duke is really very comfortably off, and the palace is a well-appointed place, such as one might manage to live in very tolerably—*dans le cas.* But the people, my dear girl—the people! You never saw anything half so picturesque and delightful,—more like the chorus at the Opera, than real living peasants, such as I've seen about Papa's place at home. And they are so well bred; the men take their hats off as one passes them, and the girls drop such graceful curtsies! It is the thing here to be very affable, and mix freely with everybody. Lord Stalk is very much distressed about the effect it may have upon the Q-e-n, who has not been used to that sort of thing. He says it is dreadfully levelling and revolutionary; but we all find it charming. Of course, one couldn't think of doing anything of the kind at home, where the labourers are so dirty and disgusting, and wear nasty ginghams instead of the prettiest fancy costumes in the world. However, I own I should like to try something like the children's *fête* we have had here, at Blank Park. One could get the dresses from some of the men who do that sort of thing for the Theatres, perhaps; but I am puzzled about the waltzing. And then the English school-girls are so awkward, and don't seem to know how to behave before their superiors. And after all, I don't think Papa would like it. So I suppose I must drop my project, tho' I assure you I never spent such a pleasant hour in my life. It was the most novel thing in the world to see everybody looking happy, and dancing as if they really liked it. I wish Mr. Lumley would have over a set of these German peasants; I'm sure they would take if he could manage to let them out to people for their *fêtes champêtres.* I declare I 'll ask Lord Stalk to write and propose it. The Duke of Buckingham, you remember, tried something of the kind at Stowe; but then he had English labourers, and I fancy it was generally thought a failure. But I 'm called away suddenly.

German peasant.

"Believe me ever,
"Your attached Mary."

FROM MISS JEMIMA FADDLE TO MISS SUSAN SLIPSLOP, BERKELEY SQUARE.

'Oh, my own Susan, "*Rosenau, Coburg.*

"You never see anything like this outlandish place. Take my advice, and if you advertise in the *Times*, don't go to say 'has no objection to go abroad.' Where we are staying the 'ouse is a comfortable place enough, but the bed's dreadful short, and mattresses put on the top of you enough to smother a person used to English accommodations, which I am thankful to say I am, and like to have my little comforts about me. The second table is very *comme i faut*, but nobody except ourselves speaks English, which comes dull. The 'courier' is an 'andsome man, and looks more like a general than a servant, and very attentive to me.

"But the swarms of low people about the place is not to be mentioned—I 'd like to see our hall-porter a ordering of them out of Berkeley Square, as he used the organ-boys and tortoises. They absolutely comes and stands under the windows, a nodding and kissing their hands to my lady, like anything, and then the quality goes and speaks to them—set them up! In fact, Susan, there ain't no distinction of ranks to speak of, and ain't that dreadful to one who has knowed better days, and her father a small tradesman on his own account? but if unfortunate, one's feelings is like other people's, and knows one's own distance, and likes other people to know theirs.

"Then there was a dance of the children called Saint Gregories. And, would you believe it? I see Her Majesty, with my own blessed eyes, a walking among them and a patting their dirty little heads—but they dresses hair beautiful here, as I 'm free to own, where merit is due. Thank 'Evans, she can't do them things at home, or there 'd be a pretty kettle of fish.

"I do declare there 's a tall man in green shorts a lookin' in at the window—and a showing his great white teeth at me—like his imperence, lifting his hat to a lady and a perfect stranger, and an unprotected foreigner into the bargain. I 'm in such a trimmle, I can 'ardly conclude myself, your loving friend and fellow-servant,

"Jemima Faddle."

DECLINE OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Just now, as the decline of the drama finds so many pens to weep ink over it, we think the decline of Bartholomew Fair calls for a few tears on the part of *Punch*, who, he is not ashamed to own it, has in his time very often acted in Smithfield. *Punch* is perfectly aware that many of his brother actors—some of them, by the way, of very little more flesh and blood than himself—would fain forget those saw-dust hours, seeing they are now driving their trade according to Act of Parliament. *Punch* has no such vanity. He delights to remember the days when he was a vagabond. *Punch*—though he has 92, Fleet Street, over his head, and is moreover assessed for the income-tax (may Peel be blessed as he deserves for it!), *Punch* does not forget the mud of Smithfield. The decline of Bartlemy Fair and of the drama arises from the same cause. The race of actors is almost extinct; gone out with the megalonyx and the megatherium. The showmen on both sides have become too genteel to do their calling naturally. They no longer throw themselves, body and soul, into their art; but touch it mincingly, as a business altogether beneath them. The lover of the show and the lover of the play-house are as wooden as wooden rattles, and breathe their passion with the same harmonious eloquence. The clown and the low-comedy man (how few the exceptions!) paint their noses as though there was no true histrionic glory in carmine, but, on the contrary, a burning shame in it. And then for comedy ladies—but no,—we will not pursue the parallel, we will only weep over it.

Lord Mayor Gibbs opened what was called the fair! A revelry that—as the papers say—"but for the appearance of two or three gingerbread stalls, nothing out of the ordinary way would have been observed." How strange that wherever some people appear, ruin should immediately present itself! Nevertheless, with all the public apathy towards the festival, we are convinced that Gibbs himself—by his own unassisted genius—might have crammed Smithfield. Not a show was on the ground. Imagine, then, the rush, if Gibbs himself had taken a booth, and, at only threepence a head, exhibited his balance of Walbrook.

Holiday Making.

The National Gallery closed last week. Several of the "Old Masters" have left for the long vacation. The disputed *Holbein* started immediately in a van and pair for St. Martin's Lane, where a new coat was waiting for him. He is now on a visit to a long line of relatives in Rupert Street, where he is looked up to as the head of the family. *John Kemble*, *Mercury*, *Hogarth*, *Pope Pius*, *Venus*, and others, have gone to take the waters, and are expected to return with quite a fresh colour and renovated frames.

THE QUEEN'S LANDING.

The sea has evidently not improved in its manners since the time of Canute; nor is the French side of the ocean more remarkable for loyalty and politeness than the English. Neptune has not learned manners since he laved the Saxon highlows of the English King, surrounded by his courtiers, who, like policemen, went on exclaiming "Keep back," while the waves continued to advance high above their royal master's ankles.

We have been led into these half historical, half philosophical remarks, by the account of Her Majesty's landing at Tréport.

Though the King of the French was up early to receive the Queen, the sea would not rise before its usual hour, and there was consequently not water enough to allow of Her Majesty's landing in the customary manner. Louis-Philippe, however, was not to be baffled, and he thought at once of a bathing machine. The *heureuse idée* was acted upon, and the Queen was driven in triumph to the shore in a machine, for which Crickett or Foat of Margate would give any money, since it has been immortalised by a royal progress. This is certainly the age of machinery; but the bathing machine is not the one whose triumphs we expected to be called upon to record in the middle of the nineteenth century.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

Our Continental friends have discovered that on her foreign trips, Her Majesty, however she may be seemingly possessed by pleasure, has nevertheless one of her bright blue eyes always upon business. According to German and French writers, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria is a commercial traveller, a royal bagwoman to the firm of Bull and Company. Thus, the Queen cared little about the glories of the Rhine. Oh, no! the prevailing idea of the royal mind was how to diddle the Zollverein in the matter of cotton twist. At the very time they were shooting the deer at Gotha, the Queen's thoughts were immersed in tallow—wrapt in hides. And then Her Majesty, with the magic of her voice and smile, has such a way of pushing the commerce of her native land! With that knowledge of human nature which is intuitive to royalty, she generally takes the dining hour as the most genial season to push business. Our "own reporters" have supplied us with notes of the following conversations; the victims being those unsophisticated monarchs, William of Prussia, and Louis-Philippe of France.

Scene.—*Cologne.*

King of Prussia. Will not sister Victoria take some *soles à la Germanique?*

Queen of England. With the greatest pleasure, brother William. In return, may I recommend our cotton twist?

King of Prussia. You will also find this *Matelote de Carpe à la royale Allemande* delicious.

Queen of England. Nay, I am certain of that. But, what shall we say about our cotton twist?

King of Prussia. Dear me! you have overlooked this *sauer kraut!* I fear Your Majesty has lost your appetite?

Queen of England. By no means. I have the most excellent twist—that is, cotton twist.

King of Prussia (pointing to the Rhine). Behold our noble river! Does it not wind between its banks like a silver snake, or—or—

Queen of England. Cotton twist.

Scene.—*Eu.*

King of the French. What a lovely "drawn" bonnet Your Majesty has on! *Ma chère,* what is the fabric? Is it woven moonshine?

Queen of England. No. It 's only our best cotton twist.

King of the French. Humph! About this Spanish match? You cannot possibly have any objection to the marriage of Montpensier with the Infanta?

Queen of England. Why, *cela dépend.* I don't see why the young people should not be united by the ties of Hymen, but then—*(patting His Majesty on the cheek)*—but then, *mon cher,* I must have your influence, that those ties shall be no other than British cotton twist.

A RACE FOR A DINNER.

The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Germany, preceded by a *chef de cuisine,* as an *avant-courier.* The people at the Freemasons' Tavern speak of it as a new edition of *Cook's Voyages.*

VAUXHALL AND THE FARMERS.

CONTINUED wet weather had thrown the nation into a panic from which it has only just recovered, at the threatened ruin of the harvest. For a considerable time this phenomenon of incessant rain appeared wholly unaccountable. SOUTH added an additional lens to his telescope, and HERSCHEL analysed a nebulous body from morning till night, but all to no purpose; for no one could ascertain the cause of the unusual quantity of wet weather. At length, however, DR. SOUTH happened to see a bill of Vauxhall Gardens, announcing the fact of their being open for the season; and, tearing down the poster, with a wild shout of "Eureka," he rushed frantically to a cab-stand, and was driven all the way to the Observatory at Greenwich;—thus giving another instance of the absence of mind of great men, and the absorbing nature of science; for he quite forgot the railroad, that would have taken him in a few minutes to his destination, which the cab was upwards of an hour in reaching.

We understand that the learned astronomer is about to publish a report, in which he will prove, from the average of a series of years, that a wet season and the opening of Vauxhall Gardens are necessary co-existents, and as indissoluble as two inseparable gases. He thinks there is an aqueous fluid taken up from the Thames, which gets absorbed in the trees in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and when the fifty thousand lamps are lighted—to say nothing of the five million additional on gala nights, and the blaze of the fireworks—the heat expands the aqueous matter, and distributes it all over the metropolis. After the aqueous particles are once released, they may be blown about by the winds to any distance; and thus we get rain over the whole of England, to the imminent peril of the crops throughout the country.

Now we look upon this as a grand discovery, and we should suggest that a good use might be made of it. There should be an act of Parliament positively prohibiting the opening of the gardens during the season of harvest, but rendering it compulsory on the proprietors to give a series of *fêtes*, galas, and masquerades in very dry weather, when rain is wanted. As the arrangement would be arbitrary towards the lessee, we should strongly recommend his having an indemnity, and as the shortness and suddenness of the seasons would render WIDDICOMB's engagement difficult to define, we think he ought to receive a pension, which, if age gives any claim, ought to have commenced about the beginning of the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND. The hermit might be put on board wages, or sent to the Union Workhouse, where he would find plenty of food—for his philosophy.

We seriously call upon the public who are interested in the price of the four pound loaf, to aid us by their agitation in carrying out the measure we have suggested. DR. SOUTH is, we believe, staunch, and HERSCHEL has given in his adhesion to the Vauxhall nebulous theory.

A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A QUEEN.

SING a song of Gotha—a pocket-full of rye,
Eight-and-forty timid deer driven in to die;
When the sport was open'd, all bleeding they were seen—
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a Queen?

The QUEEN sat in her easy chair, and look'd as sweet as honey;
The PRINCE was shooting at the deer, in weather bright and sunny;
The bands were playing Polkas, dress'd in green and golden clothes;
The Nobles cut the poor deer's throats, and that is all *Punch* knows!

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES OF HISTORIANS.

MONSIEUR THIERS has gone over to Spain for the purpose of collecting materials for his new History. He intends to visit, it is said, the principal battle-fields of the Peninsula. As all the smoke must have cleared away by this time, MONSIEUR THIERS will be able to look at each of them in its proper light. We hope, however, the ground has not shifted since the late war, or else MONSIEUR THIERS will fall into exactly the same error as the author of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, who, whenever he looked at a battle-field, found the ground after a lapse of years had turned so completely round, that the French, by some strange freak of nature, were always on the side of victory. But we are confident this will not be the case at Salamanca, Vittoria, and other places, when MONSIEUR THIERS goes over them. His History, when it is published, will effectually put to flight the absurd rumours that, we are sorry to say, are so much about that MONSIEUR THIERS has been sent out by the English Government, to prove the British troops did not win any battles of consequence in Spain, in order to justify the apparently harsh treatment the officers of the Peninsula have lately received from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"'OH! is there not something, dear AUGUSTUS, truly sublime in this warring of the elements?' But AUGUSTUS's heart was too full to speak."—*MS. Novel, by Lady* ***.

THEY met, 'twas in a storm,
On the deck of a steamer;
She spoke in language warm,
Like a sentimental dreamer.
He spoke—at least he tried;
His position he altered;
Then turn'd his face aside,
And his deep-ton'd voice falter'd.

She gazed upon the wave,
Sublime she declared it;
But no reply he gave—
He could not have dared it.
A breeze came from the south,
Across the billows sweeping;
His heart was in his mouth,
And out he thought 'twas leaping.

"O, then, Steward," he cried,
With the deepest emotion;
Then totter'd to the side,
And leant o'er the ocean.
The world may think him cold,
But they 'll pardon him with quickness,
When the fact they shall be told,
That he suffer'd from sea-sickness.

To the Brutal and Unprincipled. A Card.

ANY Person desirous of gratifying his brutal propensities, earning, at the same time, a HANDSOME MAINTENANCE, has now an opportunity of obtaining PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT as MASTER of a UNION WORKHOUSE. Peculation within tolerably wide limits will be winked at, and every facility will be afforded to elude detection, and, in case of exposure, punishment. A HANDSOME RETAINER is also offered to any Barrister, expert in bullying and insulting witnesses, and ready, if called upon, to act in a judicial capacity, and to blend therewith his forensic function, according to the instructions of his Employers. For Particulars apply at a Certain Office, Somerset House.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

T the present season of the year, Emigration sets in, or rather sets out, in a strong tide towards the coast. But these hints are chiefly designed for those Emigrants who, avoiding the older settlements of Margate or Ramsgate, prefer life in the Bush at Herne Bay, or a sojourn in the back woods at the rear of Broadstairs.

At Ramsgate and Margate civilization has driven the natives to the heights—we mean their attics—while the settlers from London have the privilege of the prairies on the first pair, the natives being satisfied with coin and a petty plunder of provisions, which the apathy of their visitors enables them to practise.

We shall, however, presume our Emigrant to be bound for the wild Bay of the deserted Herne, and shall suppose him effecting the long dreary passage of the wooden pier, whose rude construction presents a contrast to the absence of rudeness in the native porters, who will offer to act the part of camels, and carry your luggage over the dreary desert.

DREADFUL ENCOUNTER WITH THE NATIVES.

We ought, perhaps, to have attended our Emigrant from the wharf, but it is hardly necessary to tell the traveller in these days to attach his hat by a piece of string to his button-hole; for many a beaver has been borne by a boisterous breeze on to the bosom of the billows, where it has been "felt but not seen," as the poet—with a hat probably running in his head—beautifully expresses it.

Let us, however, quit this episode, and receive our emigrant at the upper end of the Herne Bay Pier, where we shall find a tribe of natives offering him the hospitality of their wigwams. The only formidable tribe, however, is that of the great touting man, who can sometimes only be beaten off by the ONE POLICEMAN, who is an object of terror even to the wildest of the aborigines.

PORTRAIT OF A CHIEF.

The Emigrant, as he gets more inland, will be struck by the mildness of the people, and when he passes the great potato districts, in which the wealth of the place entirely consists, he will find himself among a patriarchal people, who will welcome him with smiles and bows, but he must not be too easily led away, or he will be carried off to some remote nook quite out of the pale of social intercourse.

The Emigrant to Herne Bay will not be under the necessity of building himself a mud hut, for the natives, in their child-like simplicity, seeing the art of building practised by some strangers who came to their shores, have followed the example to such an extent that large masses of brick-work are studded all over the uninhabited district.

The Broadstairs back-woodsman will, however, do well to go prepared with the means of lodging himself in some temporarily constructed hut, for the smallness of the station as a resort for emigrants often renders it so crowded, that there is difficulty in finding shelter. Some take refuge in the bathing-machines, which stand on the beach and which are let out by the night at the same price as bedrooms, with the use of a small pavilion as a sitting-room on the sands; but when an emigrant finds himself in this predicament, his best plan will be to return to his native Cockney-land as soon as possible.

AN IMPROMPTU WIGWAM.

REPEALERS AT FAULT.

MR. O'CONNELL has addressed a letter to his dear RAY, commencing with the following intimation:—

"MY DEAR RAY, "*Derrynane Abbey, Sept.* 5.

"I send you inclosed the September instalment of Repeal Rent, as follows."

The learned Agitator then does the annexed little addition sum:—

"DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.	£1	0	0
MAURICE O'CONNELL, M.P.	1	0	0
JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.	1	0	0
DANIEL O'CONNELL, Junior . . .	1	0	0
	£4	0	0"

MR. O'CONNELL, we presume, is desirous of setting a good example to the landlords of Ireland, by returning a portion of his rent. He does not, to be sure, take off a very large per-centage; but a crumb—not to say half a loaf—is better to hungry Repealers than no bread. The Derrynane manifesto concludes with a reference to the writer's hunting pursuits, and a complaint that the scent would not lie; so that "his excellent pack" were for the first time totally defeated.

As the affairs of MR. O'CONNELL'S kennel can hardly be of any interest even to the frequenters of Conciliation Hall, we cannot but conclude that this complaint is figurative. Well, all we can say is, that we are very glad to hear it; and we hope, for the prosperity of the United Kingdom, that the "pack" of MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL may indeed be totally defeated.

THE MONSTER HOUSE.

IT is rumoured that the Railway King has taken one of those enormous masses of brick-work at the Albert Gate, as his future London residence. We always thought them utterly uninhabitable, on account of the difficulty of getting from floor to floor; but MR. HUDSON evidently sees that by a well-digested plan of railway communication, the remote drawing-room may be brought into connection with the distant kitchen, and even the inaccessible attic may be linked by a network of iron with the far-off pantry. The only difficulty which we can see at present arises from the necessary steepness of the gradients; but with such engineering ingenuity as the Railway King can command, he will no doubt be able to overcome the obstacle.

The electric telegraph will be carried throughout in lieu of bells, and the width of the staircase will allow of the broad gauge being adopted. The atmospheric principle will be applied to the carrying of the smoke up the chimneys, and a third-class train will leave the attic station every morning, to convey the servants to the different places where they are wanted to attend to their duties. There will be a nursery train at eight for the children, a female train for the women-servants at ten, and a male train for the men at eleven, to reach their bed-rooms at a reasonable hour. The hall-porter will have an express train waiting for him at the final close of the mansion.

To Correspondents.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z., are referred for answers to their communications to the bottom of the second column, p. 44, vol. vii.

Will "YOUNG PECKHAM" oblige us with his address?

AN ODE TO JOINVILLE.

When Victoria, Britain's Queen,
Was expected at Tréport,
There stood Joinville, grim of mien,
Smoking on the Gallic shore.

Cool, amid the courtly crowd,
Puff'd away the Royal tar;
Fast the fragrant, fleecy cloud
Blowing from his light cigar.

Joinville, free and easy Prince,
Terror of thy country's foes,
What a love thou dost evince
For the leaf Havannah grows!

Than in word, no less in deed,
Is it thy delight to fume,
That, of the Nicotian weed,
Such a deal thou dost consume?

For one little volume thou
Didst, of vapour, once indite;
Myriads thou producest now,
Puffing thus from morn to night.

Still, brave Joinville, let thy steam
Off on thy paternal strand;
Let it not, though in a dream,
Waft thee to invade our land.

Bid all thoughts of conquest cease,
Say thy pamphlet was a joke;
Take the proffer'd pipe of peace,
And thy bluster end in smoke.

A PUFF FOR TOM THUMB.

That very veracious and most unequivocal print "French paper" gives a long account of the capture and disappearance of Tom Thumb. He has been kidnapped, it is "supposed," by "four men in masks," who, it is believed, "belong to the band of Zeno." For ourselves, we feel not the slightest alarm about the General; and would advise the perturbed public to console itself. Tom Thumb will appear again, no doubt, though possibly an extra sixpence be added to the usual price of exhibition, in consequence of the dangers he has undergone in the hands of "banditti." At all events, here is an opportunity for royalty and nobility to express their sympathies with genius. The General has already received at the hands of Queens and princes, watches, tooth-picks, and pencil-cases. Why should not Queen Victoria—in her patronage of high art—present the General with a diamond-hilted sword, to be used against future banditti? Why should not the Queen Dowager add to her gift of a repeater, the more graceful *cadeau* of a tiny pair of hair-triggers?

BEULAH SPA.

by "Punch's" commissioner.

The nearest Wells, except those of Sadler or Bagnigge (which are too near to Pentonville and Islington to require description for Londoners), are, I believe, those comparatively modern Spas of Beulah, situated among the pleasant hills of Norwood, and to be reached by a person inhabiting the western end of the metropolis with not too much exertion.

Determined to examine these Wells, and averse to solitary travel, I put myself in communication with my young friend, Lieutenant Rawbold, of the 75th Lancers—selecting that young fellow, not on account of his conversational powers, which are small; but rather because he possesses an exceedingly well-regulated cab and horse, or, as he says (in his clever facetious way), "the most hactionest hoss and the most himpidintest tiger in the village of Lunding." In this vehicle we made our way to the Spa in question.

The purlieus of London are not to be described. The mind sickens in recalling the odious particulars of the immediate neighbourhood of the bridges. The hucksters and Jew furniture-shops, the enormous tawdry gin-palaces, and those awful little by-lanes, of two-storied tenements, where patent mangles are to let—where Miss Miffin, milliner, lives on the first-floor (her trade being symbolised by a staring pasteboard dummy in a cap of fly-blown silver paper)—where the street is encumbered by oyster-shells and black puddles, and little children playing in them. All these we passed: likewise grim-looking Methodist chapels, and schools, churches, and asylums innumerable. But the road has possibly been travelled by my indulgent readers.

I perceived that the persons at the turnpikes were facetiously inclined. A species of jokes passed between them and Augustus Frederic, Rawbold's groom, who was clinging on behind like a spread-eagle.

You emerge from the horrid road at length on a greenish spot, which I am led to believe is called Kennington Common; and henceforward the route becomes far more agreeable. Placid villas of cockneys adorn each side of the road—stock-brokers, sugar-bakers—that sort of people. We saw cruelty-vans (I mean those odious double-barrelled gigs, so injurious to horse-flesh) lined with stout females with ringlets, bustles, and variegated parasols. The leading stout female of the party drove the carriage, (jerking and bumping the reins most ludicrously, and giving the fat horse the queerest little cuts with the whip); a fat boy, resplendent in buttons, commonly occupied the rumble, with many children: in some cases I remarked that disguised footboys, habited in a half-coachman's dress, drove the vehicle. I presume that Augustus Frederic, our Spread-Eagle, must have made signals of various kinds to these persons from behind; for I perceived various expressions of indignation or wonder in the persons' countenances as we passed their singular equipages.

In this cockney villa district I observed that the country was almost tenanted by women. All the people walking were women, except young stock-brokers in the arms of nursery-maids; or occasional pages following young ladies; or the doctor's boy ringing at some villa gate; or the blue-clad butcherling arriving with the fillet of veal. The men are absent in enormous, smoking London—'tis only with sunset that they come back to their families and the fillet of veal.

The villas give each other the hand all the way up Camden Hill, Denmark Hill, &c.; one acacia leans over to another in his neighbour's wall; Dobbs's bell-pull runs cheek by jowl with Hobbs's; one villa is just like another; and there is no intermission in the comfortable chain. But by the time you reach Norwood, an actual country is to be viewed by glimpses—a country so beautiful that I have seen nothing more charming—no, not in France, nor in Spain, nor in Italy, nor in the novels of Mr. James.

I had pictured to myself a watering-place like Ems or Wiesbaden, frequented by a number of agreeable ladies and gentlemen; woods, waterfalls, pic-nics, donkey excursions, and waltzing on the grass with lovely young ladies; a little enlivenment of *roulette* in the evenings; a *battue*, perhaps, in the covers when the pheasant-shooting came; and about a thousand people meeting every morning at the Spa—the majority of them, of course, handsome women. In fact, I had stated such to be the case to my young friend Rawbold, as we drove down.

We entered a lodge in the Swiss style; and here a gentleman demanded a shilling from us before we were free of the Spa. "Is there a great deal of company staying at the Spa?" says I. "Tol lol," says he, and motioned us into the gardens.

They are beautiful. The prettiest lawns, the prettiest flowers, rocks, grottoes, bridges, shrubberies, hermitages, kiosks, and what not; and charming bowers, wherein a man might repose by the lady of his

heart, and, methinks, be supremely happy. But the company we saw were,—

Three trumpeters dressed in green, blowing *Suoni la tromba* out of a canvas arbour—a most melancholy obligato ;

A snuffy little old gentleman, with two grandsons—one a blue-coat boy. His yellow stockings glittered like buttercups on the sunshiny grass ;

A professional gipsy in a dark walk ;

And two pretty servant-maids carrying a small basket, and on the look-out for their Masters and Missusses, who were straying in some part of this Elysium.

When the trumpeters had done, a poor old wizened, grinning, good-natured Italian, dressed up with a hat and peacock's feathers—very like the monkey that accompanies the barrel-organ—came up and began warbling, in rather a sweet feeble voice, the most *seedy* old songs.

There was something ludicrously sad in that honest creature's face. He didn't mind being laughed at, but joined himself quite good-humouredly in the jocularity. At night, he says, he takes off those gimcracks, and walks the streets like another Christian. To have seen Harlequin in the daylight is something. RAWBOLD, and even AUGUSTUS FREDERIC, who had put up the cab by this time and joined us, gave him moneys—not for singing, but for looking so unutterably and pathetically comical. Do likewise, O benevolent reader, if thou recognisest the Troubadour of Beulah. Then we strayed through shrubberies and rose-gardens until we came to an archery-ground. Targets were set up, just, for all the world, as in *Ivanhoe*—and a fellow in Lincoln-green came forward and invited us to the Butts. I challenged RAWBOLD to a contest, and shot—with what success

you here behold. RAWBOLD hit no better : and the odious fellow in Lincoln-green sneered all the while. "It isn't the *harrows* that 's bad," said he sardonically, laughing at our complaints—"*they 're* good enough to shoot with."

"Can you shoot with them ?" says RAWBOLD, piqued.

"I should think I could," replied LINCOLN GREEN—and, rather to his discomfiture, we called upon him to do so. He levelled his arrow ; he bent and twiddled with his bow previous to stringing it ; he lifted up to the sight-mark and brought it down ; he put himself into an attitude so prodigiously correct, that we thought the bull's-eye might as well shut up at once, for he was sure to hit it. We looked at one another, as much as to say, "What a tremendous Sagittarius of a fellow this Lincoln Green one is !" At last, whizz ! the arrow went.

It *missed*. The old humbug could no more shoot than *we* could. He took twelve shots at the target, and didn't hit once. "There are many Lincoln Green ones in the world," I said, (apostrophising young AUGUSTUS FREDERIC) ; "fellows who pretend to do everything, and whom everybody believes, because they brag so. Take warning by yon *pseudo*-toxophilite, and be modest in all your dealings, my little man."

And so we left the archery-ground, with the most undisguised contempt. No new company had arrived at the Spa during our brief absence. The little old man was still sunning and snuffing himself on his bench. The Blue-coat boy and his companion were still clambering over rustic archways. The two servant-maids had found Master and Missus, and were spreading out a cloth in an arbour.

We thought they might be going to dine—but not so. They produced from the basket a loaf, hot—though, no doubt, stale ; some butter in an almost melting state ; some perspiring shrimps—and a screw of tea. I suppose they took the Spa water for tea. The band began to blow when this banquet was served—the poor minstrel came up, leering and grinning with his guitar, ready to perform for them—they and we were the only guests of the place—the solitude was intense. We left them there, of a gorgeous summer afternoon, drinking tea and eating shrimps in the sunshine. * * * * * * *

THE DRAMA.

Report of the Managers of Sadler's Wells for the Diffusion of Shakspereanity,

"Sheweth,—That we (the undersigned and company,) have laboured in the good cause, here, near 'Islington-ponds,' for almost two years. That on our taking Sadler's Wells, (which the Poet BUNN, in the heat of his inspiration, classified with a pot-house,) the natives of the immediate neighbourhood and surrounding villages were in a lamentable state of darkness as to the existence and humanising purposes of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

"That, for the most part, the natives had been accustomed to the barbarous practices of the most barbarous melodramas : that they were very frequent in their untimely cries for 'Hot Codlins :' that they were prone to call for 'Jim Crow,' and 'Jim along Josey,' and other outpourings of savage life : that they looked upon blue and red-fire as the brightest blaze of intellectual triumph (poet BUNN again), and whenever it happened that an actor indulged in imaginative reflections to the postponement of a combat or a clog-hornpipe,—they (the natives) would not hesitate to command the aforesaid actor to 'cut it short.'

"That what was called real water—which had all the startling effect of a puddle of pale ink—had been for generations the prime amusement of the natives : and that then the only way to insure the run of a piece was to wet it well at the end.

"The undersigned have now the liveliest pleasure in testifying to the improved civilisation of the natives of Islington and of the surrounding villages.

"They (the natives) are very constant in their attendance at Sadler's Wells to listen to SHAKSPERE : they are, moreover, very attentive, and seemingly much edified by what they come to witness.

"There has been no demand for 'Hot Codlins.' The savage yell for 'Jim Crow' and 'Jim along Josey,' is never heard (the gallery never mentions 'em). But—it is a pleasing fact for the lover of the pure drama to contemplate—'To be or not to be,' and soliloquies of like length and import, are nightly listened through with the profoundest attention, and at the end rewarded with the most discriminating applause. 'Cut it short,' is now cut altogether.

"The tank has been abolished ; but the very best real water—the small tear of sensibility at the poet's moving story, illustrated by the actor—has been abundant in all parts of the house.

"Further,—the night charges at the various police-stations of the neighbourhood have sensibly diminished ; and men—before considered irredeemable bacchanals—are now nightly known to bring their wives and little ones to listen to the solemn and sportive truths of SHAKSPERE, in the pit and gallery.

"*Sadler's Wells Theatre,*
"*Sept.* 23*rd*, 1845."

(Signed) "MARY WARNER.
"SAMUEL PHELPS.

A VOICE FROM TRAFALGAR.

A FEW days ago the shabby hoarding round the Nelson Column was chalked over with the following inscription :—"England expects every man to do his duty." We are afraid England is doomed, in this instance, to be disappointed.

THE RAILWAY COMMITTEE-MAN.

BEFORE THE SESSION. AFTER THE SESSION.

THE excessive sufferings of the M.P.'s who have sat on Railway Committees are such that they have wasted not only their time, but their bodies. MR. WAKLEY, the Coroner, who says he has left half of himself in the Isle of Sky, on account of the exercise he has taken there, must be a man of substance, compared with the dwindled M.P.'s, who have been gradually worn down to semi-skeletons. If SIR R. PEEL goes on inflicting such labours on the members, he will have no thick-and-thin supporters, for all will be thin who support his Government. The above portraits of a Committee-man before and after the session is a melancholy instance of reduced M.P.'s who are brought down, like damaged goods, nearly one-half by the alarming sacrifice.

SOVEREIGNS AT LOGGERHEADS.

Hades (from the Ghost of our own Reporter).

THINGS are in a dreadfully disturbed state in our world here. The announcement that it had been determined to erect statues of the Kings of England in your new houses of Parliament, has thrown an apple of contention into our pleasant little community.

A month ago, the harmony that prevailed was delightful. You might have seen HAROLD and WILLIAM THE NORMAN cracking a social cup of hippocras, and helping each other to boar's head and cygnet with the best grace in the world. HENRY THE FOURTH, who had resumed his title of DUKE OF LANCASTER, after making the most ample apologies to RICHARD THE SECOND, has for centuries past striven, by constant attention to that rather weak monarch, to repair his unhandsome treatment of him in Pomfret Castle. HENRY THE SIXTH and EDWARD THE FOURTH (whose continual quarrels over their social game of cribbage led to our sending them to Coventry for a long time,) had patched up a hollow place, and were, at all events, civil to each other. RICHARD THE THIRD (who is by no means the disagreeable person that SHAKSPEARE has represented him,) had expressed his contrition to poor little EDWARD THE FIFTH, and the boy used to say he was rather obliged to his uncle for easing his young brows of a crown that would probably have caused him many a head-ache; while CHARLES THE FIRST, who has long got over his antipathy to tobacco, might have been seen blowing a social cloud and discussing abstruse points of dogmatic theology with CROMWELL, whose bluff, soldier-like manners had made him rather unpopular. WILLIAM THE THIRD had seriously set about converting JAMES THE SECOND to low Church views in religion, and constitutional principles in politics, and with good prospects of success.

Now all is changed. Since this unlucky gallery of Royal personages was projected, they have taken to discussing their respective claims to the throne, and private characters; which, between ourselves, is ticklish ground for most of them: *de jure* and *de facto* are ringing in our ears—you can't take a walk without being dazzled by huge placards, such as—

"HAROLD and the Saxon Line."

"Vote for WILLIAM THE NORMAN and the strong hand!"

"Who killed RICHARD THE THIRD?"

"EDWARD THE FOURTH begs respectfully to state that he has no connection with the rival branch over the way."

JAMES THE SECOND has declared his intention of bringing an action of ejectment against WILLIAM THE THIRD, and of suing him for the *mesne* profits; while WILLIAM, on his part, retorts, with the most unmeasured denunciations of Popery, in the public prints.

CROMWELL has hitherto taken but little part in the quarrel, although CHARLES THE FIRST has resumed all the awkward stiffness of his manner towards him, and the smoking parties have long been abandoned.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

A coalition has taken place. By some extraordinary management on the part of several historians, who have been admitted to the Royal dinner-table, all the conflicting parties have been reconciled to each other; and each consents tacitly to admit his rival's claim to a statue, with one exception. All the crowned heads have turned fiercely against poor old CROMWELL, who sits quietly, with a grim calmness in his bluff, stern face, and puckers his wart into a smile, as the storm beats upon him from all quarters. It has been voted, *nem. con.*, that he is to be excluded. The only tenable ground for this, is the fact that he never assumed the name of King, but has "Protector" on his cards. It seems generally agreed that the want of polish in his manners, and a theoretical preference for republican opinions, had created a prejudice against him in certain quarters, which has been taken advantage of.

I was speaking to the old gentleman (who is very affable) a few days ago. "It don't matter a brass farthing to me," was his reply, when I condoled with him on the scurvy treatment he had met with. "Till they can blot my name out of the book of the *History of England*, the world will know there was a man CROMWELL, who stepped in between a despot and a debauchee; and as for the statue, I never was over-fond of graven images. I 'm not squeamish about the company I keep, and I 've always treated CHARLES with respect down here; but, if it comes to a question of private feeling, I 'd rather not stand on a pedestal between him and his precious imp of darkness. And for the matter of that, I can tell those gentlemen with the crowns on, over yonder, (and he pointed with his pipe,) that I never knew a set of more disreputable fellows in my life; and some of my Ironsides were no great things to boast of in the way of character."

After this unusually long and coherent speech, the old soldier resumed his pipe, with a grunt; and I left him, looking as sour as if VANE had just treated him to a dose of Fifth-Monarchy enthusiasm.

P.S.—The following placard has just been issued from the committee-room of the "Society for the Promotion of Pure Royalty all over the World":—

"We, the undersigned, Kings of England, *de jure* or *de facto*, or otherwise, beg to state, that we consider ourselves Kings of England in the true and proper sense of the word; and that we have unanimously agreed, that one OLIVER CROMWELL, having for some time sat at our table, on sufferance, as one of ourselves, the said OLIVER CROMWELL had no just right and title to such place amongst us; and we do, individually and collectively, declare our opinion that the said OLIVER CROMWELL, being a person of rude and ungentlemanlike habits, and having been guilty of a gross act of personal violence to CHARLES STUART, one of our body, we hereby exclude the said OLIVER CROMWELL from our royal mess."

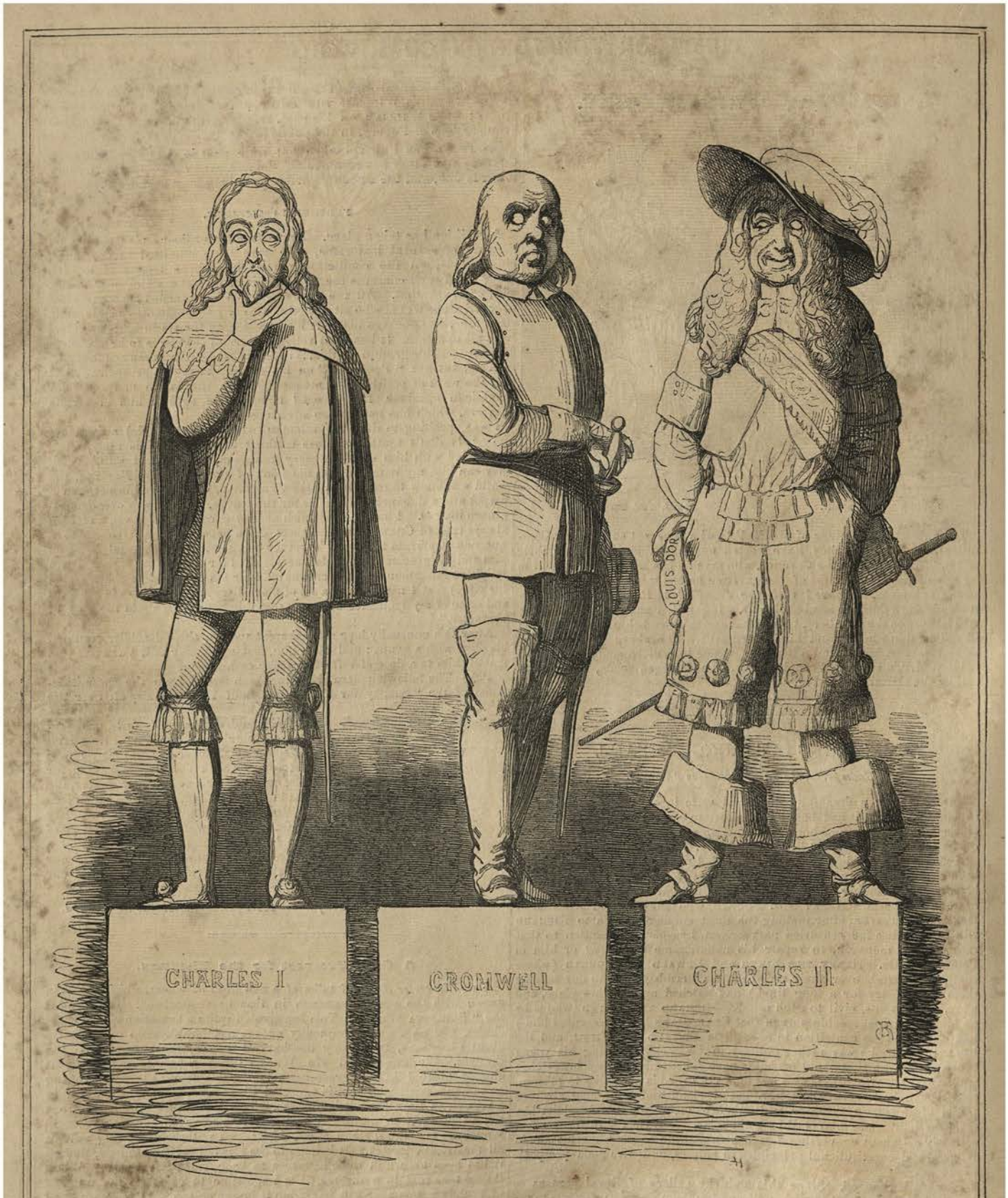
(Signed) *Here follow the Royal Signatures.*

A Good Prospect for the Theatres.

THE *Worcester Journal* talks of a new kind of wheat, which has been grown with the greatest success in that neighbourhood. It is called the "BURLETTA WHEAT." This has created quite a sensation in theatrical circles, and we may consequently expect a tolerable crop of Burlettas about Christmas, that being the harvest-time of the year with all the theatres. We understand MR. WEBSTER has a sample of this wheat already planted in his green-room in the Haymarket. It is growing on rather a small plot, but is expected, if not forced too much, to fill in a very short time the whole theatre. This wheat requires a generous soil to bring it to perfection, and a very severe drilling is necessary sometimes to make it stand at all, for it does not thrive equally well in all theatrical climates. It belongs to the class of tender annuals, though it has been known in some instances to bear fruit twice a year. When it does take root in a theatre, it is impossible to calculate the number of pounds a manager will bag from it in one season. It makes a most delicious kind of bread, that managers and actors are very fond of.

THE SMALLEST IMPROVEMENT THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

THE difficulty, it seems, with railways is to invent a whistle that shall give intimation to another train of approaching danger. We are sure the public would be too grateful for any improvement of the kind, especially as they now find that, if they lose their lives on a pleasure excursion, it is paying rather too dearly for their whistle.



"SHOULD CROMWELL HAVE A STATUE?"

POLITICAL BALLOONS.

A HINT FOR THE MANAGERS OF VAUXHALL.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

LE. An intoxicating beverage, and, as a great promoter of political discussion, entitled to a place in a political dictionary. Some of the finest feelings of patriotism have had their birth in a glass of ale. CROMWELL is said to have drunk in his first draught of political inspiration from an ale-barrel in his father's brewery at Huntingdon.

ALEHOUSES have been the subject of much legislative bad spelling, including a statute against "vacabounds and beggers," passed in the reign of HENRY THE SEVENTH, and an act in the same anti-orthographical reign, to "rejecte and put away comen ale selling in tounes and places where they shall think convenyente." Several Parliaments dabbled slightly in beer by passing acts regarding it, but they were all superseded in 1828 by one new statute. By this the sale of beer requires a license, but it is doubtful whether the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens might not claim a prescriptive right to deal in heavy wet, whenever they open their establishment.

ALIEN. A person born out of allegiance to the ruling power where he resides; as, if I am born in Fleet Street, of City parents, I should be an alien to the West End if I went to reside there at any future period.

ALLEGIANCE. A debt to the Sovereign that everybody owes, and from which nobody can discharge himself. Allegiance is due to usurpers as well as to legitimate monarchs, and would seem therefore to have been payable to the lunatic who used to jump up on to one of the benches in St. James's Park, and proclaim himself King of England, until a policeman walked him off to a very inferior station.

ALLOTMENT SYSTEM. The practice of allotting little bits of ground to agricultural labourers to diminish their grounds of complaint, and by employing them on small plots of earth preventing them from entering on plots of a more dangerous character. The system is said to have worked well, and the labourers have worked well, wherever it has been adopted.

ALMONER. An officer formerly kept in a prince's, prelate's, or other great man's household, to distribute alms to the poor. We need hardly say that such an officer has, in these days, become obsolete as a regular member of a royal, episcopal, or aristocratic establishment. The word Almoner is said to be a corruption of *eleemosynarius*; and such has been the corruption, that the office has almost entirely decayed. There is still a lord high almoner, whose duties have dwindled down to the distribution of fourpenny bits, twopenny twists, and quarts of half-and-half to a few very old people on Maundy Thursday.

AMBASSADOR. A sort of ticket-porter, by whom messages and parcels are carefully delivered from one sovereign to another. An ambassador must furnish his countrymen with passports and protection; so that he is not only a porter, but a policeman as well, for he must defend those who apply to him for assistance, and enable them to "move on" when travelling. An ambassador is called "his Excellence," though he may excel in nothing but short whist and diplomatic cunning. An ambassador is free from all process, so that, after dealing with tradesmen to a large extent, he may cut, or play any other odd trick that a Jack-in-office, if he happens to be a knave, would disgrace himself by practising.

AMENDMENT. A word sometimes applied to the tinkering of an Act of Parliament. It is called amendment from the Greek *a*, which signifies not; and *mendment*, which is the old Saxon term for mending.

Signs of the Times.

Two large Stags have been put up at the Albert Gate. This is a quiet bit of satire which we should like to see more generally adopted in our public buildings. Since we are on the head of Stags, we take this opportunity of contradicting a rumour that has been too much about, of a new order of merit being instituted in England, to be called "The Royal Order of the Stag." We are glad to state that the institution of it has been deferred, in obedience to HER MAJESTY'S wishes, until further orders.

THE ANDOVER WAR-SONG.

["They" (the adherents, or tail, of the Chairman of the Andover Union-Board) "take up the case in the spirit of partisanship, the Chairman is their leader, and their war-cry is 'We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!'"—*See Report in the* Times, Sept. 15.]

We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!
Don't talk to we—for we wunt see 't—
Talk to a pooast, or a log,
Goo argify wi' hos or hog.
We be rezolved our zide shall win,
Vor which we 'll goo drough thick and thin,
What do we care what paupers eat?
We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!

We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!
We wunt be prached to, we repeat;
We don't care what the truth may be,
'Tis all the one, vor that, to we.
What we 've made up our minds to do,
That zame we manes to carry drough:
You may as well a mule entreat;
We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!

We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!
On we will goo, and wunt retreat.
No; by our Chairman we will stand,
'Gin all the rason in the land.
We 've got no ears for paupers' groans,
What zignifies their gnawun' bones?
What matters what be Workus meat!
We wunt be beat! We wunt be beat!

The Archæological Association.

WE understand that an invitation has been forwarded to the Archæological Association, Nos. 1 and 2, from the authorities of Holywell Street, who are very desirous that the next annual meeting of either or both of the bodies of antiquarians should take place in that venerable quarter.

There certainly could scarcely be a more appropriate locality for continuing the sort of researches in which the Archæologians are occupied. They only unrol a mummy on account of the number of its coats and the length of time they have been worn; so that Holywell Street must present a rich repast, in the way of old clothes, to the archæological enthusiast. The interest attaching to barrows must be intensely gratified by a visit to Holywell Street, for it is calculated that it is daily visited by an immense number of barrows of every size and description. The opening of a cat's-meat barrow takes place every morning at about ten, and the Archæologians would have an opportunity of seeing the effect produced by the operation on the numerous feline creatures in the neighbourhood; thus combining a lesson in Natural History with the other ordinary pursuits of the Association.

We have been told that the President has promised to read a paper on the use of the term "Old Clo'," in the Mosaic æra; and a member of one of the sections will give a lecture on a gorget of mail, and a coat of a mail guard, both in the possession of MR. SOLOMONS. Some rolls of papyrus, sold for waste paper, will also be unrolled at a General Meeting; and MR. FOSS will read an essay on the Coptic Roll as compared with the French Roll, illustrating his remarks by eating the crust, and other ingenious experiments. MR. SAMUELS will throw open the whole of his warehouse to the members, and has promised to exhibit a series of shoes, from the early highlow of our elder brothers, to the Clarence of the present æra. He will also give a pair of Bluchers and a pair of Wellingtons for the best and the worst paper on the Battle of Waterloo, in which the characteristics of a Blucher and a Wellington are to be pointed out, in relation to the shoe-trade, for the purpose of showing how England maintained her footing.

THE GOUTY ADMIRAL.

AGE is, no doubt, venerable; but age is more valuable to port wine than to Port Admirals. It seems that the Experimental Squadron has been under the command of an officer whose gallantry has had to struggle with the gout, and whose head and heart have been ready to achieve wonders which his hand and foot have been unable to execute. Valour has been in his breast, but gout has invaded his great toe, and his noble captains have all been crawling about the Experimental Squadron in the same ignoble predicament.

Gruel has superseded grog at the officers' mess, and the ships' stores have comprised flannel wrappers for the legs of the gallant fellows — to prevent their timbers from shivering. REAR-ADMIRAL HYDE PARKER has, it is said, been a martyr to the gout during the whole cruise, and has been confined to his hammock for half the time, so that he has been obliged to carry on his observations through a telescope lashed over his eye, and carried up through the gangway to the rigging.

That enthusiastic old boy, the second lieutenant, has swallowed pills by the handful, expecting to realise the celebrated "ha! ha! cured in an instant;" but the attempt to throw away his crutches and start to his feet has terminated in his falling down exhausted abaft the binnacle. The Admiral is, we are told, to have a Bath chair, in which he is to be wheeled about the deck, in case of his being sent on another cruise, and the subordinate officers are to be allowed to add a pair of crutches and a Welsh wig to the regular naval uniform.

THE MONSTER MINISTERS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was occasioned a few days ago by the appearance of a monster policeman, who was seen dangling about in the air, to the astonishment of the populace. Policemen are proverbial for being rather light in their conduct, but it was hardly expected that their levity would have reached such a height as that to which it attained in the instance alluded to. Upon closer inspection, it turned out that a balloon had been attached to an effigy of one of the force, who was thus raised above his own station.

As ballooning is now popular, we recommend the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens to bring up their season with a wet sail—by-the-bye, it is sure to be wet if they have anything to do with it—and to start a number of popular personages, by means of balloons, all over the metropolis.

We have furnished a page of portraits, as a hint for the first experiment. The individuals we have selected are all rather exalted, are very easily puffed up, and are almost certain to go whichever way the wind blows. An announcement that the Monster Ministers were about to take flight, would, we are sure, be extremely popular.

The Sea! The Sea!

WE have received tidings of the tide, which is making what may be termed a tidy meal of the Cliffs at Cromer. NEPTUNE, if he does not play a tremendous knife and fork, is somewhat formidable with his trident; and when he takes it into his head to gulp down a cliff or two, he shows himself possessed of an awful swallow. If his is not the devouring element, it is not far short of it, when he makes up his mind to a feast; and we are told he has just gulped down twelve acres of cliff at Cromer. He has bolted it stone and all, as a child does a cherry. We have heard it said, that "one swallow does not make a summer," but one such swallow as that described is rather a summary proceeding, to say the least of it.

Punch's Naval Intelligence.

IT appears that considerable promotion has taken place in the Thames Navy, on account of the launching of several new vessels. STEERSMAN TIMKINS relinquishes the helm of the *Daisy* to STOKER JONES of the *Crocus*, and TIMKINS obtains a captaincy in the *Ant*, with a seat on the paddle-box. The commissioning of the *Bee* has caused a brevet in the Iron Steamboat Company, and the steward of the *Atalanta* takes the command of the crew of the *Fairy* for an experimental voyage.

We regret to have to record the particulars of a mutiny which broke out on Saturday last on board the *Niobe*, as she lay in the offing opposite the Steam Pier at London Bridge. The gallant captain had given the word to "let go" somewhat hastily, and as the operation was not performed, he repeated the command with an oath; when the middy—an irritable old man of seventy—to whom the word had been given, took offence at the irascibility of the Captain, and exclaiming, "Let go yourself," walked away to the back of the vessel. The Captain of the *Niobe* instantly saw that it was useless to make a stand against the mutinous spirit of the crew, for the stoker had been heard to echo, "Ah, let go yourself," and an approving wink from the man at the helm made it obvious that insubordination, like a monstrous serpent, had coiled itself in the very ropes round the whole vessel from her stem to her stern, and, in fact, sunk into her hold, and twined round her funnel. The gallant commander consequently descended from the paddle-box, and folded his arms as if waiting for the worst, which immediately appeared in the shape of a director, at the sight of whom the captain skipped up to his place, while the man who had refused to "let go" instantly resumed his duties. The stoker set loyally to work, and the spirit of mutiny, which had a moment before been rampant, had disappeared from the vessel.

We made some remarks the other day on the difficulty in finding names for the new steamboats in the above-bridge navy. We understand that the *Niobe* is so called, because, like NIOBE, it is "all tears," from the steam continually dropping in large, big, pearly drops on to the heads of the passengers.

WORKHOUSE COOKERY.

THE disclosures in the Andover Union have thrown quite a new light on the science of Cookery, which not even the inspiration of a SOYER could have hit upon. That ingenious *chef de cuisine* has blended together poetry, pastry, and politics, with considerable skill; he has invented a *crême d'Angleterre*, consisting of charms borrowed from the female aristocracy; but those ingredients, imaginary and unsubstantial as they are, must be considered as solids when compared with the materials used for constituting the dishes served up to the paupers in the Andover Union. Butter, according to New Poor-Law Cookery, is made from the skimmings of grease-pots, and parochial tea is made from boiling old leaves which have already had their strength drawn out of them. A new Cookery-Book, edited by MACDOUGAL, the master of the Andover Union, is evidently a desideratum in culinary literature, which even M. SOYER'S universal genius has hitherto left unsupplied.

A PROOF READY MADE.

THE latest piece of legislation of LORD BROUGHAM is entitled, "An Act to render the Assignment of Satisfied Terms unnecessary." For instance, LORD BROUGHAM is on such satisfied terms with himself, that any assignment is rendered quite unnecessary, because no one would have them. This is what we call judging a man by his own Acts.

Maxims and Opinions of Lord Londonderry.

(Collected from all his Works.)

It is very unpleasant to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, and shave before noon. I suppose there are some people who are compelled to rise at eight, but I am sure I feel the most sovereign contempt for them.

There is one great disadvantage in keeping coal-mines. The constant bother of looking over accounts, and signing mortgages, exposes one to a thousand sources of *ennui*, for which no profits, however large, can be an adequate compensation.

How debased must be that man who would travel without his *batterie de cuisine!* But how much more depraved must be that creature who would eat his dinner without the crest on his plate!

The peasants in France kneel down in the churches on the stone-pavement. After this, who can wonder at the atrocities of the French Revolution?

The man who would not make way for a Lord, or give up his bed to a Duke, deserves being transported; but the man who would present a bill to either is a fiend who would be capable of any atrocity, and for whom no punishment can be too severe.

I wonder how people can eat, or drink, or sleep in the German hotels. Everything is so bad, so filthy, and so high-priced, that it is a wonder to me how any one can exist a day under it. Will it be believed—they charged me at Vienna fourpence for a small cup of coffee? I told the landlord I should mention it in my book, and the impudent fellow actually laughed in my face!

If there is a man in existence equal to Robespierre, it is the English Ambassador at Constantinople. I left my card upon him, and he never invited me to dinner. No wonder the interests of England are so often sacrificed abroad!

The number of English you meet with on the Continent is positively annoying. They are to be met with everywhere—in the coaches, in the hotels, in the streets, in the churches and theatres,—not a place, however common or beautiful, is sacred from their intrusion. I shall certainly make a motion next session in the House of Lords, that every Englishman be compelled to stop at home and mind his shop.

Nicholas is quite a superior man. He complimented me yesterday upon my polished boots.

I saw the sun rise once. Really, it is not worth the trouble. I spoke at an election, too, once. I never intend to do either again.

THE BACCHOMETER;

A NEW INVENTION, WITH SOME DESCRIPTION OF THE WORKING MODEL.

Good Mr. Punch,

"They say necessity is the mother of invention. I don't believe it: unless, indeed, the family has run through several generations since the proverb was originated, and so by this time old Necessity may be only some very distant ancestor of modern discovery. Now-a-days, I 'm sure, new inventions are like mile-stones—neither here nor there—and the ingenuity of their authors is inconsiderable, compared to the frantic exertions of a perplexed public in its hopeless attempts to make any possible use of the blessings of science.

"But, my *Punch*, I have discovered an invention, a use for which happily existed coevally with Noah, and considerably before cork-screws—an invention which I have enjoyed myself for twenty years, and which I now, being a person about to marry, make public for the same reason that folks give for selling used-up horses—because I have no further occasion for it. You have heard of the pedometer, *Mr. Punch*—an ingenious instrument, which you put in your pocket to tell you how far you go. Now I call my contrivance the Bacchometer: it tells you how far you are gone. It is not exactly portable, consisting for the most part of pumps, lamp-posts, and in extreme cases of the ordinary gutter. But this is no drawback upon its applicability, which consists simply in watching the various phases in which common street objects present themselves to the vino-obnebulated imagination. The impressions so deduced form a complete index to conviviality—a graduated scale of excess. For example: the philosopher, whose duplicated vision on consulting the Bacchometer fills him with the idea that he is a quadruped provided with two latch-keys, may safely consider himself in a situation of 'How came you so?' while a posture of helpless horizontality, accompanied by a sensation of a policeman feeling in his pocket for his card-case, must needs convince him that the index of the instrument stands at 'set screwed.' By means of this judicious discovery, no man need henceforward blush for bottles when he has sinned only in glasses—no man need have punch on his mind, when but humble negus is in his head. For my own part, now, my criterion throughout my life has been my knocker; and never, since I first took it to my bosom—I mean to my front door—has it deceived me. One glance at its expressive bronze after a jolly evening, and I can recal to a glass the *à-la-Romaine* I have swallowed—can predict to a throb the head-ache of to-morrow.

"Permit me, Sir, to paint my knocker. It was (I say 'was,' because my bride makes it a *sine quâ non* that I discard it; and, in fact, a new brass bell-pull, with 'Visitors' written under it, is already in agitation); it was, to see it by day, but a simple specimen of Birmingham ingenuity. Its countenance, not perhaps strictly handsome, was undeniably *distingué*; its eyes were very wide open; its cheek-bones (where the hinges worked) prominent and intellectual; its chin, impossible to a razor in any point of view, was greatly calculated for sound or fury. In common with all its family, my knocker had no ears—I suppose, in merciful consideration on the part of its founders, to protect it against those instruments of torture which perform the Polka in the fore-courts of Peckham during the first twenty minutes of breakfast-time, and then, adding insult to injury, strike up—'We may be happy yet.'

"But to see that knocker after a cigar and a comic song at Evans's, or any other equally 'late joys!' How genially it showed its metal then! How its dimpled mouth would pucker with enjoyment as it smoked my Woodville! How would it seem to wink with jovial slyness at my latch-key (oily superseder of its functions as it was!) as much as to say to me, 'Ha! ha! you sad dog, you. Ha! ha! Mrs. Mangletop and the children. Ha! ha! been a-bed these three hours. Ha! ha! too bad—shiver me!'

"But, to be candid with you, my knocker was not always convivial; it could be austere. I admit with shame, my *Punch*, that I have now and then been vaguely returning homeward at that nocturnal solstice, when one is at a loss to know whether it is very early or very late—in the morning. I have been painfully endeavouring to palliate my own blushes. I have wished to keep it dark to myself an hour or two after sunrise, when, being let in along with the sweeps, I have encountered the glances of my knocker. Had I, *Punch*, instead of it—had I had cheeks of iron, I give you my honour that gaze would have made me blush through my black-lead.

"I have done. Yet, while the nib of immortality still trickles over my departing knocker, let me exonerate myself from any blind admiration of its faculties. In the loftiest flights of my enthusiasm, I could never shut my eyes to the rivets which bound it on the inside of the door. Ah! my *Punch*, how many great countenances there are in this world bronzed (so to speak) with benevolence—countenances which are wont to utter flowery sentiments and smile capacious smiles—countenances before which the world is but as one adoring audience; and only, only because the world knows nothing about the nuts and screws that clinch them on the other side!

"Yours very much,

"Young Peckham."

National Sports.

On the very same day that seven bulls were slaughtered before the Queen of Spain, fifteen men were butchered in the streets of Madrid: another proof that Spaniards are treated in their country like beasts, only not half so well. The rate of exchange of human life in Spain seems to be, 1 bull = 2 men. When are these national sports to cease? Her Spanish Majesty forgets that what may be very good sport to her is death to others. She should be careful, for she is teaching her people one of those games, at which, it is said, two can play.

DECIDEDLY CRACKED.

A morning paper talks of the ships of the Experimental Squadron as being, "*crack* vessels." So many holes have been picked in them, since their powers of sailing have been tested, that we are afraid they deserve the compliment rather too literally. Even the Cove of Cork, where they are at present floundering, must see through them!

THE NEW GRAND-STAND OMNIBUS.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE "SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS."

THE DISEASE IN THE POTATO.

WE understand that several of the potatoes are suffering from black eyes, which particularly affect the champions, probably from their being more pugnacious than those of a different kidney. We understand that some of the farmers having tried every other method in vain, have lately resorted to GRIMSTONE'S Eye Snuff, which they have dug in as a manure in large quantities where bad eyes have been prevalent in the potato crop. We have seen one or two testimonials from influential members of the Murphy family, speaking in the highest terms of the snuff, and ordering more of it. We give the following, in justice to MR. GRIMSTONE, to whom it was addressed :—

"SIR,—I was taken at the beginning of last month with very bad eyes, which became completely black, and I was given up as lost, when by accident a friend let fall what I afterwards found to be a box of your invaluable eye-snuff. Now, sir, suffering as I was from my bad eyes, I was glad of any remedy at a pinch, and I thought your snuff was not to be sneezed at. For some time I felt no relief; but in about a week I became so much better, that I am now out of my bed, and hope soon to be presentable at the dinner-table. The cook, I am afraid, has a design upon me, for I have just seen her scraping an acquaintance. It will be my turn next; so I remain, while I can,

"Yours very truly,
"A. TATUR."

It is a curious fact connected with the potato, that, though it is such an every-day sort of plant, it has been frequently subject to disease, and it suffered in 1764 from "the curl," which is still a malady which the unhappy vegetable is still sometimes a martyr to. We understand that the only remedy for "the curl" is ROWLAND'S Macassar Oil, which will take the curl even out of a potato.

"He was Locked Up."

WHO was locked up? What was the culprit's sin against society? What iniquity had he—"a poor sickly boy, about fifteen years of age"—committed, that the awful MR. COMBE, sitting in his magisterial chair at Clerkenwell, should punish the prisoner (who had not 2*s.* 6*d.* to pay a fine) with hard captivity! What, asks the moralist, was his evil-doing?" Listen, and sigh over the wickedness of humanity. The "sickly boy" had obstructed "the foot-path and carriage-way in Chapel Street, St. Pancras, with his basket of fruit for sale!" The audacious malefactor "with tears in his eyes, said he had no other way to live;" and the offending, destitute wretch, was therefore—locked up!

ANOTHER NEW SPEC.

THE Speculation Mania at present existing has extended from rail-roads to rivers; and having almost run itself all over the dry land, has at length plunged into the water. Steam for the Million at twopence a head has been followed up by Steam for the Billion at one penny, and a company is now being formed to supply Steam for the Quadrillion at one halfpenny. We have been favoured with a sight of the prospectus, from which we make an extract. The contemplated company is proposed with the view of forming a series of canals to be carried on archways along the principal thoroughfares, making a sort of Grand Junction Tank, to be supplied by the Grand Junction Water-works. Each house may have a connection with the canal by means of the cistern, provided the occupants of the premises will be at the expense of carrying their water up to the level of the canal of the company. A number of small steamers will be launched to ply throughout the principal streets of the metropolis, and it is calculated that the superfluous steam from the London tea-kettles may be so concentrated as to work the locomotives without any expense to the company. The following is a list of the managing committee :—

SIMON SWINDLE, ESQ., Provisional Shareholder in the *Moonlight*.
THOMAS SWINGE, ESQ., Chairman of the *Lightning* and Perpetual Provisional Director of the *Daisy*.
SIR JONES SMITH JONES, Director of the *Cream of the Valley*, and Grand Middlesex Water-works Junction Company.
HUGH HOPE, ESQ., Deputy-chairman of the *Bee*, and uncle to one of the Provisional Proprietors of the *Ant*.
MARMADUKE MONMOUTH, ESQ., Mortgagee of the *Polyanthus*, and Deputy Bill Discounter to the *Daffydowndilly*.

OUT OF PLACE.

AN individual has advertised in the *Times* for "a permanent light situation." He had better inquire if the Sun is in want of a domestic; for as "permanent light" seems to be the advertiser's object, a place in the Sun can be the only situation he is looking for.

HEAVY LUGGAGE.

THE papers complain of the bad state of the roads in Spain. No wonder! Isn't MONSIEUR THIERS travelling there with his manuscripts?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precincts of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1845.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ANARCHY. The entire absence of government; as, if the governor goes out for the day, the children are left in a state of anarchy. Persons living in anarchy are, as far as politics are concerned, said to be in a state of nature; but they soon get into such a state of ill-nature, that it is found necessary to place some control over them.

ANNALS, in Latin *Annales*, from *Annus*, a year. CICERO tells us that it was the custom for the PONTIFEX MAXIMUS to write out the transactions of the past year, for which he was paid; so that the first penny-a-liner was the PONTIFEX MAXIMUS. These annals are said to have been a dry statement of facts; but that incorrigible punster, AULUS GELLIUS, declares that, as the Pontifex was compelled to hang the annals outside of his house for the inspection of the people, the statement could not have been dry in rainy weather.

APANAGE. The provision assigned by the Kings of France to their younger sons. Formerly the children of a deceased French King divided the Crown between them; but as it was inconvenient that one should wear the gold rim, another the ermine border, a third the purple-velvet cap, the four next the four crosses, leaving nothing for the eighth child but to balance the cross *pattée* as well as he could on the top of his pole, the crown was made to descend entire to the eldest. In 1790, it became the law of France that no apanage should be granted to the younger branches of the royal family, but that they should be boarded, lodged, and done for, like other little folks, at the expense of their parents, till they married or reached the age of twenty-five, when they were to have an annual allowance. By a law of March, 1832, it was decreed that the King's sons and daughters should have nothing from the country till their papa was too poor to provide for them. The KING OF THE FRENCH has once or twice attempted to get up a case of insolvency, as a plea for obtaining an allowance for his children; but his petition has always been dismissed, and he has been compelled to "dub up" out of his own pocket.

APPRENTICE, from *apprendre*, to learn. A term which is applied to a barrister who is called an apprentice of the law, though he may have learnt nothing of his profession. A man going to the bar pays a fee to a special pleader for the run of his papers; but as some special pleaders have no papers but the *Times*, which any one may have the run of for twopence a day, it is hardly worth while paying a hundred pounds premium for the privilege of reading in the pleader's chambers. An ordinary London apprentice is bound by indentures, and it is supposed the practice of thrashing an apprentice, by which an indenture was made in his skin, gave rise to the indenture being used as a symbol of the contract.

ARBITRATION. A mode of settling differences without the expense of a law-suit, which is never resorted to until all the expenses of the law-suit have been incurred, and the trial is about to proceed; when, if the case promises to be lengthy, and the counsel have something to do in other courts, they recommend an arbitration. An arbitrator is a kind of concentrated essence of justice, combining in his own person the functions of a judge and jury; turning his chambers, for the time being, into a Court, of which his clerk, or boy, is the temporary usher. When the arbitrator has made his award, he seals it up, and it is "left till called for" at his chambers, where it sometimes lies for ever, as neither party will be at the expense of coming for it. When this is the case, the arbitrator is out of pocket for the stamp, and as he must not show any soreness at the loss, he is compelled to struggle as he best may between his interest and his dignity.

ARCHIVE. A chamber where public papers are kept, so that PEELE'S Coffee House is one of the principal archives in the city of London. The word archives, by a common figure, came to be applied to the papers, on the same principle as that by which the boy whose name was JEM came to be called GOLIAH for shortness.

Something Nice and Cool.

THE subjoined appeared in the columns of the *Morning Post*; and as that is the very last place in which any sane person would attempt to look for a joke—except when taken from *Punch*—the thing was no doubt put forth in good faith:—

TO FAMILIES LEAVING TOWN for the WINTER.—A Gentleman of quiet habits (without a family) is desirous of spending his time in town from the 1st of November until Easter next. Any Gentleman having a *furnished Residence* at the West-end, *with coach-house and stabling*, who would consider his house and furniture *being kept in good order* by *a full establishment* of experienced servants an equivalent *in lieu of rent*, is requested to address to "N. E.," care of MRS. R——, G—— Street, St. James.

Dear MRS. R——! How we *do* envy you the knowledge of "N. E." Could you introduce us? Nevertheless, "N. E.," in the intensity of his modesty, has evidently forgotten a few matters. Why did he not also inquire of "any gentleman" with a furnished residence and coach-house, the address of his tailor and wine-merchant,—assuring him that "for an equivalent" for whatever articles he might have of such tradesmen, there would be "experienced servants" to brush the coats, and draw the bottles!

THE EXILED LONDONER.

I ROAM beneath a foreign sky,
That sky is cloudless, warm and clear;
And ev'ry thing is glad but I;—
But ah! my heart is far from here.

They bid me look on forests green,
And boundless prairies stretching far;
But I rejoice not in their sheen,
And longing turn to Temple Bar.

They bid me list the torrent's roar,
In all its foaming, bounding pride;
But I, I only think the more
On living torrents in Cheapside!

They bid me mark the mighty stream,
Which Mississippi rolls to sea;
But then I sink in pensive dream,
And turn my thoughts, dear Thames, to thee!

They bid me note the mountains high,
Whose snow-capp'd peaks my prospect end:
I only heave a secret sigh—
To Ludgate Hill my wishes tend.

They taunt me with our denser air,
And fogs so thick you scarce can see;
Then, yellow fog, I will declare,
Though strange to say, I long for thee.

And everything in this bright clime
But serves to turn my thoughts to thee!
Thou, London, of an earlier time,
Oh! when shall I return to thee?

Drops of Comfort Generally Administered by Friends.

HAVING your health proposed at the age of forty, as a "promising young man."

Reading a newspaper, on a railway, containing an account of "five-and-twenty lives lost" only the day before.

Losing a heavy sum at cards, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "*such a* fool."

Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as "waiter."

Publishing a novel, which does not sell, and reading in a review—"This work is equal to anything of AINSWORTH'S."

Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a wag calling out "*Encore*."

Losing your latch-key, and wife and mother-in-law both sitting up for you.

Having your gig nearly upset by an omnibus, and being abused by the conductor for not seeing "vere ye're coming to."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE *Canopus*, originally a French vessel, has generally been the first in the races of the Experimental Squadron. Our brave sailors say this is to be accounted for, by the fact of her being a foreign ship, and having been taught from her cradle to run away at the sight of an English vessel.

TESTIMONIALS TO MANAGERS.

If a man wants a service of plate, let him take a play-house. Superficial libellers have called actors a selfish race: how triumphantly, every six weeks at most, do they rebut the calumny! It is wonderful to see how green-room gratitude runs to the silversmith, to pick out épergnes, and salvers, and tea-and-coffee pots, for wise, liberal, and paternal managers! The head of the play-house, no matter what sort of a head it may be, is always plated. The actors have so much money in the way of salaries, that their pockets would absolutely burst, if there was not a vent for them, every few weeks, by the way of a subscription for some gold or silver "rich domestic ornament" for the dear Mr. or Mrs. Daggerwood who governs them. Messrs. Cox and Savory, the particularly enterprising silversmiths, have remarked this proneness to desperate liberality on the part of players; and have therefore manufactured a great variety of articles, to be presented (when subscribed for) in proper season to the Managers and Manageresses of London. For the present, we can only give three.

The first is a very handsome affair, and is worthy of the attention of the folks of the Opera, when anxious—as next season they will be—once again to mark their sense of the tremendous value of Mr. Lumley, the enthusiastic, tasteful, and munificent director. Her Gracious Majesty—the tutelary genius of everything that is *not* English—is represented as the *Lady* in *Comus*, fixed, fascinated in her royal chair, by the *pas* of a ballet-dancer. The execution is very

chaste, and the whole design beautifully embodies the spirit and tendency of Her Majesty's patronage to the arts and sciences of her native country.

As the Poet Bunn has commenced another season, he will, of course—(judge, Messrs. Cox and Savory)—have another testimonial at its conclusion. Devoted John Cooper was wont to go round with the hat for the subscriptions, but John being exiled from Drury, we presume the grateful task will devolve upon Mr. Harley, whose smiles will, we trust, be as efficacious in extracting the shillings from the chorus and ballet as were the blandishments of his pains-taking predecessor. The testimonial, it will be seen, has a peculiar significance, and touchingly illustrates the relative positions of the Poet Bunn and the Poet Shakspeare at Drury-Lane Theatre.

The third testimonial has been manufactured in the lively expectation that no very long time can now elapse ere Miss Vincent, or some other "acknowledged heroine of domestic tragedy," shall have her professional reputation enshrined in frosted silver. There is a mingled vigour and beauty in this design that proves the artist to have caught the very spirit of the domestic drama, as embodied by Miss Vincent. She is evidently desiring some villain "to tremble," and further to remember that "there is an eye above."

We have been favoured with a view of twenty other designs executed to meet the merits of all managers. We were much struck with the beauty of two German silver spittoons, intended to be presented by their grateful companies to "the sagacious, spirited, and munificent managers" of the Eagle Saloon, and, also, of the Royal Albert.

TEA AND TOAST.

One day last week the London Dock Company, at the opening of their new range of tea-warehouses, gave a party to the Tea division of the mercantile interest of London. The "usual toasts" were given on the occasion; and though, no doubt, these toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not exactly that description of toast which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Souchong being proposed,—

Souchong (through his representative) declared that he had never risen—in the market or anywhere else—under circumstances so flattering as the present. He had been often drunk; though he was never either tipsy himself, nor the cause of intoxication in others; for his was the draught that cheered but not inebriated. Around him were the Merchant Princes of London; though he must regret the absence of one who was at once a Merchant Prince and a Merchant Tailor. He felt that he had now been on his legs long enough, and could only return his best thanks for the honour that had been done him.

Gunpowder felt himself ready to explode with gratitude for the distinction which had just been conferred upon him. He hoped to continue to give satisfaction—in a friendly way: he was not that gunpowder that feared to be superseded by steam: he respected steam for its connection with boiling water—which was his element. It was his boast to load the caddies, and not the cannons, of his country. Allied, as he trusted ever to be, with the milk of human kindness and the sugar of free labour, it should ever be his aim to promote universal peace.

Green Hyson, in acknowledging the compliment that he had just received, would notice with pride an epithet which had been applied to him. He had been called evergreen: he felt thus associated with the laurel; and if the laurel bound the poet's temples, he had often to boast of stimulating the poet's brain: he was aware that it had been insinuated that he was hostile to the nervous system; this was a calumny, and he took that public opportunity of making the assertion.

Young Hyson, after the eloquent speech just made by his brother, would merely express his thanks. He was unaccustomed to public speaking; his experience being limited to the silent spouting of the kettle.

"The Genuine Leaf" having been proposed—

A Stranger rose to respond. He claimed the appellation which had just been mentioned: he was the British Leaf. (*Indignant cries of "Turn him out!"*)

A scene of indescribable confusion here ensued, amid which the pretender was expelled from the room. Order having at length been restored, harmony resumed her sway, and several sentimental and comic songs having been sung, the company separated at an advanced hour.

A SEASONABLE WORD ON RAILWAYS.

BY MR. PUNCH.

AT a dinner given by the Directors of the Diddlesex Junction Railway to one another out of the funds of the Company — FITZ JAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esq., Chairman,—PUNCH, Esq., Vice-Chairman—the latter gentleman delivered the following speech in reply to a complimentary oration from the distinguished president :—

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

"The manner in which you have drunk my health is most gratifying to me. I won't say that 'tears choke my utterance,' as O'CONNELL did, upon a solemn occasion, the other day. Humbug and hypocrisy will not pass for honest emotion in England: and never can be welcome to honest men. Gentlemen, I drink all your good healths in return. (*Cheers.*)

"There was a talk last week of an Order in Council to prohibit the further issue of railroad prospectuses, on the plea that there were too many now on hand, and that it was impossible for Parliament to discuss those schemes already extant in the course of next session.

"*Mr. Punch* is inclined to be of the opinion of the Order in Council, for various cogent reasons.

"In the first place—do we wish to be the death of the House of Commons? If we work them with bills as we did last session, every one, except a few of the tough ones, will expire. Fancy a House composed of HUME and PEEL, for instance, whom nothing can kill—old JOE with his stupid figures of arithmetic, and BOB with his incomparably stupider figures of speech. (*Sensation dans l'auditoire.*)

"Secondly,—and this is even a more important reason than the former—although some of you, my dear brethren, don't care a jot whether the House of Commons is dead or alive, yet your own interests will probably affect you sincerely. Men and Shareholders, you have already signed your deeds, pocketed your premiums, and (the scheme being agreed to by Parliament) committed yourselves to the finishing of your respective undertakings within a certain space of say three years.

"Look, my dears, at the number of schemes now on the list! I can't stop to count them—I can't tell the number of deeds I myself have signed—(hear, hear,)—the number of applications I myself have made—(*Great applause*)—but O, my dear brother-shareholders, which among you will not agree with me, that there is as much money to pay as this great country can conveniently fork out: that there is as much to do as our labourers possibly can do: and that it will be well to get that done before we engage ourselves farther?

"Parliament binds you to execute your contracts in a certain short period of years, or months almost. You must have the iron in that time, and do you think the iron masters will spare you? You must have the labour performed, and where are the hands to do it? Workmen will be in such request for the next three years, that the best profession for younger sons will be the pickaxe and shovel. Navies may dictate their own terms—at least, until the Companies are bankrupt, when there will be no labour, nor wages, nor railroads at all. It will be a sad day when capitalists, and iron masters, and workmen, sit looking at each other after the general smash that our haste for speculation has occasioned. (*Profound attention.*)

"Therefore, dearly beloved, I shall in my place in Parliament, or if called to attend the council-board of my Sovereign, approve of a mild check upon railroad speculation. We have enough on hand at present for any prudent men to perform. Next year, my dear brother-capitalists, we shall be having our calls to pay, which I am sure you will all discharge with cheerful punctuality. (*Hear, hear! cries of Oh, yes! Of course! Wish you may get it.*) I am not a croaker by nature, and only prophesy on rare occasions; but, upon my honour and conscience, it seems to me to be touch-and-go with the prosperity of this great country at this very moment when I am drinking your healths. (*Cheers.*) You have the start of all Europe as you have always had; and the railroad system successfully carried out, will make such vast changes, and work such prodigious benefits, as I believe a man has scarcely an idea of now. (*Sneers.*) But (without rebuking the sneer of my worthy friend, MR. COLDSHOULDER, for I must speak a volume to set him right, and then he wouldn't understand me) it depends on you now, whether the pre-eminence which you have earned shall remain with you, or the ruin which all the world is longing to see accomplished, shall fall upon you. (*Thrilling sensation.*)

"If I were an enemy of my country—If I were an aristocrat bent upon the maintenance of my Order, and dimly seeing that, with the triumph of the Railroad system my coronets, and my lordships, and my stars and garters, must infallibly disappear into Hades—I would, far from discouraging the present Railroad mania, exaggerate it in every way. I would rejoice to see the capital of the country engaging itself beyond its means—plunging into speculations which must end hopelessly—and then the ruined land would come under my sway again, and the old system be paramount once more. But let us hope better things of the national prudence, and that our own greediness and lust of gain is not to be the cause of our ruin. If we are but prudent, Gentlemen, there is no end to the anniversaries which we may be called upon to celebrate here; to the dividends which we may announce to happy shareholders in our line; to the branch lines which may spring from it; and to the premiums which we, as directors, may pocket. (*Immense cheering.*) I will conclude, Gentlemen, by giving you—*The Railroad-market, and may we know when we have got enough.*"

After this and other eloquent speeches, *Mr. Punch* went home; but, in spite of his own injunctions to caution, and gloomy predictions regarding over-speculation, the infatuated gentleman wrote two-and-twenty fresh applications for shares before he went to bed that night.

PUNCH'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE question whether "Should CROMWELL have a Statue?" suggested to us, Shall MOLESWORTH have a Portrait? We immediately answered the question in the affirmative; and here he is!

VEGETABLE DIET.

HOWEVER much the disease among the potatoes may distress the poor Irish during the following winter, it will not in the least alter the diet of the Great Agitator, whose living is very plain, having existed all his life upon *cabbage*.

FOR PARLIAMENT.

(A CARTOON.)

THE decorations of the New Houses of Parliament will be incomplete, unless they include a representation of JUSTICE, who is supposed to preside over parliamentary proceedings. That the jib of JUSTICE, to use a nautical term, should have a mediæval cut, is highly necessary, for two considerations. In the first place, JUSTICE, cheek by jowl as she will be with CHIVALRY, and other Gothic company, will otherwise resemble a denizen of the waters out of its element. In the second, the Justice of Parliament, for an obvious reason, should be delineated in a style approaching caricature or burlesque, which is precisely that of the Art of the middle ages. For these good reasons, it is essential that JUSTICE should grasp her scales and sword by a mode of prehension practicable by no mortal; and that those properties should be cumbersome and awkward-looking in the extreme. There is a profundity in representing her as a supernatural being, taking hold of things in an impossible manner. On the same deep principle she should be drawn standing in an attitude which the human mechanism does not admit of. There is another good reason, which we will not enlarge upon, why JUSTICE should appear twisted in the British Senate.

The tardigrade character of JUSTICE ought further to be made visible in her feet, which should be quaintly clumsy, and contorted to a degree involving lameness. The anatomical difficulties which oppose these requisites are to be veiled with a profusion of drapery, which, as our sagacious ancestors well knew, will cover outrageous drawing. The face of JUSTICE should be that of a monumental brass, both on account of the æsthetical character of the material, and the corpse-like attributes proper to Gothic sanctity. The cause of right and nature *versus* humbug, which JUSTICE is ever trying, ought to be manifested by scrolls stuck into her scales, inscribed of course with old English characters. Altogether, the person of JUSTICE should be deformed, and her look old-maidish; so that she may be devoid of the Paganism of symmetry and beauty.

A TURNPIKE STRATEGY.

IT is well known that a MR. LEVI is the giant contractor for nearly all the turnpikes in and about London. Some men have strange pets. LEVI's passion is evidently pikes. Doubtless, it is to him a sweet consolation to know that all men seated on or behind horses are stopped on so many highways, and made to deliver certain sums from threepence to a silver shilling. Let him wake in his bed at any hour of the night, and it may be to him a pleasant thought to feel that money is even then dropping into his fifty pockets. Well, the parishioners of Chelsea have of late taken umbrage at LEVI. They have collectively risen like REBECCA, and (by means of an act of Parliament) have abolished the gate at the Queen's Elm. It was to us a touching sight—for we chanced to behold the spectacle—to see LEVI, like another SAMSON, carrying away the Queen's Elm Gate upon his shoulders, that he might pitch it somewhere out of the parish. Now, all Acts of Parliament are elastic; but none can be made to stretch so much as an Act for a Turnpike. There is no knowing how far it may be drawn out. MR. LEVI doubtless knew this beautiful truth; and therefore he pitched his gate some few yards above the gate of a certain Arcadian market-gardener of Fulham, named BOPART, with the benevolent intention of receiving certain coppers from the aforesaid BOPART in his progress to London with his parsley and sweet marjoram. Guileless, unsuspecting LEVI! in the innocence of his soul, he had not perceived that BOPART had another gate a few paces *above* the turnpike; which gate, with the peculiar perverseness of human nature, BOPART has ever since driven through, to the shameful disuse of the old accustomed gate below. The Jew has been trumped by the Gentile! and it is sometimes a pathetic sight to behold LEVI with tears in his eyes, watching the progress of BOPART's market-waggon on its way to Covent-Garden; but whether the tears are drawn from him by BOPART's onions or the loss of BOPART's pence, we leave it to the reader skilled in human emotion to determine.

Should Cromwell have a Statue?

EVERYBODY is asking, "Should CROMWELL have a Statue?" and Echo is in all directions bawling out, "Yes, of course." It is true that CROMWELL cannot be traced back to LADY REDBURGA, or proved to be a lineal descendant of ETHELSANTHA, the wife of ALFRED; but he certainly played his part of sovereign as well as if he had been "native and to the manner born" for it. We should like to know whether he has not as good a right to a statue as RICHARD THE THIRD, who played Old Harry with the Tower bedding, and made sandwiches of the infant princes between a couple of feather beds. Nothing can palliate this romance of the palliasse, and there is no excuse for a downy uncle, who smothered the heirs to the throne in downy goose-quill. He made the mattress and pillows of the young princes the means of bolstering up his own title to the throne; and his subsequent conduct was very disgraceful, for we defy any one to see the play of *Richard the Third* without coming to the conclusion that DICK was a deceitful scoundrel. In fact, the false front he assumed has caused that article to bear the name of Dickey up to the present period.

Then, again, look at JOHN! We should like to know what on earth he deserves a statue for. He was a fellow, according to SHAKSPEARE, always putting out young princes' eyes with enormous pincers. His intimacy with *Hubert* was enough to condemn him in the opinion of any well-regulated-minded individual.

HENRY THE EIGHTH, too, ought to have stood at the bar of the Old Bailey for Sexigamy; but we think we have said enough to show that there are a few kings in our HUME AND SMOLLETT, who ought to be deprived of statues, if merit gives any claim to the distinction of being "done in stone" for the New Houses of Parliament. CROMWELL was, until his elevation, a very respectable brewer, and at least on a level with BARCLAY, PERKINS, or MEUX; and though he was not an entire sovereign, he is by no means to be thought small beer of by the true constitutional Englishman.

THE STAGS STAGGERED.

IN consequence of the tremendous rush of Stags into Capel Court, a rail is to be erected to keep them off by the authorities at the Stock Exchange; this will give the Stags a rail of their own, on which they will be at full liberty to speculate.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR. CROMWELL; BUT YOU CAN'T LODGE HERE."

PROSPECTUS OF AN INDIAN RAILWAY,

NEWLY started to connect the Peloponnesus of Patomaree with the Squashamaw Districts, and the mountains of the Bengalee on the East, with a branch to the Boptic Coast, and an extension to the Fungazonian shore of the Rhoparavian Ocean.

This important line will open the trade of Tangaroo to all the Merchants of the Musnic Continent, and give a facility of transit to the rich valleys of the Rhippidippi, one of the most fertile districts in the Unknown World. The line will cross the Rhambajee river on the north, giving an immediate communication with the gold mines of Swambolia Minor, on the right; while on the left, is the well-known diamond district of Nassuck, which it is expected will become the property of the Company. The following powerful list of local directors is given, not so much to encourage applications for shares—which already, before the existence of the Company is known, are so numerous, that a preference can only be given to the most respectable—but the list is printed as a guarantee to the public, who are waiting eagerly to snap up the scrip, that it is well worth the premium at which they will rush to purchase it.

Directors in India.

RHOGANOTH LAL, Hereditary Rajah of the Suttarees, and Chairman of the Harem Gas-Light Company.
BERAJEE BENGALORE, Resident Sheikh of Shindy.
LULLEBALLOO TOOBOO, Chairman of the Indian Quarter Sessions.
SWASHAGOO TOLLOL, First Begum of the Eastern Catacombs, and Bey-apparent of the whole of the Trivingian Empire on the Pink Sea.
With power (if they can) to add to their number.

Applications for shares which cannot be attended to, may be made to SOLOMON SWAG, ESQ., Secretary, at the temporary offices of the Company in Walker's Court.

THE RAILWAY CIRCUS.

WE desire to point out an opening which now presents itself to any enterprising capitalist willing to invest a few thousands in a safe speculation. Railway extension—if we may be allowed the metaphor—is very fast snuffing-out the horse, the high-pressure engine is distancing the high-mettled racer, and equestrian affairs in general are rapidly declining in point of interest. Evil days are coming on top-boots, knee-cords, four-in-hands, jockeys, and all the race of jarvey. It is manifest that Newmarket-coats are going out of fashion, that the groom and the ostler are losing their importance, and that respect for the stable and its accessories is decreasing amongst the million. Accordingly, we predict that equestrian performances will very soon be at a discount, and that the Astleyan will share the fate of the legitimate drama.

What, under these circumstances, can be a more promising scheme than the institution of a Railway Circus? Let a company, or an individual, only raise the wind, or get up the steam to the requisite degree, and the affair is done. All that will be necessary will be a suitable theatre, with an arena surrounded by circular rails. On these rails will run the engine, round and round, in lieu of a horse; and upon the engine will ride the engineer, appropriately attired, controlling his vehicle, and at the same time exhibiting his performances. He will poise himself on one leg, wave flags, go through the sword exercise, jump through hoops, and execute all the usual feats of the riding-school, and as many more as he can invent. He will be accompanied, of course, by a stoker; and the pair will thus be enabled to do a *pas de deux* on engine-back, which will be something entirely new to the British public. For the greater grace of this exhibition, the stoker should be one of the fair sex; and we are sure that a steam *danseuse* would prove extraordinarily attractive; or the part itself of the engineer might be taken by a lady performer, in a short dress, pink stockings, satin, and spangles.

The circus, of course, should be surrounded by several lines of rail, to afford facilities for riding upon two, three, four, five, or six engines at once, in a manner analogous to that of the late MR. DUCROW. Indeed, the steam-rider might call himself the Railway DUCROW. A clown in the ring, of course, would be wanted; and such a gentleman as MR. BARRY might still easily act in that capacity. His present jokes would be susceptible of many additions *à propos* of boilers and other appurtenances of steam, which would be highly diverting to the spectators.

The greatest difficulty, as it strikes us, that will beset the plan in its accomplishment, will be to find a riding-master. MR. WIDDICOMBE, powerful as he is, will hardly be strong enough to control the engines, and to counteract their centrifugal tendency. This purpose, however, will probably be answered by a post placed in the middle of the circus, and provided with a sort of swivel, connected with the carriages by strong chains or cables. The post might be made large enough to serve for a pedestal, and then WIDDICOMBE might stand on the top of it, and thus, more conspicuously than ever, display those graces which have rendered him the admiration of centuries. As the consequence of this arrangement, with regard to the clown, would be, that if he remained in the ring whilst it was in action, the chains or cables would necessarily cut him in two, a space might be left between the outermost rail and the barrier of the circus, round which he might run, uttering witticisms, making grimaces, and insulting WIDDICOMBE and the performers, just as effectually as he does at present.

In putting forth the above project, which we have not the least doubt will be instantly caught up, we feel that we have done good service to the drama, a fine branch of which, but for our suggestion, would shortly be lopped off to a certainty. The only reward we expect for our thought and trouble, in addition to an approving conscience, will be nightly orders for two for the Railway Circus.

A NEW CURE FOR PAUPERISM.

A TESTIMONIAL, appended to a puff of some quack Pills, which lately appeared in the *Morning Herald*, contains the following extraordinary statement, signed "NO DOCTOR:"—

"I must now say that I feel exceedingly happy in being able to testify to the efficacy of ———; it has done that in Winchcomb which the diplomaed doctors, under the organic theory, could not do; it has fetched a man out of the Union Workhouse, and sent him to provide for himself with his own hands. The disease under which he was suffering was the Evil."

The Quacks, we always understood, professed the medicine alluded to, to be a remedy for poverty of the blood; but now they would seem to make it out a cure for pauperism itself—for "the Evil"—the Grand Evil;—not the King's Evil only, but the Subject's Evil. We believed—as implicitly as we believe in the Koran—that it would cure all diseases; but we did not believe that it would cure pecuniary as well as pulmonary consumption. We were satisfied—as we are of the truth of GULLIVER'S travels—that it would restore a lost leg; but we hardly thought it would replenish an empty pocket. We were convinced—as we are that white is black—that it would snatch a man out of the jaws of Death; but we never imagined it would bring him out of the Workhouse. Let the benevolent subscribe instantly, and buy a cart-load of the pills for distribution amongst all the Unions, beginning with Andover.

Readings in Natural History.

THE STAG.

THE Stag is a railway ruminant, and belongs to a common herd that may be seen loitering about the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange. The Railway Stag has his head full of branches, but he sheds a new branch directly there is any premium. He is exceedingly fleet of foot, and when he is once off there is no catching him. Some Railway Stags are, however, distinguished by a sort of waddle, like that of the lame duck of the Stock Exchange. There are strange stories told of the various forms assumed by the Railway Stag; for the animal is exceedingly cunning, and will resort to any artifice to keep out of danger. The Railway Stag often causes great annoyance to the bulls and bears in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SMOKE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Chronicle*, signing himself "E. O.," states, that, lately, in St. James's Park, he observed one of the Park-keepers order a man to remove a pipe from his mouth, whereas he was himself allowed to continue in the enjoyment of a cigar, which he was smoking. On inquiry as to the reason of this anomaly, he was told that pipes were forbidden by the Commissioners. Some may be puzzled to account for this distinction of smokers, but we are not; as the following formula will testify:—

	Pipe.		Smock Frock.		Cigar.		Chesterfield.
As	1	:	1	::	1	:	1.

This is a little sum in the Rule of Wrong.

COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

"This is Your Bed, Sir."

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE WINDSOR POOR.

We have been thrown into a state of great alarm by what we consider to be little less than incipient rebellion on the part of the parishioners of Windsor. It is well known that Prince Albert has a Flemish farm there, with 300 acres of land. Well, the farm has been assessed the poor rates,—as if, indeed, a Prince should have anything to do with paupers. The royal Albert very properly denounces any such association, and will not pay his 45*l.* to the wretched of Windsor. He pleads that he "has no beneficial occupation" of the farm; and moreover, that the "property belongs to the Queen." Whereupon a rebel named Judge, asserts that the Prince does turn the penny by the farm, for he breeds oxen there, and sells them afterwards; and moreover, [that he vends his chickweed and groundsel the better to add to his limited pocket-money. However, it was ordered by the meeting, that "the collector should call again;" when we have no doubt the answer will be, "Not at home." Should matters come to extremities, a man will, of course, be put in possession of Windsor Palace; or it may be, that, sooner than succumb to the poor, His Royal Highness may choose to go to prison. We earnestly trust that matters will not go so far, for we put it to the loyal to consider what would be their emotion to read the following in the *Court Circular*—"Yesterday, Her Gracious Majesty visited Prince Albert at her own Bench!"

Unimportant, if True.

The *Morning Post* of Friday, in addition to its usual fashionable intelligence, give a curious account of a cow that was found to have a silver spoon in its stomach after its death. We have no doubt that the animal, like many fortunate calves, was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, and by some accident happened to swallow it.

THE POET BUNN.

Again does the Poet Bunn strike his lyre. Again is the voice of the bardikin "heard in the land." The Poet's promissory advertisement has all his wonted fire—all his matchless moral daring. Could Friar Bacon's famous brazen head be restored to us, sure we are it would discourse after the manner of Bunn: we should hear the like sonorous sentences from the like metal. The Poet begins with "hope." With his fingers wandering amidst the melodious catgut, and his eye expressively turned towards Buckingham Palace, he expresses "the hope of retaining *that great patronage* with which his entertainments have, for the two preceding years been honoured!" What a comfortable prospect for the shareholders! for if the Poet retain the like great patronage of the two preceding years, they—the shareholders—will be again convened next summer, again to be told there is not a penny to be shared amongst them; whilst their sympathies will be appealed to that they may mourn with the Poet the departure of Shakspere from Drury Lane "to Sadler's Wells and other pot-houses!" Happy shareholders!

However, the Poet proceeds with a list of his basses and baritones, his soprani and contralti, and—like all poets, excelling in fiction—he promises the advent of the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind: the said Jenny being engaged all the winter at Berlin, and all the spring at Vienna. This, however, is nothing. Once upon a time, a mermaid rose off the coast of Norway, and sung a ravishing strain to Bishop Pontoppidan, who with all the solemnity of his character, attests the fact. Were another mermaid to appear off Fulham to the Bishop of London, the Poet Bunn would immediately sign and seal with her "in presence" of the toll-keeper of Fulham Bridge. And there is no doubt that the mermaid would appear at Drury Lane, just as Jenny Lind will warble there in the present season. We have equal faith in the mermaid and in Jenny.

The Poet next proceeds with his list of chorus and ballet; and it is a proud thing to know that there is scarcely an English name among the multitude engaged. But the most gratifying intelligence is to come: listen:—

"Arrangements are, *moreover*, on the point of completion, and *treaties pending* [this is really worthy of the Foreign Office] for a grand Opera: the music by Donizetti, the libretto by—Scribe!"

The Poet Bunn magnifically pooh-poohs men like Rooke and John Barnett (for they have the disadvantage of not being Italians), and opens a treaty with Donizetti. There is no native writer capable of furnishing a libretto, and therefore the judicious manager resorts to Scribe, whose French will, of course, be undone into English by the Poet Bunn himself. We acknowledge the sagacity of Bunn. This is, doubtless, the surest way to "retain the patronage" of Her Majesty and the Prince. We observe the name of but one British actor, Harley, among the list; and he, we understand, is under a heavy penalty not to speak anything but French, or at the most very broken English. Even the call-boy has orders to grow mustachios! After this, the Poet Bunn is certain of the patronage of the Queen.

Police Intelligence.

It is proposed to effect a material change in the system of police now existing; this will be accomplished by means of a number of statues clothed in the official costume, which will be quite as useful, and far less expensive, than the present force. These statues are intended to be placed in the streets at regular distances, the same as lamp-posts; and by means of some internal mechanism will be made to ejaculate, at stated intervals, the words "Move on;" in the same manner that the Dutch clocks repeat the word "Cuckoo."

It is not yet fixed whether the material is to be stone or wood; the former being so emblematic of the disposition, and the latter of the heads of the police. The only opposition to this really useful measure is expected from the various cooks and housemaids, and we understand that several meetings will take place on the subject.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

The Duke of Nemours has been presenting at Madrid crosses of the Legion of Honour in snuff-boxes. It is evident the Prince is aware no one now ever thinks of taking the cross, excepting at a pinch.

Monody on the Death of an only Client.

Oh ! take away my wig and gown,
Their sight is mock'ry now to me :
I pace my chambers up and down
Reiterating "Where is *he ?* "

Alas ! wild Echo, with a moan,
Murmurs above my fever'd head :
In the wide world I am alone ;
Ha ! ha ! my only client's—dead.

In vain the robing room I seek ;
The very waiters scarcely bow ;
Their looks contemptuously speak,
"He 's lost his only client now."

E'en the mild usher, who, of yore,
Would hasten when his name I said,
To hand in motions, comes no more,
He knows my only client 's dead.

Ne'er shall I, rising up in Court,
Open the pleadings of a suit :
Ne'er shall the Judges cut me short,
While moving them for a compute.

No more with a consenting brief
Shall I politely bow my head ;
Where shall I run to hide my grief ?
Alas ! my only client 's dead.

Imagination's magic power
Brings back, as clear as clear can be,
The spot, the day, the very hour,
When first I sign'd my maiden plea.

In the Exchequer's hindmost row
I sat, and some one touch'd my head,
He tendered ten-and-six, but oh !
That only client now is dead.

In vain, I try to sing—I 'm hoarse :
In vain I try to play the flute,
A phantom seems to flit across,—
It is the ghost of a compute.

I try to read—but all in vain ;
My chambers listlessly I tread ;
Be still, my heart ; throb less, my brain ;
Ho ! ho ! my only client's dead.

I think I hear a double knock ;
I did—alas ! it is a dun.
Tailor—avaunt ! my sense you shock ;
He 's dead ! you know I had but one !

What 's this they thrust into my hand ?
A bill returned !—ten pounds for bread !
My butcher got a large demand ;
I 'm mad ! my only client 's dead.

WONDERFUL HORTICULTURAL PHENOMENON.

A new kind of fruit has lately been introduced into London. It is known amongst those who have particularly studied its cultivation, as "*The apple with the silver pips.*" One was shown to us, which, upon being cut open, really contained a shilling ; but the generality of them, we believe, do not grow anything larger than a fourpenny-piece. The one we saw had been picked up at Charing-cross. It had been thrown by one of the omnibus-drivers to a policeman, who had been loudly directing him to "move on," but the policeman failing to catch it, the apple had fallen into the hands of a rival cad, who enjoyed the phenomenon of the "silver pip" no less than the fruit, for, after eating the latter with great relish, he spent the shilling in something to drink, to ascertain if the pip was real. These wonderful apples, which we take the scientific liberty of calling "*Poma Cadiensis*," are in great demand amongst the numerous time-keepers of London, but the policemen are no less eager in running after them. They are of very quick growth. An omnibus that halts five minutes at one station will produce a ripstone of the value of sixpence, but as much as a quarter of an hour is necessary to bring forth the largest specimens. These contain from two to three pips, running from sixpence to a shilling a piece. We have forwarded the specimen, which has been sent to us, to the Horticultural Society. If it realises all that is said of it, it certainly would be invaluable at elections.

IRISH IMAGERY.

At a recent Repeal meeting Mr. O'Connell was described by one of the speakers as "an oak of the forest, every hair of whose head was sanctified." We never saw an oak with a fine head of hair ; though it is, no doubt, possible ; for people are talking a good deal just now about the curl in the potato ; and if potatoes can be possessed of curls, we do not see why trees should not have hair also. We can scarcely see how O'Connell is an oak of the forest, though, in our opinion, he seems to be most at home when in the Groves of Blarney.

AMATEUR CRIMINALS.

Poor Eliza Grimwood appears to be a great favourite with the army. We know not how many soldiers have declared themselves guilty of her murder, that they might escape the glory that ever casts a halo about the private soldier's name. The public attention is aroused by the newspaper paragraph — police officers are suddenly very busy— the magistrate, meaning serious business, takes his seat, and the self-accused is brought in. Whereupon, he thrusts his tongue in his cheek, declares his confession to be all a flam, and in the end walks away—mockingly applying his thumb to the end of his nose at poor hoaxed Justice. Now, we think there should be some remedy for this. If fellows like George Hill, the last humourist of the 67th Foot, choose to have their dismal joke with society, we certainly think that society should be allowed to make its repartee. Therefore, when a Hill "murders in jest," why not punish him in jest ? When he assures the magistrate that the whole story is a fable, might he not be retorted upon in the same funny spirit ? Thus, when sentenced to a month or two at the treadmill, if the humourist complained of the inconvenience, he might be met with a reply that it was not the treadmill, but merely a practical joke—nothing more than a bit of drollery, that if he had any sense at all of the humorous, he must do all he could to keep going. And if—as it sometimes happens with the most inveterate jokers—he should continue very obtuse to the fun, we do not see why his notion of the comic should not be quickened by severer punishment ; but of course—only in joke.

Punch's Railway Intelligence.

It will be seen that Spanish Railways are beginning to attract attention in the British market. When our readers remember the quantity of Spanish liquorice consumed in this cold and cough-generating climate of ours, they will see that the mercantile traffic must be tremendous on any Spanish line that has English shareholders. The Madrid and Valencia Railway that has been projected, will give an immense impetus to the trade in Valencia waistcoats, and if the Company will send us a large allotment of shares, we will undertake to write it up till the scrip is at twenty premium.

We perceive from the advertising columns of our contemporaries that a Grand Trunk Railway has been started. We should suggest a Grand Carpet, Rug, and Bonnet-Box Junction as a very desirable branch, and a London Direct Portmanteau one would, no doubt, be amazingly popular.

THE WAR OF THE STREETS.

A SORT of civil war has lately been raging with tremendous violence between the paviers and the populace. The great scene of contention has been Fleet Street, which ought in future to be called Thermopylæ, for never was that famous pass more stoutly defended, than the thoroughfare between Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill, within the last fortnight.

The paviers took possession of the ground unexpectedly in the course of a single night, and by the next day they had thrown up strong fortifications of bricks, behind which they stubbornly resisted the approach of the enemy. The populace were soon on the spot with their heavy luggage omnibuses, with which an attempt was made to force a passage; but the paviers had taken their measures so effectually, that Fleet Street was utterly impassable. Baffled in this attempt, the populace turned their horses' heads up Fetter Lane; and some made an effort to penetrate into the City by cutting across the heights of Holborn; but here, again, they met with the most obstinate resistance from the pavier party who had contrived to gain possession of all the principal metropolitan passes at the same moment. Some of the unfortunate victims hoping to make good their retreat, fell back towards the west, intending to escape along Piccadilly: but even here the paviers were found to have made themselves masters of the passage, which they barred against every one. In this dilemma the populace, finding the City in the hands of the paviers, had no other course than to surrender at discretion.

We have not heard what has been the result of the conflict, but from the number of horses we saw down, and vehicles overturned, it is certain that an enormous loss has been sustained by the populace.

IMPORTANCE OF THE EXTERIOR.

IT having been settled by Magisterial Decision that a

FASHIONABLY CUT COAT

will subject drunk and disorderly Sparks, who pull off Knockers, to a mere Fine, whereas the wearer of an

INFERIOR ARTICLE

would, for a like offence, be consigned to the Tread-Mill,

Messrs. Mordecai and Sons,

of the Minories, confidently recommend their

NEW POLICE WRAPPER

to the Patronage of Larking Gents. A large Stock may be inspected at the Establishment. Warranted to screen the Perpetrator for the most Flagrant Outrage.

N.B. For Cash only.

ST. PAUL'S EXHIBITION.

IT may not be generally known that among the Metropolitan Exhibitions is included the interior of St. Paul's between the services, which, under the management of the Dean and Chapter, is open to the public at twopence a head. This speculation, perhaps, would answer better were greater publicity given to it. The Dean and Chapter might find it worth their while to advertise their Church in the newspapers. A few shillings spent in this way, painful as might be the sacrifice, would be money well laid out. At all events, their Reverences might distribute about town a few placards and posters, and bills of their Exhibition, like those put forth by the Colosseum people. Everybody is not aware that St. Paul's, as well as the building by the Regent's Park, has its Glyptotheca, with LORD NELSON in it, and DR. JOHNSON, and HOWARD the Philanthropist, and LORD HOWE, all larger than life. But were we the showmen—we beg pardon—the Dean and Chapter—of St. Paul's Cathedral, we would go further. Having once brought ourselves—for there would be the only difficulty—to make a show of our Church at all, we would regularly go the whole WOMBWELL. We would erect a scaffold in front of the sacred edifice, with poles upon it, and on these poles large sheets of canvas displaying paintings of the lions to be seen within. On the scaffold should be seated a dozen beefeaters or so, with drums, trumpets, ophicleides, trombones, and Pandean pipes, who, by their music, should attract the attention of passengers. To these, perhaps, we would add a clown, to fling summersets, and stand upon his head, and to bawl out between the tunes—"Here we are!" "Hoy, Hoy, Hoy!" "Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen!" "Just a-going to commence!" "Only Two Pence!" and so forth. But this would be scandalous—unclerical—profane! Very well. Then we would throw open our doors *gratis*. We would be either clergymen or showmen, but whichever we called ourselves, we would act as such.

THE CALAMITIES OF A DOOR-PLATE.

ATTORNEYS, surgeons, artists, and other professional men, generally have their names on their doors. A name on a door is a fine thing when accompanied by plenty of dirt on the scraper; in other words, when it causes an influx of business. It occasions, however, certain results which are inevitable. In the first place, a name on the door, constantly for a twelvemonth after its institution, and from time to time ever afterwards, is sure to procure for its owner visits from sham missionaries, begging-letter impostors, and all varieties of the "doo." Secondly, especially during this period of railway speculation, it entails upon him, daily, the plague of loads of prospectuses of all kinds, foreign lottery schemes, and other catchpenny circulars, by thousands. These, offering, for the most part, opportunities for the "eligible investment" of capital, are often addressed to those who have no capital to invest, eligibly or otherwise. What cruel irony to the professional pauper! In this respect, Assurance Companies are a great nuisance, and very provoking is their assurance. The bored one, it is true, may laugh in his sleeve at the attempt on his visionary Three Per Cents., or, if a smoker, he may light his cigars with its vehicle:—so much for his consolation! But there is one atrocious thing which these circular-writers do, and which, at least, they ought to discontinue. They frequently have their letters directed in a female hand—and that to the young, and enamoured, bachelor. This involves a hoax which we have no hesitation in terming heartless. Thus to raise emotions only to crush them, is a mockery worthy of no place above Pandemonium—except 'Change Alley. Send your prospectuses, ye speculators, to capitalists and married men!

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXXIV.

MRS. CAUDLE, SUSPECTING THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS MADE HIS WILL, IS "ONLY ANXIOUS AS A WIFE" TO KNOW ITS PROVISIONS.

HERE, I always said you'd a strong mind when you liked, CAUDLE; and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will, because they think they must die directly afterwards. Now, you're above that, love, arn't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for SCRATCHERLY told me so. What? *You don't believe it?* Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, lawyer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it.

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive, MR. CAUDLE, to want anything: I shall be provided for a long time before your will's of any use. No, MR. CAUDLE; I shan't survive you: and—though a woman's wrong to let her affection for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that: I'm not good for a hundred—I shan't see you out, and another husband too! What a gross idea, CAUDLE! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again. No—never! What? *That's what we all say?* Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes, I know very well, that some do marry again,—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell! Ugh!

"There are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so too, CAUDLE? Why don't you speak, love? That's so like you! I never want a little quiet rational talk, but you want to go to sleep. But you never were like any other man! What? *How do I know?* There now,—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off! I've no doubt when MISS PRETTYMAN speaks, you can answer *her* properly enough. There you are, again! Upon my life, it *is* odd; but I never can in the most innocent way mention that person's name that—*Why can't I leave her alone?* I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't: only you always will say something that 's certain to bring up her name.

"What was I saying, CAUDLE? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife to marry again without losing what he leaves—it's what I call selfishness after death. Mean to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? *You never want to do that?* No, I'm sure of that, love: you're not the man to tie a woman up in that mean manner. A man who'd do that, would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men, do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me how you've made your will; but it may be to your second wife. What? *I shall never give you a chance?* Ha! you don't know my constitution after all, CAUDLE. I'm not at all the woman I was. I say nothing about 'em, but very often you don't know my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favour to ask. When you marry again—now it 's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear?—after the comforts, you must marry again—now don't forswear yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you couldn't help it, I'm sure of it; and I know you better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love, because it 's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it?—but all I ask is, don't marry MISS PRET—— There! there! I've done; I won't say another word about it: but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, CAUDLE, she wouldn't be the wife for you. Of course, I could then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, CAUDLE, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there 's a flightiness in her manner—I dare say, poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner after all—still, there *is* a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. No, for if I may boast of anything, CAUDLE, it has been my propriety of manner all my life. I know that wives who're very particular, arn't thought as well of as those who're not—still, it is very little to be virtuous, if people don't seem so. And virtue, CAUDLE—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, for I never do. No; and I don't go about with my virtue, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. But I know your principles. I shall never forget what I once heard you say to PRETTYMAN: and it's no excuse that you'd taken so much wine you didn't know what you were saying at the time; for wine brings out men's wickedness, just as fire brings out spots of grease. *What did you say?* Why you said this:—'Virtue's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't make so much noise about it; but there's some women, who think virtue was given 'em, as claws were given to cats'—yes, cats was the word—'to do nothing but scratch with.' That's what you said. *You don't recollect a syllable of it?* No, that's it; when you're in that dreadful state, you recollect nothing: but it's a good thing I do.

"But we won't talk of that, love—that's all over: I dare say you meant nothing. But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, not to marry again, is a mean man. It makes me happy that you've that confidence in me to say that. *You never said it?* That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No: when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why she's aggravated to take another husband. I'm sure of it, many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spited into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, CAUDLE, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it,—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you; still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of that sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed, I'd do it."

"I did not contradict her," says CAUDLE, "but suffered her to sleep in such assurance."

THE THOROUGHFARE-PHOBIA.

A NEW disease has, within the last few months, become very prevalent in the Metropolis; and as no name has yet been given to it, we honour it with the appellation of the Thoroughfare-phobia. It consists of a very dangerous stoppage, preventing the free circulation of the blood of commerce through the veins and arteries of the Metropolis. Fleet Street has been seized in this shocking way several times during the present year; and Piccadilly, which we thought had just got over a very long attack, has suffered a serious relapse within the last week or two.

We really begin to tremble for the very existence of the city, when we see these awful symptoms of a general breaking up beginning to show themselves in all quarters of the Metropolis. If the suburban roads, which are called the lungs of London, should be taken in the same way, suffocation would be the inevitable consequence.

Duration of Vegetable Life.

WE understand that in consequence of the severe illness which has afflicted the potatoes, and caused so much mortality among the champions of the dinner-table, a new company is about to be formed, for the purpose of insuring the lives of vegetables. Any person sowing a crop of peas, and paying a premium of a halfpenny a peck, may insure a certain sum in the event of their being nipped in the bud, cut off in the blossom of youth, or dying after they have passed their infancy and have been put into jackets. It is calculated that a vegetable may reach a good old age, if there is not too much wet; but the premium will be large enough to guard against the consequences of excessive drinking, which is as bad for a vegetable as for a human being.

BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

As there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round. Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea-air. Blessings on the sea-air, which gives you an appetite to eat them!

You may get a decent bed-room and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the BOTIBOLS have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgetting in the drawing-room after tea; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bed-room, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. BOTIBOL'S house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace: the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment, and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière!* How MRS. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think: what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff—mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may

hire the very fly here represented; with the very horse, and the very postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an arm-chair once—and straight whitey-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles, the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on. I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but, last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent. in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and

shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people! The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care. I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the SOLICITOR-GENERAL himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them, driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flies, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce; I saw LADY WILHELMINA WIGGINS'S lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the PRINCESS OYSTEROWSKI.

* * * * * * * *

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath, with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water, from nine till five.

"THERE IS NO DECEPTION."

THERE is now exhibiting, somewhere near Whitechapel, a very affable gentleman, who enjoys the peculiarity of being a salamander—nay, we beg pardon,—a "salamander, &c." He is, of course, not native, although to the manner born; but a Frenchman—a *Monsieur du* ——. Psha! we have forgotten the rest of his surname: however, we can vouch for the genuineness of the *du*. This remarkable man professes that no place can be too hot to hold him. In fact, fire is to him what salary is to advertising governesses, "not so much an object as a comfortable situation." All his triumphs are literally blazes. We find, upon reference to the programme, that the *Monsieur* "has the power of resisting the effects of poison;" in proof of which he empties a glass of prussic acid *tout de suite*, as one would toss off a seidlitz-powder, and makes nothing of putting a bit of arsenic into his pipe and smoking it.

But we can convey no adequate notion of the amazing powers of this "salamander, &c.," except in his own concluding words:—

"*** In order to convince the most sceptical that there is no deceit or trickery in the above wonderful performances, medical gentlemen are requested to ascend the stage, and *to bring their own poison!*"

This is indeed a touch of earnest altogether out of the reach of jest!

Lawyers' Labels.

MUCH inconvenience has been experienced by the public, on account of the functionaries connected with the law having gone out of town for the long vacation, leaving no notices on their doors, and dooming the various suitors or their attorneys to continue kicking their heels about on the top of a staircase, without knowing what has become of the occupants of the chambers.

Very considerable annoyance has been caused by the Taxing Masters having rushed out of town, without putting a piece of paper on their doors stating where they have gone to, and when they are coming back again. We have therefore to propose a series of labels for the use of the legal profession in general, but the Taxing Masters in particular. "Gone to the Rhine; please to wait," would do very well in many cases: or, "At Baden-Baden; return immediately," might encourage applicants for a little while longer to keep their patience. "Gone to the Isle of Wight—soon be back;" "The Taxing Master in Italy—Clerk at Margate," would also meet the circumstances of the case in numerous instances.

A RAILWAY PANIC.

THE *Boulogne News* emphatically calls upon the public to refrain from railway speculation, on the ground that many schemes will be unfinished for want of the necessary iron. To say the truth, we do not anticipate a stoppage from want of iron, though we expect there will some day or other be a frightful smash for want of tin.

THE POST-OFFICE PANIC.

THERE are rumours that the people engaged in the Post-Office are daily in danger of being suffocated, swamped, and smothered, by the enormous quantity of letters pouring in upon them at every chink, hole, corner, and cranny of the establishment. An unhappy clerk was found struggling with a pile of newspapers, to which he had nearly succumbed, when one of the sorters came up, just soon enough to rescue him from an untimely end. An official sitting at one of the windows, very near a receiving-box, was suddenly carried off his stool, and almost completely immersed in a terrific flood of what proved on inquiry to be an ocean of applications for shares in Railway Companies. Another able and respected functionary was found buried under a heap of papers, which had come in suddenly, like a spring-tide, and which proved to be a perfect sea of inquiries as to the time fixed for the appearance of "*Punch's Pocket Book*." To prevent a recurrence of this fearful incident, we beg to announce the

FIRST OF NOVEMBER

as the day when the hopes of millions will be realised, by the publication of the work alluded to.

THE GEORGES.

As the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace—we have been favoured by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick.

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had WALPOLE as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With PITT on his knees at my dirty old feet.

GEORGE III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against NAPOLEON;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for OLD ENGLAND and OLD GEORGE:

I let loose flaming NELSON on his fleets;
I met his troops with WELLESLEY'S bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though NAPOLEON bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

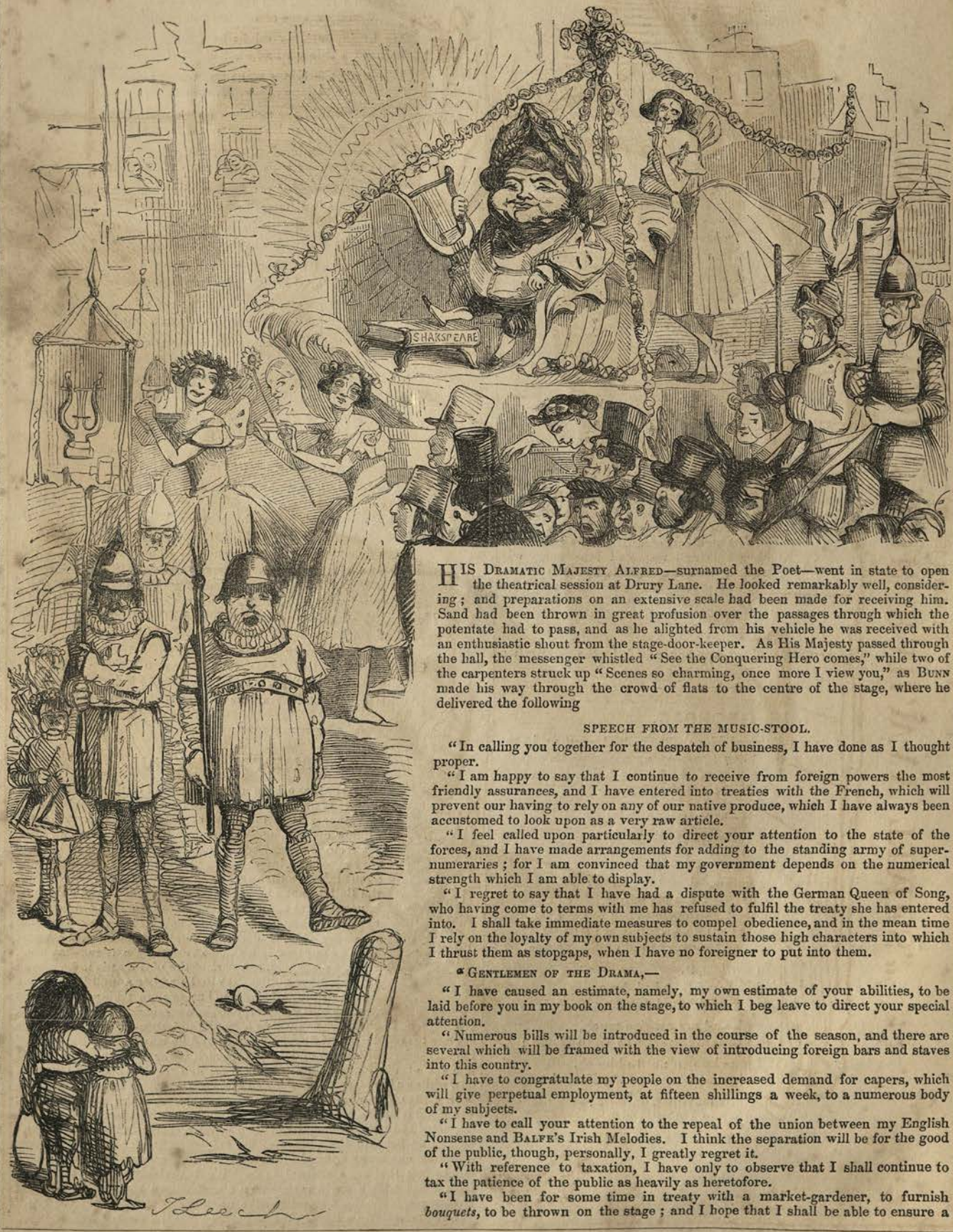
GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the KING whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

A SURPRISE FOR STAUDIGL.

PARAGRAPHS have been going the round of the papers on the subject of an intended surprise for STAUDIGL on his arrival at Vienna. It is to consist of a little music outside the window of his house—which is a sort of surprise we often get from a barrel-organ, and other surprising, but not very agreeable, instruments. "STAUDIGL is to know nothing about it," says the paragraph. Of course not. The Pet of the Ballet knows nothing about the second-hand halfpenny bouquets that come showering down from the top box over the proscenium at the end of a solo bit in a *pas de Qu'est-ce que vous dites*, or dance of what-do-you-call it. STAUDIGL is to be engaged in a game at chess by a friend—at least, such, we are told, is a part of the plot that is to be played off in honour of him. It will be rather a mull if STAUDIGL is not disposed for chess, but prefers taking a walk, just before the time at which he is to be surprised by a serenade under his window. If he is fond of chess the row will be a fearful nuisance—if he should have got into the middle of an interesting game; and he may possibly "surprise" the serenaders with a jug of cold water, which is the course we should take if a set of obstinate fellows would persist in shouting beneath our window while we happened to be occupied with our favourite pastime. STAUDIGL is an artist of too much talent to require auxiliaries of the sort alluded to; and if he is not as great a quack as the serenaders themselves, he will be disgusted at the bawling and squalling which a few fools have determined on raising beneath the window of his lodging. We frequently get serenaded for our many triumphs, but we have one answer to all the songs and ballads that are addressed to us. We invariably reply to the music from below with a slight variation on a well-known song in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. We don't exactly strike up "Water parted from the sea," but we strike down a little "Water parted from the ewer."

POET BUNN'S OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.



HIS DRAMATIC MAJESTY ALFRED—surnamed the Poet—went in state to open the theatrical session at Drury Lane. He looked remarkably well, considering; and preparations on an extensive scale had been made for receiving him. Sand had been thrown in great profusion over the passages through which the potentate had to pass, and as he alighted from his vehicle he was received with an enthusiastic shout from the stage-door-keeper. As His Majesty passed through the hall, the messenger whistled "See the Conquering Hero comes," while two of the carpenters struck up "Scenes so charming, once more I view you," as BUNN made his way through the crowd of flats to the centre of the stage, where he delivered the following

SPEECH FROM THE MUSIC-STOOL.

"In calling you together for the despatch of business, I have done as I thought proper.

"I am happy to say that I continue to receive from foreign powers the most friendly assurances, and I have entered into treaties with the French, which will prevent our having to rely on any of our native produce, which I have always been accustomed to look upon as a very raw article.

"I feel called upon particularly to direct your attention to the state of the forces, and I have made arrangements for adding to the standing army of supernumeraries; for I am convinced that my government depends on the numerical strength which I am able to display.

"I regret to say that I have had a dispute with the German Queen of Song, who having come to terms with me has refused to fulfil the treaty she has entered into. I shall take immediate measures to compel obedience, and in the mean time I rely on the loyalty of my own subjects to sustain those high characters into which I thrust them as stopgaps, when I have no foreigner to put into them.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE DRAMA,—

"I have caused an estimate, namely, my own estimate of your abilities, to be laid before you in my book on the stage, to which I beg leave to direct your special attention.

"Numerous bills will be introduced in the course of the season, and there are several which will be framed with the view of introducing foreign bars and staves into this country.

"I have to congratulate my people on the increased demand for capers, which will give perpetual employment, at fifteen shillings a week, to a numerous body of my subjects.

"I have to call your attention to the repeal of the union between my English Nonsense and BALFE'S Irish Melodies. I think the separation will be for the good of the public, though, personally, I greatly regret it.

"With reference to taxation, I have only to observe that I shall continue to tax the patience of the public as heavily as heretofore.

"I have been for some time in treaty with a market-gardener, to furnish *bouquets*, to be thrown on the stage; and I hope that I shall be able to ensure a

WAITING FOR "THE RAILWAY TIMES."

(AFTER HAYDON.)

regular supply for equal distribution among all my subjects, from the highest soprano to the lowest bass in the chorus."

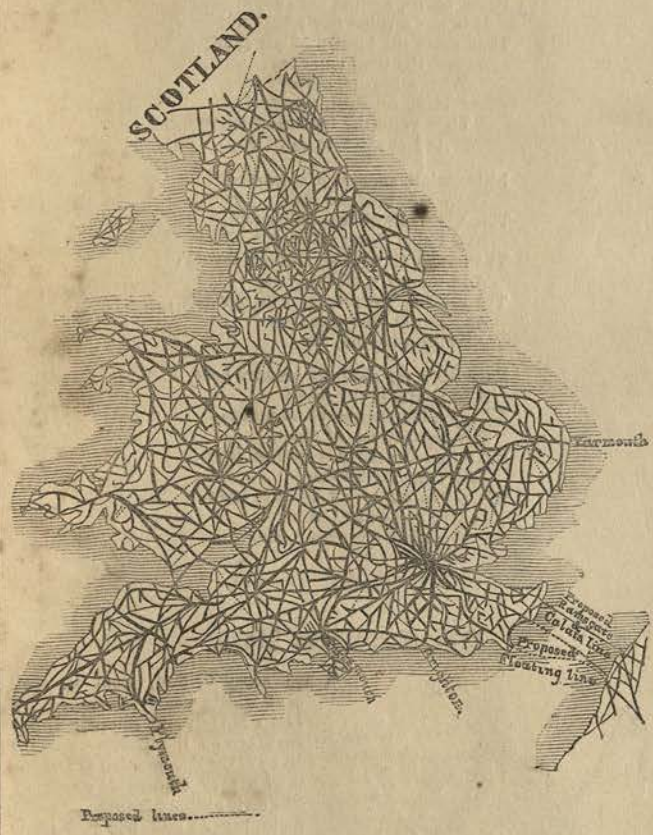
At the conclusion of this speech, which was received with much applause, a triumphant procession was formed to escort the potentate round the stage to the door of his dressing-room.

The procession was preceded by two of GESLER'S archers, who carried out the idea of bowmen most admirably, as to their legs; and they were immediately followed by a corps of *figurantes*, known as the "Old Heavies." *Coryphées* danced on either side, and the dramatic potentate was supported right and left by various operatic knights, in their day costume. He was seated on a triumphal car; his foot resting on Shakspeare, and his hand supporting the original lyre which he swept, when he succeeded in kicking up the tremendous dust that he made two seasons ago with the *Bohemian Girl*. He wore the wreath of *Apollo*, from the farce of *Midas*, and the procession having moved on, the whole of the establishment joined in the following loyal chorus, to the air of

"RULE BRITANNIA."

Rule, Great BUNN, here,
Great BUNN here rule the stage;
SHAKSPEARE never, never, never,
Shall be the rage.

A RAILWAY MAP OF ENGLAND.



WE are not among those who like going on with the March of Intellect at the old jog-trot pace, for we rather prefer running on before to loitering by the side, and we have consequently taken a few strides in advance with Geography, by furnishing a Map of England, as it will be in another year or two. Our country will, of course, never be in chains, for there would be such a general bubbling up of heart's blood, and such a bounding of British bosoms, as would effectually prevent that; but though England will never be in chains, she will pretty soon be in irons, as a glance at the numerous new Railway prospectuses will testify. It is boasted that the spread of Railways will shorten the time and labour of travelling; but we shall soon be unable to go anywhere without crossing the line,—which once used to be considered a very formidable undertaking. We can only say that we ought to be going on very smoothly, considering that our country is being regularly ironed from one end of it to the other.

NICHOLAS AND THE NUNS.

Y some singular illusion, when the EMPEROR NICHOLAS shed the lustre of his countenance on this country, it is well known that he was considered the very Apollo of potentates by the female portion of the English aristocracy. Beautiful, yes, and good and gentle women, forgetting the atrocities of the man in what is thought the glory of an emperor, crushed and crowded for an introduction to the tremendous creature, and if he smiled or said a soft word or two, the happy lady felt her nature sublimated, raised far beyond mere mortal happiness by the condescension. English wives and mothers forgot the unmanly oppressor of Polish women—the child-stealer and the flogger. We now take from the *Journal des Débats*—certainly not the least temperate of French journals—as quoted in the *Times*, an account of the murder, and the worse than murder, of forty-seven Polish Catholic nuns who dwelt in an ancient convent near the town of Minsk. Their duties were as those of the Sisters of Charity. "They instructed the children, provided for the widows and aged, and assisted the poor by the fruit of their labours." But the EMPEROR NICHOLAS orders a religion for all his subjects as he orders a uniform for his troops: he is all for the Greek Church; though indeed, it seems diabolic mockery to think of him in connection with any church at all. Well, the nuns would not apostatise. Whereupon—

"During the night Cossacks surrounded the convent, seized the nuns with the most revolting brutality, bound them with cords, and conducted them thus to Witebesk, nearly twenty leagues from Minsk, compelling them to walk the entire distance."

They were then confined in a convent of schismatical nuns, and remaining firm to their faith, they were forced to perform the most vile offices, and—hear this, Ladies of England—"received regularly every Friday fifty lashes." They were covered with "wounds and sores." They were subsequently compelled to work as labourers to the masons employed in constructing the Episcopal Palace! Finally, all, except three, sunk beneath their agonies. Three escaped, and one of them, says the *Débats*, "the venerable Superior, is actually at present—in Paris."

This being the case, we put it to those high-born ladies who thronged and fluttered about the man, under whose rule such atrocities are acted—whether it would not be as well for them to invite over this aged nun to England. Having worshipped the tyrant, they would make some amends for the grievous error, by showing the sympathy of true womanhood with one of his thousand woman victims.

DANGEROUS PASSAGE.

A SMALL brandy-bottle was picked up in Fetter Lane last week. It was quite empty, but contained an inscription in pencil, which ran as follows:—"The *Celerity* omnibus stranded off Temple Bar. Every passenger lost; great distress." This created quite a sensation in the City, as the *Celerity* had been due for several hours, and it was well known she had not been hailed by anybody since the morning. It is supposed she floundered for some time among the rocks that lie scattered about the narrow straits in the dangerous channel of Fleet Street, but was extricated at last by *Policeman C* 21, who is one of the old City craft. She reached the Bank, however, in safety, about eight o'clock, her passage from Fulham having been the longest on record.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—The Lessees of Vauxhall Gardens are about to apply to his Honour the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND for an Injunction, to restrain MR. RICHARD BENTLEY, of New Burlington Street, from pirating their work entitled "A Guide to the Royal Property," the said RICHARD BENTLEY having fraudulently announced such intended piracy, under the title of "A BOOK FOR A RAINY DAY."

THIERS PULLING THE LONG-BOW.

THE above is one, and perhaps the only one, of a gallery of French Statesmen, which we do or do not intend to continue, or to leave alone, exactly as the humour strikes us of following up or abandoning the notion we have started with. The subject of the above Portrait—which is certainly the first and perhaps the last of our series—is the celebrated French Statesman, THIERS, in his favourite attitude of pulling the long-bow,—an attitude he always assumes when engaged in writing History. His "French Revolution" was a pretty good specimen of the art, but his "The Consulate and the Empire" places him at the very head of literary Toxophilites.

PAUPERS AND PALACES.

THE inmates of Hampton Court Palace have been treated with great indignity by a "petty sessions of the justices, acting in and for the Staines' division of the county of Middlesex." They had been called upon by the man for the poor-rates; and had treated that very pushing functionary with the coolest aristocratic contempt. They would not pay him a farthing in aid of their fellow-poor, whereupon the aforesaid petty sessions was convened, and after certain proceedings, usual in such cases, distress-warrants were issued against the palace-tenants, for a rate dated so far back as May, 1839. We look at this proceeding with astonishment and alarm. The *Morning Post* has been strangely silent on the question, for surely never was there a theme more worthy of the opposition of the mighty man who, a week or two since, drew his paper-knife, and on *Boyle's Court Guide* took a dreadful oath against, what he called, the "liberalism" of the day. Now, if in this decision of the petty sessions there be not liberalism, where are we to seek that horrid doctrine?

What do we discover in this decision but a shameful, a most democratic attempt to familiarise the minds of the select who dwell in palaces, with all the odious qualities that long before the days of LAZARUS were inseparable from the poor? What can we perceive in it but a brutal indifference to the sensibilities of certain folks of aristocratic birth, making them remember that there really are such filthy places as Unions—that there positively exist such horrid creatures as pauper men, women, and children? We think this a gross offence against the privilege of high birth; and know not how the aforesaid justices can square it with their consciences that they have shaken the inmates of Hampton Court Palace from their dream of serene and comfortable life—life under that Palace roof being as smooth and cheerful as the well-mown greensward without—to look aghast at a real tax-gatherer demanding money in the name of nasty poverty! They might as well have shocked the Palace residents seated at their comfortable dinner, by suddenly introducing on the table a dish of gnawed bones fresh from Andover.

We know it may be urged that Hampton Court itself is but a sort of Palace Union, wherein poor gentlefolks are lodged gratis. But looking at the matter through this light, in no way improves it. We all know the truth of the saying, "What would the poor do without the poor?" It therefore speaks not much for the humanity of the poor of Hampton Palace that they should thus obstinately refuse to give the least help to their fellow poor of Hampton Union. They can afford somewhat; and we therefore put it to the lords and ladies, and baronets and captains, whose names are published as poor-rate defaulters, whether they had not better show a little fellow-feeling for the poor who wear a union dress, and vegetate on union diet. Their own good fortune ought to teach them sympathy. If it be their luck to have free quarters in a palace, they should not on that account—for such is their plea—refuse to acknowledge their yet poorer brethren pent in a union.

SONG OF THE STAG.

THE Railway-lists proclaim the fact,
"Deposits paid this morn:"
All who have cash must sign the act,
All who have none must mourn.
Bulls, bears, around the alley throng,
It is the settling day;
Then raise the burden of our song,
At last the Stag must pay.
With a hey-ho, chivey!
Hark forward, tantivy!
Then raise the burden of our song,
At last the Stag must pay.

Lists, prices current pass around,
Their talk is of the Rail,
The Alley echoes with the sound,
And Capel Court looks pale.
The banks fill with an anxious throng,
And money 's stiff they say;
The settling 's come, too true our song,
At last the Stag must pay!
With a hey-ho, &c.

Poor Stag, for cash thy brokers bore,
And rueful is thy face;
All thy addresses serve no more—
Thy rigs are out of place.
But when the Alley runs thee down
As a tremendous doo;
'Tis sad to think that half the town
Is just as bad as you.
Then hey ho, chivey, &c.

The Corporation Navy.

WE are sorry to find, from an accident which nearly swamped the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs a few days ago on the Thames, that the Navy of the Corporation of London is in a very deplorable condition. The civic authorities were on board their barge, and had just made Lambeth, with a fresh breeze springing up from Millbank, when the LORD MAYOR, seated in his chair of state, observed that the craft lurched a little to leeward, and he entreated the Sheriffs and Aldermen to trim the vessel, by sitting in equal numbers on each side of the table. This seamanlike manœuvre was performed amid a few jokes at the LORD MAYOR'S well-known anxiety to keep a balance. The mace lay on the table, among several empty decanters and a few plates—each of which had contained six-pennyworth of sponge-cakes—when suddenly a loud wheeze of "Ahead, there!" emanated from the corpulent old coxswain, who was entrusted with the rudder. The venerable old rowers still went on, for they being all deaf with age, could not hear the coxswain, and plump they drove against one of the piers of Westminster Bridge, throwing the MAYOR and the mace, the Sheriffs and the sherry, the Aldermen and the sponge-cakes, all together in one dreadful jumble on the floor of the vessel. The crew, who at their time of life have not the nerve to sustain a shock of the kind, could render

no assistance, and the coxswain, who is the "Admiral Hyde Parker" of the City, a very gallant fellow but completely worn out, took that opportunity of resigning his situation, from which indeed he had been thrown by the violence of the concussion.

One of the LORD MAYOR's footmen, on going below to render assistance, found the whole of the civic authorities a mere heap of ruins under the table. WIRE was nearly crushed by a great lump of WOOD that had fallen upon him, and it was almost feared that GIBBS had gone to his last account, which, by-the-bye, would have been his first also. Poor WIRE was found to be literally an under-Sheriff, for everybody had tumbled over him.

When the general consternation had subsided, it was found that the civic party had been more frightened than hurt. But the consequences might have been very serious. The City might have been left in a state of anarchy, without a legitimate sovereign; and it is possible that a sort of Cockney "Cromwell" would have declared himself Protector, and made it necessary, some five hundred years hence, to inquire whether he should have a statue?

We understand that a committee will be appointed to inquire into the cause of the accident. Some say it was occasioned by the upstart conduct of FATHER THAMES, who started up under the influence of a blow from BOREAS, which no river who feels its own dignity will tamely stand. FATHER THAMES should, however, learn to say, "Down, swelling bosom, down!" when the lives of the civic authorities—who are his own conservators—are dependent on his tranquillity.

For our own parts, we think unskilful seamanship, caused by the very venerable state of the civic navy, occasioned the accident.

The *Times* suggests that a barge proper, stranded with broken oars, should be added to the civic arms, as a *memento* of the accident; and we think a cracked skull, placed beside the broken oars, would be still further emblematical of what might have happened.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.

THE most effective Roland—according, we believe, to LORD BYRON—for the Olivers of an abusive hackney-coachman is calling him an ugly fellow! It is known to have been the boast of MR. O'CONNELL, that he could drive a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament, nor is his fluency in opprobriousness less notorious; and in the turpitude which he attaches to the reproach of ugliness, he shows a further affinity with the brotherhood of the whip. In the course of an invective against the *Times* Commissioner the other day at "Conciliation" Hall, he asked—

"Did they (his hearers) know what he (the Commissioner) said?—that the Irish women were ugly. He really did."

Did he really? We believe not; but no matter. Tell that, or any thing else, to "Conciliation" Hall. A worse charge than that of ugliness, we think, was once brought against the women of England: no matter for that either.

"Ugly" would seem—though the fact is certainly otherwise—to be the worst word in the O'CONNELL dictionary. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, the TYDIDES of Erin, can find no more insulting epithet to apply to the Commissioner himself. Whether that gentleman is an ugly man or not, we imagine that the Agitators, father and son, have found him an ugly customer. He has done not a little to spoil their trade; still, we wonder that either of them should have called him ugly, since, by his revelations of the wretchedness of the Irish peasantry, from whose hard hands is wrung the "Repeal Rent," he has proved them both, O'CONNELL Senior and Junior, to be very pretty fellows.

A SUITABLE APPOINTMENT.

O'CONNELL is loud in his denunciation of the "Government Education" scheme. Could not PEEL, to propitiate him, establish in one of the proposed Colleges a Professorship of Billingsgate, and confer the appointment—with an adequate salary—on the learned and vituperative gentleman?

THE ESCAPE OF THE ALDERMEN.

SING the adventure rare
Of those worthies of renown,
The Right Honourable LORD MAYOR
Of great London's famous Town,
And the Sheriffs, and the Aldermen, at large:
On diversion they were bent,
And on junketting intent;
So they up the River went
In their barge.

Like to porpoises afloat
Roll'd their Worships in their craft,
In that truly jolly boat—
It was merry fore and aft;
The thirtieth of September was the day,
They were sitting at dessert,
With their waistcoats all ungirt,
So extremely full of turt—
—le were they.

MICHAEL GIBBS was in his chair,
In his chair of civic state;
And the Sheriffs near him were,—
The elect as well as late:
And the Aldermen the board were sitting round,
As they drifted up the tide,
In their cabin big and wide,
Each took care of his inside,
I 'll be bound.

In a moment, from his seat,
Was the MAYOR OF LONDON thrown,
And the Aldermen—like wheat
By the sickle newly mown:
And the Sheriffs four were stretched their length along,
And the mace joined in the fall,
With decanters, plates, and all,
Which the company did sprawl
Prone among.

Out bawled his Lordship then,
And the Corporation, too,
Loudly raised those Aldermen
Of affright the wild halloo:—
"What 's the matter, what 's the matter?" was the cry;
And the answer to their shout
Was "Quick! put the barge about;
Now, you fellow there, look out,
For your eye!"

And then it did appear,
By bad steering, or bad luck,
The barge against a pier
Of Westminster Bridge had struck:
Their escape was most miraculous, indeed.
Now, your Worships, have a care
Who your navigators are,
When on board you next repair
For a feed.

A GRATUITOUS CATHEDRAL.

A GREAT panic, we understand, has been occasioned among the clergy of St. Paul's by an announcement, which has gone the round of the papers, to the effect that the Very Reverend the DEAN OF WINCHESTER had caused the Cathedral of that city to be opened, a certain time daily, to the public, *gratis*. The clerical showmen, it appears, are afraid that they will be expected to do likewise, and are in the greatest alarm for their twopences. Twopence, they argue, is in itself a small sum; but twopence every five minutes or so comes to a round one in the course of a day.

Really the DEAN OF WINCHESTER should have reflected before acting as he has done. He should have considered, that if he does not care about money himself, there are other Deans who love it dearly, and to whom the slightest loss is heart-rending. He has evidently no ear for Cathedral music: that is to say, the chink of cash. But he should have regarded other tastes than his own before endeavouring to abolish it, and to silence those silver-toned harmonies, than which, to the feelings of certain churchmen, the "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" can resound with no strains more soothing.

PEEL'S IRISH CROP.

WHATEVER may have been the general result of the harvest, we cannot congratulate PEEL on the state of his Irish crops, which have turned out quite the reverse of what he had been sowing for. He had thrown the seeds of conciliation broadcast in all directions, and he had dibbled in a quantity of blarney; but though he had enriched the ground with soft soap and treasury guano, repeal caps and some still more objectionable fruit have been the result of his labours. His Maynooth house-warming scheme has ended only in hot water pouring about him in every direction, and even the very orange blossoms, in which he once took pride, have a number of thorns about them.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

AREOPAGUS, COUNCIL OF. Literally, the highest Court of Justice from its being held on the top of a hill. The Areopagites were a sort of aristocracy, and were so dreadfully particular, that they once, according to ATHENÆUS, "fixed a mark of disgrace on a man who had dined at a tavern," a decree which must have ruined all the Cheshire Cheeses, the Dicks, Cocks, and Rainbows of the period. The Court used to be held originally in the open air; perhaps because it was an open Court, or probably because, being the highest hall of justice, there could be nothing above it.

ARISTOCRACY (from the Greek ἀριστοκράτια) means, according to its etymology, a government of the best; but this etymology is all my eye and Betty-Mology when tested by experience. Aristocracy also means a class of persons, and there is so much aristocracy in England that every profession, trade, and calling, has an aristocracy of its own, in addition to the regular nobility who call themselves, *par excellence*, the aristocracy of the country. The butler lords it over the footboy, and the regular dustman is too aristocratic to talk to the mere mud-lark.

ARMY. The whole military force of a nation, from the Commander-in-Chief down to Old JONES, the unpromoted private who distinguished himself at Waterloo by hiding in a hay-stack. The early Saxons were all soldiers, and a book might have been published called, "Every Man his own Sentinel." Those who wish to know what a Saxon soldier was like, may consult some needlework which is in existence, showing the wars of HAROLD—the needle being peculiarly fitted for the very sharp work which HAROLD made of it. Before the civil wars there was no permanent army in England; but the CHARLESES and JAMES THE SECOND were so fond of playing at soldiers, that the number was increased to 30,000. The Bill of Rights declared a standing army illegal in time of peace; but there is an army standing at the various sentry-boxes throughout the metropolis.

ARRAIGNMENT. Calling an accused person to the bar, to say whether he is guilty or not guilty, when he is generally urged to say the latter, though he may be willing to confess to the former; for the law loves a quibble so much, that it will not have the plain truth, if there be any means of getting the opposite. When a man was arraigned, he was told to hold up his hand, which might have been a good practice with regard to a pickpocket, for, says GROTIUS, the Court could see, by his holding up his hand, if he were one of the *light-fingered* gentry.

ASSENT, ROYAL. The right of saying yes, which is sometimes dictated by the fear of saying otherwise. The royal assent is usually given by commission, and the clerk of the Parliament is compelled to repeat some Norman-French; but as some of these clerks have, on economical principles, attempted to acquire French without a master, they often make a sad mess of it. CROMWELL, the Protector, who tried to protect the King's English, did away with the custom of assenting to a Bill in French; but at the restoration the old barbarous method was restored, and prevails at the present moment.

The Hero of a Hundred Razzias.

THERE is a report that BUGEAUD is to leave Africa. His successor, whoever he may be, will have a difficult task in wielding the torch and sabre after him. Only think of the Marshal's noble achievements! On the smallest computation he has conquered 3000 camels, put to the sword 10,000 cocks and hens, captured at least a million sheep, and taken ABD-EL-KADER prisoner no less than 272 times. What more can *his* successor do? unless, perchance, he has the good fortune to kill ABD-EL-KADER twice as often. We look forward with the strongest interest to his first bulletin.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXXV.

MRS. CAUDLE "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY" AT BILLIARDS.

H, you're very late to-night, dear. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't, that's all. Of course, a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too: a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over: you've now brought me to that state, CAUDLE—and it's your own fault, entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it: you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over: I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with,—I don't, CAUDLE, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday? You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at your Club: no, I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, MR. CAUDLE! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask, if I know?* That's it: just to prove what a hypocrite you are: just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, MR. CAUDLE—you've turned billiard-player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough: you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, CAUDLE. Only once, indeed. I wonder, if I was to say 'Only once,' what would you say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And you're a lord of the creation, MR. CAUDLE; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table-cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, CAUDLE!

"And you can go and do nothing but make 'cannons'—for that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one, for if the world knew all, there's very little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in mustachios, when you might take a nice, quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife!

"CAUDLE, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost for ever. There was my uncle WARDLE; a better man never broke the bread of life: he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterwards. *A lucky fellow?* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow'? But, to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long, now: it's been some time coming, but, at last, we must separate: and the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend, PRETTYMAN. I *will* call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman: you'd no more have thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, CAUDLE, your telling me that you've only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be at home. You'll be a marked man, CAUDLE; yes, marked: there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard-player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of 'em look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now; though they'll be a good deal troubled to come, I know that. Yes, they've all a yellow and sly look; just for all as if they were first-cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, CAUDLE: in six months, the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The Captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, CAUDLE, a billiard-room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding,—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent: I don't know what you mean, MR. CAUDLE, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it is n't often, goodness knows!—that I'm not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't, CAUDLE: on any other, I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter, I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose,—and they'll eat you up, CAUDLE; I know they will.

"Billiard-balls, indeed! Well, in my time, I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were something like a man, then, for it was just before we were married—and then, I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard-ball. That's a ball, CAUDLE, that's gone clean through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball, that night and day you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play! When a man's once given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted EVE with an apple.

"I shall never think of being happy any more. No: that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, CAUDLE, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall: as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard-player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes CAUDLE, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

THE CIRCUIT OF THE 'BUSSES.

THE City Omnibusses are still going the circuit. Business with them has been very dull, for persons who are in a hurry to get from Piccadilly to the Haymarket do not like being carried round the Regent's Park, whilst an excursion into Holborn and Covent Garden is not found, upon trial, to be the shortest cut from Temple Bar to the Bank. Several old gentlemen, who are in the habit of riding to the City every morning, have adopted the plan of getting out of the omnibus at Fetter Lane, and waiting for it as it comes into its usual track again at Farringdon Street. During this long interval of time they quietly take their breakfasts; and on their return home they dine. This arrangement of filling up a tedious hour has become so popular, that most of the omnibusses have been obliged to adopt the theatrical system of giving checks to persons who go out and intend to come in again; and it is now usual for a cad to ask of every passenger who steps out, "Do you return, sir?" This plan will be kept up as long as the exhibition of the sewers continues open in Fleet Street from morning to dusk.

The Blessed Privileges of Englishmen.

THE borough of Woodstock is again vacant. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH has declared, unless a candidate instantly presents himself, he will put his butler, or one of his flunkies, in nomination. His Grace had an interview with both those gentlemen, and was rejoiced to hear that their views upon the present state of affairs agreed so completely with his own. If anything, His Grace gives the preference to his flunky, as he has the advantage of stuttering to such a degree, that it is with the greatest difficulty he can say anything beyond "yes" and "no." We may already congratulate the eloquent gentleman on his election as *the* member for Woodstock.

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your MILTONS and DANTES are magnificent,—but a bore: whereas an ode of HORACE, or a song of TOMMY MOORE, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless, frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. MR. JAMES'S romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—MR. HOOPER, the Manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing MACREADYS, resplendent MISS CUSHMANS, fiery WALLACKS, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the Manager's purpose answered; but where does all your comfort go then? You can't loll over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see *Hamlet* and *Lady Macbeth*, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, *The Warlock of the Glen*.

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvass boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too; for, though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this: she was no other than *Adela, Countess of Glencairn;* the boy in her hand was *Glencairn's* only child: three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, *Clanronald*. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the widowed *Adela?* Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and, refusing to become *Mrs.* (or *Lady*) *Clanronald*, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without Cries of "Follow! follow!" resounded through the wildwood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slote, to the rage and disappointment of *Clanronald*, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed! and followed by two ruffians, of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor *Adela* was pursued by *Clanronald;* but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; *Clanronald* swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, *Murdoch* and *Hamish*, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him — their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The lady *Adela* is dragged to the chapel-door by the truculent *Clanronald*. "Lady," he says, "you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

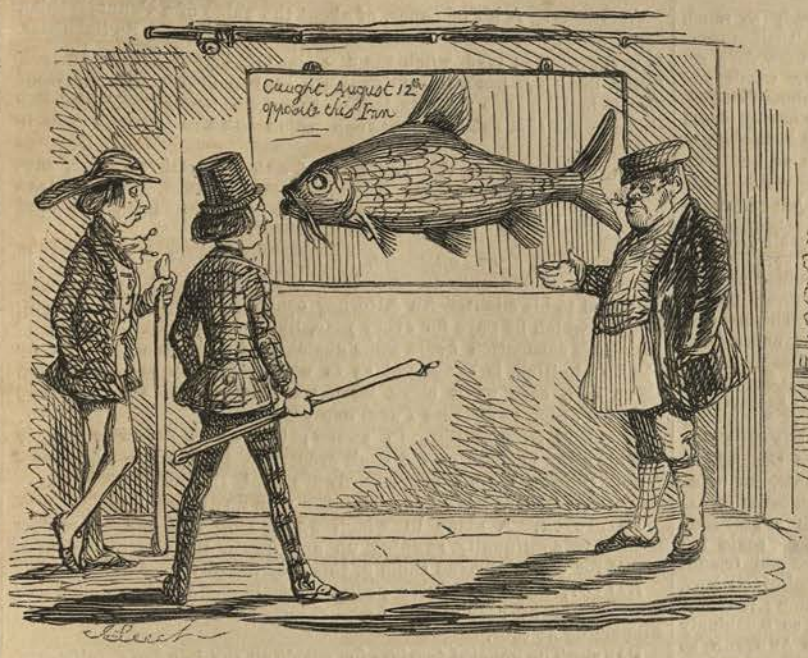
"MINE CAN," cries the *Warlock of the Glen*, rushing in. "Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence—know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The lady *Adela's* emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but *Clanronald* received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.

"He is HERE," shouted the *Warlock of the Glen:* and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognised him with a scream of joy. *Clanronald* retired, led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion), in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family, that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

ANGLERS HEAR STRANGE THINGS.



Piscator. "Are there any Barbel about here, Gov'nor?"

Host. "Any Barbel about here!!—I should rayther think there was a few. Here 's the pictur o' wun my little boy ketched just hopposit."

SIR JOHN MARSHALL'S WALNUTS.

A few days since, at the Rochester Petty Sessions, a boy was sentenced to pay fifteen shillings for stealing a few walnuts, the property of Sir John Marshall—that wise and good man sitting on the Bench to see all the rigour of the law properly inflicted on the wretched culprit. We are happy to state that Captain Underwood, of Gillingham, has since paid the money, and the boy is rescued from a gaol. We have heard of a cat in walnuts. So, it seems, have the shoemakers of Rochester. Hence, they are about to present to Sir John Marshall a very handsome pair of shoes, shaped like walnut-shells, that, by wearing them in and about the town of Rochester, the remembrance of his merciful goodness may live in the hearts of all people. "He has worn them well, and may he wear them long!"

Rival Exhibitions.

We understand that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's complain bitterly of the loss they experience by the competition of the Colosseum, where a view of London is to be had in as perfect a state as from the outside of the Cathedral. The Colosseum has the advantage of Bradwell's moon, so that the "show" from the St. Paul's of the Regent's Park is more effective than the same view amid all the smoke of the city. The Cathedral authorities complain of their copyright having been infringed upon, and insist that the exhibition of the panorama of the Metropolis is their property. The Colosseum proprietors contend, on the other hand, that by the addition of a moon they have effected such an improvement as to entitle them to a patent for their exhibition.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

Roused by the numerous accounts we have received, from the different dockyards and ports, of the inhuman conduct of the Surveyor of the Navy and his myrmidons towards his offspring, and generally to the unfortunate vessels placed under his care, and despairing of any results from official inquiry, we despatched our own Commissioner to investigate the facts of the case—and have much pleasure in subjoining his first report, which will, we doubt not, excite universal indignation against those who have thus shockingly abused our gallant defenders.

The *Victoria and Albert* examined.—"Was built at Portsmouth. Is about two years old. Knows Sir Robert Symonds. Has good reasons to know him. Was treated with kindness at first, and handsomely dressed. Had as many as three coats of paint, besides gilding. Was ordered out of harbour last year, when unfit to move. Told them she was unfit; but was hauled out of dock by force. Resisted as well as she could, and nearly went aground in the harbour: was made to move on. Moving caused her great pain: violent wrenchings in all her joints, and a sensation of weakness in the boiler. Doesn't think she 'll ever get over her first attack. The Surveyor said it was all sham and humbug; that she could go if she liked; and that, if she didn't, he would trim her. Looked upon that as a threat. Was always ill-treated from that time; has had her engines taken out and put in again; but experienced no relief. If anything, felt worse after it than before. Had a shortness of steam, which compelled her to stop every two or three hours. Has been in the habit of rolling about, as if drunk; could not help it: it was from weakness. All she asks is to be allowed to fall to pieces quietly, as she knows she is past the doctors. Feels as if she is going fast—except when at sea."

The poor creature's feeble movements and evident suffering from the various operations she has been subjected to were painfully apparent while she was under examination. At the conclusion, she wheezed out of court with difficulty; and our Commissioner has since heard that she is laid up from coming here, as, indeed, she always is after the slightest exertion.

The *Vanguard* examined.—"Was built at Pembroke; is ten years old. Always heard Sir Robert Symonds was her father. Has been in the Mediterranean. Went as well as she could. Had not her full allowance of provisions. Complained, but was told it was to make her more active. Felt very much the worse for that trip. The weather was fine, but always suffered at sea, whether smooth or not. Is sure she never went ten knots an hour: whoever says so, says what isn't true: couldn't do it. When made to go fast, felt as if her back was broke. Has refused to obey her helm. Thought she had a right to do so—feeling very uneasy. When she refused to obey her helm she was thrown into the trough. It was the steersman did it. Hurt herself very much. Was made to go to sea in July last, with the *Superb*, the *Caucasus*, and some others. Was kept very short of provisions, because she was always behind the rest. Was abused for swimming deep. Found it very hard to keep her head above water at all. Hopes she mayn't soon be sent to sea again. Feels that, if she is made to go out in bad weather, she 'll soon break up—and doesn't care how soon it is. Has had her head cut two or three times, but feels as heavy as ever. Has heard them talk about trimming her. Tried to go ashore once or twice, but wasn't allowed. Any ship would have tried to go ashore that had been treated as she had. Wishes there was a war—perhaps she 'd be put out of her misery."

This poor creature was so unfit for work, she could hardly stand upright under the slightest canvass; and the way she laboured and strained, while under examination, was perfectly dreadful.

The *Superb* examined.—"Was built at Pembroke, in 1842. Was fitted out in 1843. Wouldn't take her stores on board; refused to do so because she couldn't carry 'em. Is not quick in her movements, and was generally unable to keep up with her companions. Has sustained a severe strain when last out, and feels she ought to be laid up—but believes they intend getting more work out of her. Doesn't know how she 's to do it. Her frame is weak, and she feels altogether unsound. Has often wished to be cast away outright. Couldn't well be a greater wreck than she is at present."

A greater contrast could not well be imagined, than that afforded by the miserable trio just mentioned, and a hale old lady, named the *Canopus*, who was in court during the investigation, a fine specimen of French health and agility, though she dates from the last century. She has been accustomed to travel in company with *Vanguard* and *Superb*, and outstrips invariably her youthful but yet decrepit companions, while the style in which she stows away her provisions and water excites the wonder and admiration of all who have seen her. This she owes to her strength of constitution and the judicious treatment she received while in the cradle.

We trust the parliament in this country will take some steps to protect our wooden walls from the dreadful treatment of which the above examination but imperfectly discloses the appalling particulars.

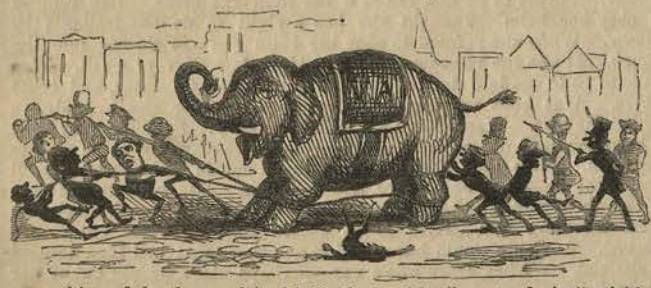
VAN AMBURGH'S ELEPHANT, AND THE POET BUNN.

THE records of Natural History, already so much enriched with the anecdotes of the "half-reasoning" elephant, have within these past few days received a glorious addition to their worth and interest. VAN AMBURGH has taken himself and his beasts off to New York. Drury-Lane having closed its doors against the menagerie, it has been shipped for the delight of the Americans. This, however, was not accomplished without considerable difficulty on the part of the elephant: he would not be coaxed or comforted. The truth is, during his engagement a year or two ago, at Drury-Lane Theatre, he had taken such an affection for the Poet BUNN, that the very idea of leaving the country, delighted and honoured by the residence of the Bard, threw the elephant into an intensity of passion known only to elephants. The innocent reporter chronicles the violence of the elephant, altogether unconscious of its touching and romantic cause.

We are told that the first attempt to urge him towards St. Katharine's Docks "was made at three in the morning by the keepers, but the elephant declined moving." No: a love for the Poet BUNN—for the Bard-Manager, who, above all other men, knew what was due to the true dignity of brutes, and therefore flung open the doors of Drury-Lane to them—this love tugged at the heart-strings of the elephant, and made him pause. He had eaten the oranges of BUNN—he had partaken of his biscuits—he had chewed his trusses of hay,—and, with a gratitude towards a manager rare among those who walk the stage, he could not without emotion quit London, the home of his protector and friend. Any of our unprejudiced readers who have visited the Zoological Gardens, must have remarked the affection of the elephant for a bunn; it seems an instinct born with the animal, albeit never so strongly, so touchingly developed as in this last instance of the elephant of VAN AMBURGH, as shown in the following:—

"Finding he would not be led quietly along, the keepers, with the assistance of VAN AMBURGH'S men, chained his two fore legs together, and then, attaching a rope to them, passed it round his body and fastened the end to his hind legs. They then fastened two long ropes to each of his fore legs, *and about fifty men then commenced dragging him along*, while two keepers were behind with pikes *pricking him forward*, and one on each side occupied *in a similar manner*."

No: the noble animal thought of his triumphs at Drury-Lane; he remembered the suavity and intelligence of the Manager, so peculiarly gifted for the patron of a menagerie; and it took fifty men to drag him on—to



say nothing of the three spirited individuals with pikes, tenderly "pricking him forward." It is only the few who remember the extraordinary affection developed on a certain occasion by the elephant towards BUNN, who can thoroughly sympathise with the lacerated and bleeding animal. The story is not so well known, as, for the honour of elephants, it should be. It is this. The visitors of the theatre were wont to bestow sixpences upon the elephant, with which he bought cakes and oranges. It was, however, at the time a subscription for one of the fifty pieces of plate given to BUNN was set afoot,—that the elephant unfailingly set aside sixpence *per diem*. This custom he continued for two-and-forty days. He then, with a gentle waving of his trunk, motioned to JOHN COOPER, who was going round with a tambourine for the cash. JOHN approached, when the elephant, with a sagacity that will not surprise those who thoroughly know the animal, rang down, one by one, the two-and-forty sixpences in the tambourine, and then gave another flourish of his trunk, as much as to say, "There, JOHN; there's my guinea for the subscription. MR. BUNN has done a great deal for me, and I hope I 'm grateful." That the elephant's name did not appear among the list of subscribers, was only another instance of man's ingratitude to the brute creation, seeing that the animal had quite as much reason on his side, for what he did, as any of his biped fellow-performers.

However, to return to the removal of the elephant. He was at length coaxed "to go on board the *Toronto*, which," adds the account, "he did very peaceably." Notwithstanding,—we are certain of it,—the brute will never survive his separation from Drury-Lane. He will die on the passage; and if his anatomy be opened, there will be found, printed in largest play-bill letters on his heart—"THE POET BUNN!"

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ASSIGNAT. A bit of paper, of about the value of a Pennsylvanian bond, which was all the French Republic had to meet its liabilities. It is said that in 1795, when the five Directors went to the Luxembourg, there was not a bit of furniture in the place, and the door-keeper lent them a ricketty table. Some say there were also two stools in the Luxembourg, between which the five Directors fell to the ground.

ATTAINDER, from the Latin word *attinctus*, stained; for, says SELDEN, an attainder is a stain on a man's character; but the pardon of the Sovereign, like salts of lemon, will take the stain out again.

ATTORNEY, from *attornaire*, to substitute, means one put in another's place; and an Attorney often comes into that which belonged to his client. An Attorney cannot practise without a certificate, which he pays for every year, like a license to kill game, to which his occupation bears some analogy. An Attorney, before he can be admitted, is examined as to what books he has read; and there is a case of a clerk having answered that he had read *Robinson Crusoe* twice, and *Punch* every Saturday.

BAILIFF, from *bailler*, to sweep; because a Bailiff generally sweeps away or brushes off one's property. Bailiffs are sometimes called Stewards, and manors always had Bailiffs; "but," says SPELMAN, "there have been baylyffes with noe mannerres."

BAILIWICK. A place in which JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE used to be continually running up and down, till the abolition of arrest for debt deprived them of this very healthy exercise.

BALLOT, VOTE BY. The power of saying one thing and doing another; or of receiving a bribe from two different parties, and supporting neither.

BANK. The general *terminus* for nearly all the London omnibusses. The Bank parlour is a snug little apartment, fitted up expressly for "the Governor." The popular song, "I know a Bank," was supposed to have been written by SHAKSPEARE, on his going to receive his dividends.

BARBARIAN, from *barba*, the beard, because a barbarian never shaved himself. The present fashion of wearing the hair longer behind than it was ever known to be worn before, is decidedly barbarous. STRABO thinks barbarians were those who made indistinct sounds, which the Greeks could not understand; but this is just like STRABO, who squinted so terribly, that he took a one-sided view of everything, and a squint has been called *strabismus*, from STRABO, ever afterwards.

BARON. A title of honour, such as BARON BROUGHAM, BARON NATHAN, and other distinguished characters. BARON NATHAN is not the only person of his rank who has been a teacher, for the Barons in the time of JOHN gave the King such a lesson, as the country still profits by even at this remote period.

BARONET. A little Baron; a title which originated with KING JAMES THE FIRST, who, being short of money, and being the fountain of honour, drew it off from the fountain, like ginger-beer, at so much a draught, to any one willing to pay for it. The title of Baronet gives precedence over Commoners; but it is doubtful whether a Baronet, trying to get into the pit of the Opera with the rush, would find people fall back to allow him the precedence he is entitled to.

A NICE POINT.

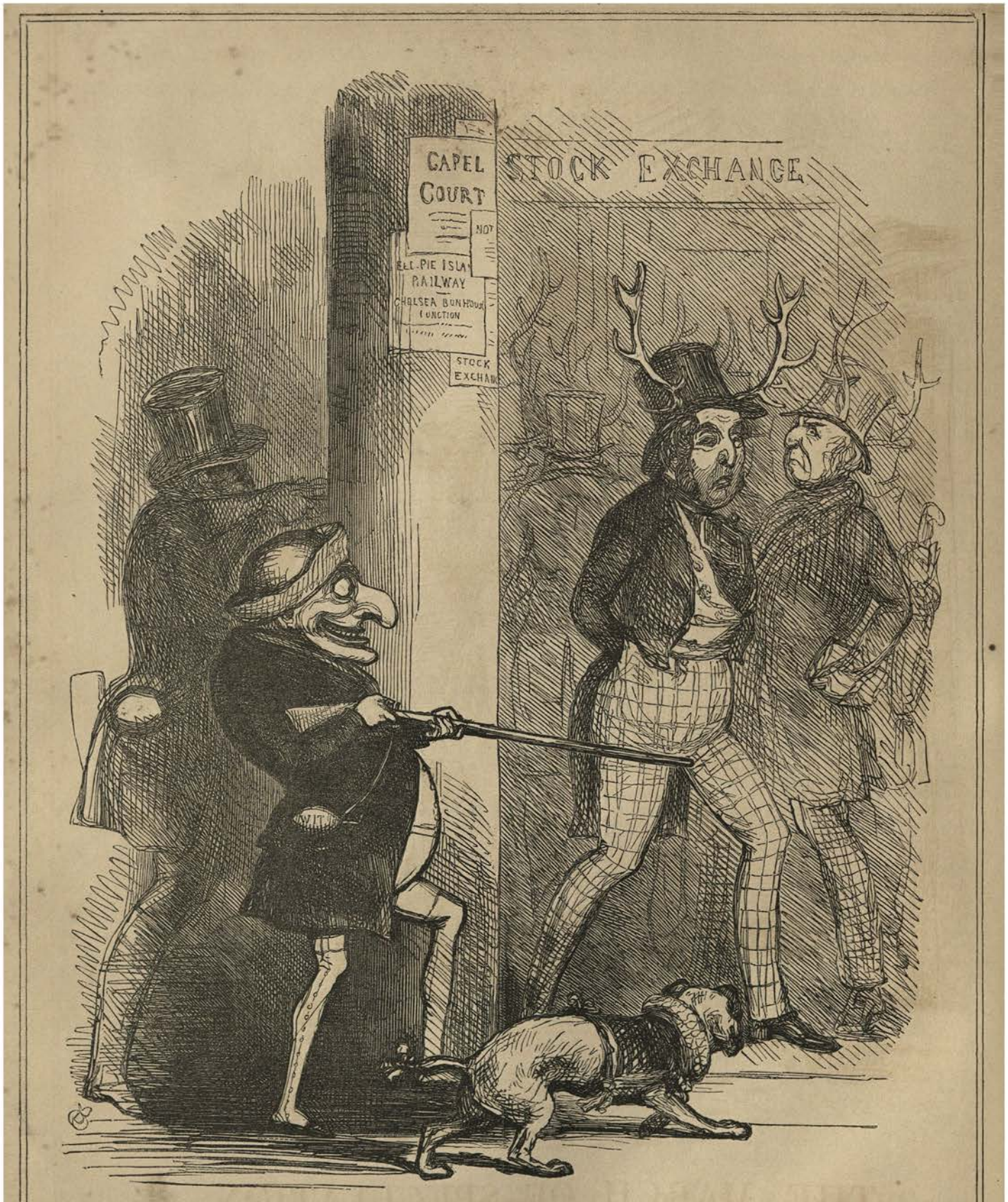
THE BISHOP OF EXETER has given it as his opinion that a clergyman speculating in railways comes under the statute against "dealing for gain or profit." As the statute only says dealing—and railway speculation involves rather shuffling than dealing—some of the reverend Stags maintain that they do not violate the Act of Parliament.

A FORLORN HOPE.

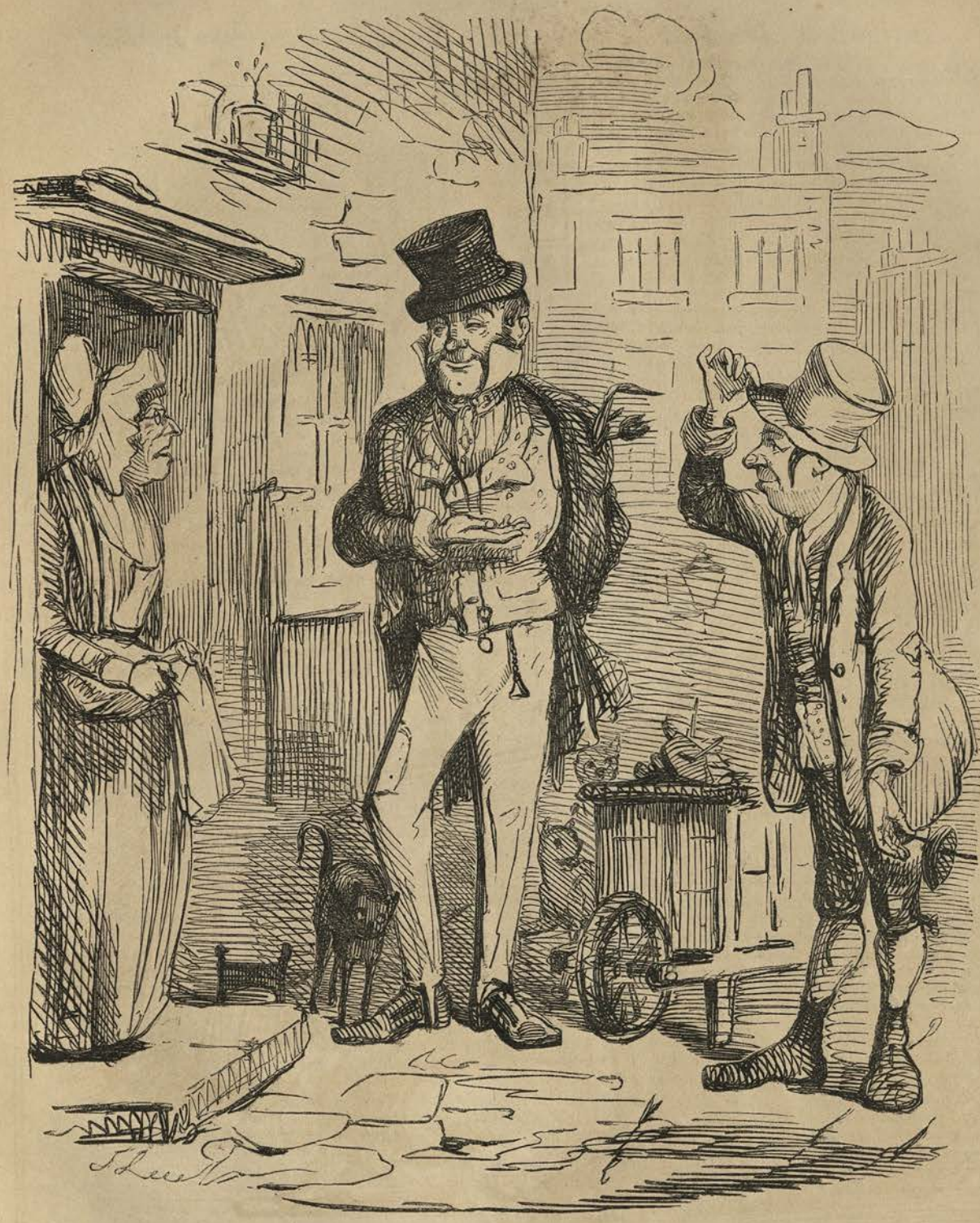
THE *Constitutionnel* says, that the French medical men have ordered to Algeria persons afflicted with pulmonary disease. It is quite clear that human beings are sent to Algeria for rapid consumption.

TAKE DOWN THE ADDRESS.

The newspapers are full of advertisements about—"WANTED, several first-rate Levellers." We advise all railway companies to apply at Conciliation Hall.



"STAG" STALKING IN CAPEL COURT.



THE MARCH OF SPECULATION.

"This is the young Gent. as takes my Business, Mem. I'm agoin' into the Railway-Director Line myself."

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

PRELIMINARY PROSPECTUS

OF

THE GRAND POLITICAL RAILWAY.

(PEEL'S LINE.)

THIS line is proposed to open a direct communication between the Whig and Tory termini, with branches to numerous points on the High Conservative Road, and extensions into several of the Liberal provinces. The great disposition that has recently been shown for an approximation between the two great extremes of party, have rendered this line a national necessity; and, indeed, it is intended to do by a direct course what has hitherto been partially attempted in a roundabout manner.

It would be easy to show a statistical statement of the traffic that may be expected upon this line, for it is calculated that it must be greatly frequented by Members of Parliament, who, instead of taking their principles and other heavy goods by the usual circuitous route, across a vast tract of political country, will at once avail themselves of the advantages that PEEL's line offers them. The ground has been surveyed; and, though the gradients are severe, the difficulties may be overcome, so as to prevent the ups and downs on the line from being too sudden and precipitous.

It has been calculated that Corn alone will cause a tremendous traffic on the Political Railway; occasioning a constant transit to and fro between nearly every point on the projected Railway.

There will be no difficulty about the cuttings, for the fact of its being PEEL's line is a guarantee that he will make his cuttings as short as possible.

Most of the persons located along the political line are believed to be decidedly favourable to the proposed Railway, because it admits of a rapid transition from one point to another, and back again, if necessary, without inconvenience. The only opposition that is anticipated, will possibly arise from the agricultural interests, which are always slow to move, and have been prejudiced against PEEL's line; but it is hoped that by putting some of their friends upon the direction, and giving them an interest in the success of the scheme, their hostility will be got rid of.

Applications for shares, which will only be allotted to those who have Parliamentary scrip in some of the established political lines, may apply to the SECRETARY OF STATE, at the Home Office.

A HOME FOR JACK KETCH.

A COMMON objection of short-sighted persons to any new invention, or legislative improvement, is the number of individuals whose interests it is likely to injure. There are, however, beautiful provisions, in the nature of things, for the compensation of those affected by such changes. Many a guard of former days is now a stoker, or a railway policeman; and omnibus extension has been coincident with the decline of stage-coaches. The large abolition of capital punishments which took place a few years ago, raised, doubtless, in many a considerate, but contracted mind, the question—"What is to become of the poor Hangmen?" Little thought the anxious querists that their difficulty was in course of solution all the while. In the union-workhouses which now cover the land have asylums been provided for the Finishers of the Law. The same talents, the same turn of mind, which once led their possessor to officiate on the scaffold, are now his qualifications for the mastership of the workhouse.

By these he is fitted for his situation; devoid of them, he is incompetent to it. No weak mercy must restrain him from doing his duty, on pain of dismissal. His unflinching infliction of the sentence of the law will, on the other hand, cover a multitude of transgressions. AGERS, the Master of the Hungerford Workhouse, gave the wretches consigned to him too much bread. He was sent about his business instantly. His brother official at Andover did his work thoroughly. He was accused of peculation, and divers enormities. Long was the investigation of his conduct; many were the expedients adopted to screen him. Tardily, reluctantly, in deference to the general outcry, he was at last dismissed. This professional efficiency endeared him to his employers. Attached to the Tower there was once a functionary called the "Sworn Tormentor." An equivalent office exists in the Poor Law Bastille. Its master is bound to carry out the law framed "to torment the poor." He is still an Executioner. The workhouse is the refuge of the destitute JACK KETCH.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

WE never understood the use of the Unicorn in the Royal Arms. The British Lion is frequently in everybody's mouth, and is an especial favourite with orators after dinner, who trot him out on the smallest pretence. At Exeter Hall, too, he is always kept ready to be brought on the platform at a moment's notice; and agriculturists are very fond of making the British Lion roar on every possible occasion. But the British Unicorn has no voice in the country—"His name is never heard." Who ever recollects the British Unicorn being called upon at a public dinner to save the Constitution? His existence, in fact, is a nullity, and his influence precisely the same. Accordingly we suggest that the British Stag, who is making at present such a stir all over the world—changing even the very surface of society as well as that of the globe—should take the stand of the Unicorn, for the future, on the Royal Arms. He is the representative of a large and a growing class, and is so intimately connected with every railway, that his influence may be said to extend over every county of England. The Stags, in fact, may be called the "Fifth Estate;" and, considering it is an estate that is built more or less upon everybody else's, it is time it should be recognised and properly represented. His dominion, even, has lately been proclaimed in India; and we predict that in a short time the sun will never set upon the possessions of the British Stag. We hope, then, that the *Gazette* will soon contain an Order in Council that the Stag be established henceforth as a supporter of the Arms of England, *vice* the Unicorn, dismissed.

THE ARMS OF ENGLAND IMPROVED.

LOST OR STRAYED.—Whereas the Railway Board of Trade has not been heard of for months, any one who can give information as to its present locality, will materially oblige a large circle of Stags, who are most anxious to know whether the said Board is still in existence. If so, it is earnestly implored to communicate instantly with its disconsolate friends in Capel Court.

IRELAND.

CUTELY feeling that MR. O'CONNELL has—and when has he not?—right upon his side in his complaints of the reports of the *Times'* Commissioner, who has unquestionably painted the Emerald Isle as black as printers' ink can make it, *Punch*, with his characteristic spirit and humanity, despatched a gentleman to Ireland, that the true thing might at last be made apparent to all men. *Punch*, knowing how very much a man's wisdom depends upon his personal beauty—SOCRATES himself, as it is well known, being far handsomer than ALCIBIADES—resolved to employ no Commissioner whose outward appearance was not even of a dangerous loveliness to all women who might look upon him. To come at this ADONIS cost *Punch* no little pains; but at length the difficulty was achieved, and MR. NARCISSUS PINK, a bashful barrister, six feet two in his patent leather boots, with whiskers thick as myrtle bushes, auburn hair, eyebrows like CUPID'S own bent bow, a model of a nose, eyes fascinating as a snake's, and above all, a smile, that—but for the owner's rigid principles of honour—might be considered a disturber of the peace of families,—MR. NARCISSUS PINK, we say, endowed and adorned with all these graces, has been sent by us to Ireland; and, to the confusion of the *Times'* Commissioner, has forwarded to us the subjoined. We may as well state, for the information of MR. O'CONNELL, that our Commissioner has always been known in England as PINK THE BEAUTY. He will, of course, never return to England; the Irish ladies will take good care of that.

[*From our Own Commissioner.*]

"BALLYMUCKANFILTH, OCT. 14.—I arrived at this beautiful and picturesque village—but what village throughout all this lovely land, for lovely it is, despite of the Union, is not beautiful and picturesque?—late last evening. I put up at the Shamrock, a small but luxurious inn, whose cleanliness and taste contended for the mastery.

The hostess is one of those bewitching, inexpressible creatures, so common among the humblest classes of this fairy-like country. She has one of those faces, beaming and bursting with intelligence, to be found, particularly, in the *Ireland* of MR. S. C. HALL, F.S.A.; one of those faces that to look upon is to feel yourself elevated considerably beyond humanity. My heart would have flown from me, but that, whilst she gracefully stirred my jug of whisky-punch, my eye fell upon her wedding-finger—I saw she was another's. But go where you will, it is the same. *I have not seen an ugly face throughout the land!* All—all the women are angels. I have met with three female cases of small-pox: and never did I think it possible that small-pox, with us so defacing, could to the Irish female countenance impart such inexpressible loveliness. Red hair has always been my particular aversion. Alas! I never knew the romance that lurked in red hair until this moment. The chambermaid has, I find, red hair. Upon an English head it would be horrid. On BIDDY M'MAHON, for such is her name, it burns like a crown of glory.

"This morning, after breakfast—and what a breakfast I had! the hens, to be sure, lay very small eggs, but this is all owing to the Union—after breakfast, I sallied forth into the village. It was very beautiful. The spirits of contentment and cleanliness seemed presiding over it. The road was neatly paved with small stones, for as yet they have not introduced the luxury of the *pavé*. All the houses have neat slate roofs, with comfortable casements, and are all—save when the house is of nice yellow brick—spotlessly whitewashed. To be sure, there is at every door a dungheap. Now, a dunghill in England is an offensive, fœtid thing—at least, to my nose. How very different are the dungheaps in Ireland! They positively steam with sweetest odours; to which circumstance may, I think, be attributed the lovely complexion and seraphic looks of the swarms of children that abound in every village. They are all, too, so scrupulously clean—and so comfortably clothed.

"I went into several of the cottages and—next to being struck with the surpassing loveliness of the daughters, the mother, the grandmother, and in many cases the great-grandmother—I was always astonished at the extreme neatness of the furniture, the comfortable look of all around me. Next to being the loveliest women in the world, the Irish are certainly the cleanest.

"In almost every cottage, they keep one or two pigs. Now, the first impression of the reader will doubtless be, that such a custom cannot conduce to the cleanliness of the homestead. With an English pig, certainly not: but Irish pigs—with the quick genius of their country—know what is due to the courtesies of life, and behave accordingly. It is well known that, of all the saints, ST. PATRICK only was a gentleman: I know not how it is, but the spirit of the saint seems here to pervade all animal life.

"It may be asked, then, what does this country want? I answer, nothing—nothing but Repeal! Destroy the Union, and you gild the refined gold of Erin—you give a perfume to her very shamrocks! Frolicsome, and lovely, and clean, and seemingly happy as are the men and women of this enchanting country, it has not escaped the acute eye of your Commissioner, that, even in the wildest evolutions of the Irish hornpipe, there has lurked a something melancholy,—in the most glorious radiancy of Irish female beauty there has been a something sad—in the cleanest places a certain spot—in the most uproarious joviality, a suppressed groan—and this melancholy, this sadness, this spot, this suppressed note of suffering—has all been owing to the absorbing want of repeal. The very rooks of Ireland caw 'repeal,'—the very sparrows in Dublin streets chirp it."

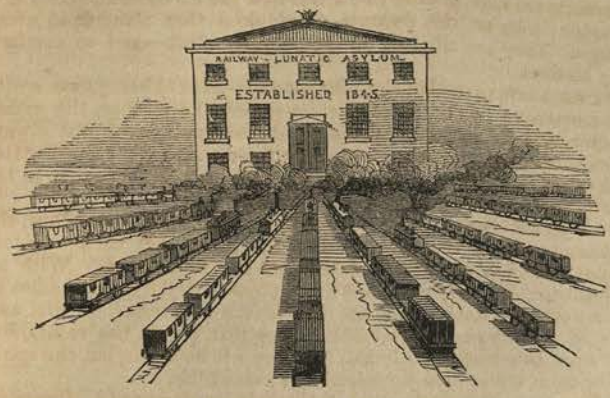
We trust, after this, that MR. O'CONNELL will be satisfied that something like justice has been done by even a Saxon Commissioner to Ould Ireland. If the portrait of MR. NARCISSUS PINK, or PINK THE BEAUTY, do not in due time adorn the walls of Conciliation Hall, gratitude is dead among its patriots and orators.

CLERICAL EXAMPLE.

A SAD mischance has happened to one JAMES HOLYWELL, "employed to show the crypt at St. Paul's Cathedral." The said JAMES has been called to the bar of the Police Court of Southwark, and "charged with committing an assault of an aggravated description on HANNAH STEPHENS, a young woman." JAMES, it will be perceived, is, in a small degree, a churchman: he is one of the money-takers at one of our Cathedrals—a necessary officer to the Dean and Chapter. He has been weighed in the scales of Southwark justice, and found wanting. At this moment—for he could not pay the fine imposed upon him—he may be attempting the difficult steps of the tread-mill. We think the magistrate doomed the offender without sufficiently considering the influence of example. For who shall deny how much the principles of JAMES have been deteriorated by the sad example of his clerical betters, the BLUNTS and the WETHERALLS, in the higher places of the temple?

AN ADVERTISING DEAN.

Railway Lunatic Asylum.



"In the present age of enlightenment," as our tea-dealer says when he wants us to try his three-and-sixpenny mixed, which, by-the-bye, we have tried, and we don't like it;—"in the present age of enlightenment," we are surprised that the public spirit which pervades everything should be neglecting the demand that must eventually arise for an Asylum for Railway Lunatics. We think that the insanity, which must be in existence, to start the variety of new, impracticable, and useless schemes that are already suggested, will eventually require some vast asylum to contain it; and we congratulate Parliament on having passed lunacy laws just before they are likely to be wanted. We give a design for a Railway Lunatic Asylum, which should be a kind of general terminus to many of the new schemes that are advertised.

PUNCH'S CODE FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

The Chinese have a custom of reducing good and bad actions to a scale of rewards and punishments. We think a similar plan of prizes and penalties would answer equally well in England. With this conviction, we have drawn out the following code for the use of English families, and we strongly advise the *Mr.* and *Mrs. Caudles* of England to have it framed and hung in every room of their house, that it may always be easy of reference. Should it become the law of the land, it will have the good effect of making married people settle their quarrels at home; for under our code, sentence once passed, there is no appeal, not even to one's mother-in-law. In the framing of the laws, we have been assisted by a Committee of Widows and Widowers, in order that no undue partiality should be shown on either side. It has since undergone the revision of a magistrate who has had twenty years' adjudication of matrimonial *fracas*, and may accordingly be pronounced perfect:—

HUSBAND'S OFFENCE.	{ For each Offence. }	WIFE'S PUNISHMENT.
If he brings a friend home, when there is nothing but cold meat for dinner.	"	Have a dreadful headache, eat nothing, and be extremely deaf when spoken to.
If he smokes a cigar at home.	"	A dreadful fit of coughing, and leave the door wide open every time you go out.
If he uses the bright poker in stirring the fire.	"	Nothing less than a fainting fit.
If he will not go out of town at the proper season.	"	Have all the carpets taken up, the plate put away, the shutters closed, and every room in the house locked but the bed-room on the second-pair back. If this is not strong enough, fall ill, and be recommended, by your medical man, the sea air.
If he complains of extravagance in the housekeeping.	"	Cut off the soups, puddings and pies, taking care to say you cannot afford them.
If he dabbles in railway shares.	"	Constant curtain lecturing, and reproaches for ruining his family.
If the husband contradicts the wife in public.	"	Unlimited hysterics.
If ditto in private.	"	A retreat to your bed-room, and a dreadful headache that will not allow you to come down to dinner.
If he comes home late.	"	Sit up in curl-papers for him, and complain every five minutes of being dead.
If he stops at home all day.	"	A family-washing.

HUSBAND'S MERIT.		WIFE'S REWARD.
A birthday present of a pair of diamond earings, or a box at the Opera.	"	A pair of braces, or slippers embroidered with beads; pancakes for dinner, and oysters for supper.
If he walks out with you.	"	Devote the entire day to shopping, in buying gloves, handkerchiefs, comforters for him; and if, in return, he should force upon you a beautiful Cashmere shawl you have casually admired, oblige him by all means, and accept it.

ADVICE TO CREDITORS.

Those individuals who have money owing to them, and have for some time entirely lost sight of their debtors, need no longer remain in that unfortunate predicament, for it is only necessary to run one's eye down a list of Railway Directors, and a few of the names that have long been on the Tradesmen's Black List will be found paraded in all the pomp of Provisional Committeeship. Another advantage attending the discovery is, that, when they are pounced upon, they are in a position of the very highest ability to meet all demands, for most of them stand pledged to find capital, to the tune of some fifty or a hundred thousand pounds, for the completion of great railway undertakings, from which their country will experience so much benefit, that they must be considered less as projectors than as patriots. We may be asked, if such is our confidence in the Railway Directors, that we would buy any of what have been considered their bad debts? We think the question scarcely fair; but if a farthing in the pound would answer the expectations of some of the creditors, we should not object to speculate.

Birth Extraordinary.

In Wellington Street North, on Saturday, the 4th of October, the *Morning Post* of a supplement. The parent and offspring are both doing as well as can be expected.

SENSIBILITY OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

The *Époque*, French paper, says that the King "was so affected with the news from Africa," that told of 440 soldiers being cut off by Abd-el-Kader, that "he ordered the concert to be postponed!" This is very pathetic. When, however, a few hundreds of Arabs—men, women, and children—were roasted alive by the gallant Pelissier in the caves of Dahra, was not *Te Deum* chanted in thanksgiving for the burning?

A SCAMPER THROUGH WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We wonder that the Guide-Book, sold by the bookseller who sits on the spikes on the outside of Poet's Corner, is not called "A Scamper through Westminster Abbey"; for such in reality is the visit that, since the reduction of prices, one is allowed to pay to the venerable and interesting structure. We went the other day to take advantage of the liberality of the Dean and Chapter, by seeing the show at a moderate figure; but we found that the quickness of the return is made to compensate for the smallness of the profit. The Verger went away at a slapping pace, closely followed by a foreigner, eager to catch the descriptions of the monuments, as we rushed past them at a railroad pace; and the official, by the time we got half round the building, was so completely out of breath, and was puffing away at such an enormous rate, that he had no wind left to puff the sculpture.

The corpulent and the family men stand no chance whatever; for, with a little child to drag and a wife to conduct, it is hopeless to try to catch any of those graphic bits of History that drop from the Verger's mouth, ready cut and dried from the pages of the Guide-Book.

A sentimental student, who was endeavouring to read the classical inscriptions through an opera-glass, was so completely distanced, that he sunk exhausted on the tomb-stone of Abbas, where he was swept up the next morning by the Dean and Chapter's charwoman.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY REVIEW.

While everybody else is allowing his time and capital to be absorbed by Railways, *Punch*, disdaining the filthy lucre of Capel Court, wanders in the pleasant fields of Railway Literature, and intends creating himself into a Board of Trade, to review the merits — not of the schemes themselves — but of their numerous Prospectuses.

We commence our intended series of criticisms by a notice of the Prospectus of the Somersetshire and North Devon Junction. The first line is exceedingly imaginative, and talks of "a capital of 600,000*l*.," a bold figure, which bespeaks a wildness of conception that it will be rather difficult to realise. The opening paragraph of the prospectus takes a very daring flight, and leads us through some out-of-the-way places, into which the wildest fancy and the most errant donkey never yet travelled. It carries the speculator's imagination into Nether Stowey, Wachet, Dunster, Old Cleeve, Stoke Pero, West Porlock, and Parracombe, places which we never heard of, but which we are told comprise "a range of country at present totally deprived of Railway communication." The same might be said of the top of Mont Blanc, the fag-end of the North Pole, the Centre of Gravity, and other places, with which we are about as familiar as we are with Old Cleeve, Stoke Pero, West Porlock, and Parracombe.

In looking at the map, we find that the places through which the proposed line is to pass are lofty mountains, inaccessible peaks, and precipitous rocks.

So far, the prospectus speaks only of local interests; but the second paragraph touches on the larger subjects of history and politics. It points out the advantages which the Railway presents in a national point of view, which, we are told, "cannot fail to ensure the consent of Parliament to the line in question." The paragraph is, however, so gloriously and deliciously droll—there is such a right-rollicking, rampancy in every word—that we give the clause of the prospectus entire :—

"The advantages which this Railway presents, in a national point of view, are of great importance, and cannot fail to ensure the consent of Parliament to the Line in question. It is evidently a Coast Line, and is connected with the remarkable historical fact, that in the *reign of* Alfred the Great, *the vicinity of this line of coast was the seat of an actual invasion by the Danes, under* Hubba, *their leader; but, to the honour of the brave men of Devon, that hostile armament was totally destroyed, their Chief,* Hubba, *slain with all his followers, and their supposed invincible standard, Reafan, taken. Supposing, therefore, that a modern or future* Hubba *should attempt a renewal of invasion on this line of coast, what other fate could he expect in the face of a whole nation, eager and hastening to receive him?* Such are the advantages of defence which Railways afford to distant and apparently unprotected coasts."

Fancy an army of shareholders rushing to resist a modern Hubba! The Line should be called the "Somersetshire and Hubba-Resisting Grand Junction Railway;" for if part of its value consists in its being a panacea against any future Hubba, the fact should not be omitted in the title of the Railway.

Arrangements, we are told, are in progress for the "extension of the Provisional Committee." We should say that the Provisional Committee would go to any lengths, that is to say, admit of any extension whatever. In another paragraph, the prospectus tells us, in a dashing, off-hand style, that "the statistics of the traffic in coal, iron, lead, and mineral ores, &c. &c., present a favourable result;" but how, why, or when, we are not informed by the projectors or projector of the Railway. "A certain number of shares will be reserved for the local interest," facetiously says the prospectus; but as the Railway is to run along the tops of craggy peaks, we know of no local interest except that which the Chamois, and perhaps also the (Railway) Stag, may take in the project.

On the whole, we consider this prospectus as one of the finest "Curiosities of Literature" that have appeared for some time. We recommend it to the particular notice of those interested in Old Cleeve, West Porrock, and Parracombe.

SHOULD THE POET BUNN HAVE A STATUE?

SINCE it has been known that the Fine Arts Commission have determined upon admitting a few of the poets into the new Houses of Parliament, the above interrogative has been put to us by at least fifty correspondents. It has also been met, in its own masterly way, by the *Observer*. It is, of course, impossible for us to print all the letters we have received; we therefore select a few, at the same time extracting the remarks of our luminous and logical contemporary.

(FROM "THE OBSERVER.")

"It has been asked, 'Should the Poet BUNN have a statue?' We really do not see why he should; yet, when we look again, we cannot altogether perceive why he should not. It is true, he may be called a usurper; having set aside KING MACREADY; but then, if KING MACREADY would not remain on the throne of Drury, BUNN can hardly be blamed for placing himself in the vacant seat. It is clear that BUNN cannot be struck out of the history of Drury Lane; if, indeed, he could, it would doubtless be as well; but as he cannot, why, perhaps it is no worse. After all, however, it is clear that, one way or the other, the difficulty must be decided. If, after all, BUNN has a statue,—why, then, the question will be answered in the affirmative,—if otherwise, why then, in parliamentary language, the 'noes will have it.'"

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am an old actor. For two-and-forty years have I played the 'heavy fathers.' It has been my glory to serve at Drury Lane under KINGS ELLISTON, PRICE, and POLHILL: I was, however, with SHAKSPEARE —that wonderful creature!—cashiered by BUNN. He turned us both out together. Although I have retired to the shores of Brighton—I and my old umbrella—I have played *Catesby* nine hundred nights to the immortal EDMUND KEAN. I could play it still, sir: could personate that small, but exceedingly difficult character, with all that fire and energy that in by-gone nights drew from the galleries 'Brayvo T————' (but I suppress my name). Well, sir; and shall the man have a statue who has driven me and a hundred other *Catesbys* to the obscurity of private life? Is it to be borne, that the man who has so treated me and SHAKSPEARE shall be received in the Houses of Parliament,—side by side, it may be, with that very SHAKSPEARE whose statue is now made to decorate a dancing-booth?

"But no! A patriotic QUEEN—a tasteful Prince—watches over the true dignity of the drama; and BUNN—its CROMWELL—shall *not* have a statue!

"I am yours,

"TENDER T———."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"My opinion has frequently been asked of the condition of Drury Lane Theatre; and, upon my life! when I come to consider the state of things that—but you know as well as I do about all that. My opinion has also been asked touching a statue to our old governor, BUNN. Well, really, when you come to think of it, a statue does look like a sort of thing that—upon my life it does. Nevertheless, as I am the only actor at present engaged at Drury Lane, why, it would be exceedingly difficult in me,—difficult and delicate,—you perfectly understand, and so,

"Believe me, dear MR. PUNCH,

"Yours, deeply, truly,

"JOHN PRITT HARLEY."

"SIR,

"For several seasons was I the manager of him you are pleased to call the Poet BUNN. Like the outside pillars of Drury Lane, I considered myself one of its supporters. Again and again I went round—as you have it—with the hat for subscriptions for his many pieces of plate. Well, sir, I *was* BUNN's manager: he has ruthlessly cashiered me! And this is the man to whom it is proposed to erect a statue!

"With scorn, Ha! ha! ha!

"JOHN COOPER."

Who Doubts it?

THE great difficulty, in cases of collision, seems to be to stop a train suddenly; and, for this purpose, a brake, as it is called, sufficiently strong, has not yet been invented. The chances are, however, that, before the end of next session, the greater number of the present railways will have found out the secret of some tremendous break, by which their further progress will be stopped immediately.

Song of the Railway Maniac.

THIS is my left hand—this my right;
These are my eyes, my nose, my mouth;
I can discern the day from night:
There lies the north, and there the south.
Shake not the head, then—cry not "Hush!"
Lay not the finger on the lip:
Away!—unhand me!—let me rush
In quest of railway shares and scrip.

Ha! ha! 'Tis you are mad, I say:
You talk to me of Three per Cents.,
Consols? pooh, nonsense! What are they?
You prate of mortgages and rents—
I tell you there are no such things:
—Nay, do not threaten chains and whip,—
They 've flown away with paper wings,
And left us only shares and scrip.

What! Mind my business? Fellow dear,
You 'll find yourself in Bedlam, soon.
Hark!—let me whisper in your ear;—
Look!—there 's my business—in the moon!
That 's where all occupation 's fled;
Gone, presto! with hop, jump, and skip;
How, now, then, can I earn my bread,
Except by railway shares and scrip?

Get in my debts? Lo! how you rave!
Who thinks of paying what he owes?
No, tell me not that he 's a knave:
In scrip and shares the money goes.
Mark yonder man, he 's a trustee,
With others' stock in guardianship;
Where is it? Ha! my friend! you 'll see—
All sunk in railway shares and scrip.

Stick to the shop?—What shop? I 've none.
Defend me,—how the madman stares!
I tell you there 's no shop but one:
The office where they sell you shares.
You have a tailor,—want a coat;—
Go, order it: you 'll find that Snip,
I 'll bet you, Sir, a ten-pound-note,
Will only measure you for scrip.

I am not mad, I am not mad;
See where the shares on whirlwinds fly:
Off!—give me back the wings I had,
To mount and catch them in the sky.
Maniac, I say!—you torture me!—
You crush me in that iron grip;
Madman, away! and leave me free
To chase my railway shares and scrip.

THE OMNIBUS DRIVERS' HAND-BOOK TO LONDON.

WE have heard that a little work with the above title will shortly be published, to obviate the difficulty in which the Omnibus Drivers are placed by the tearing up of the pavements all over the metropolis. The way from Fleet Street to the Strand, instead of being a straight line as heretofore, almost requires the assistance of a *cicerone*, and we believe that guides are now stationed at the foot of Chancery Lane, like the ticket-porters who stand at the entrance of the Desert, to show travellers over it. As a general rule, it may be as well to bear in mind, that, instead of going through Temple Bar straight into the Strand, you must take the first to the right, the second to the left, the fifth to the left again, the third to the right, the second to the left, then the sixth to the left, then straight on, then sharp round, then short off, then the fourth to the right, and finally to the left, when you will come out into the Strand in a direct line with the place you started from. A few days ago, the distance from Bond Street to the White Horse Cellar, instead of being ten yards, was exactly a mile and three quarters, including the ups and downs of Hay Hill, the ins and outs of Berkeley Square, and other distant localities. We don't know at the present time any better illustration of "link'd sweetness long drawn out" than a sixpenny ride in an omnibus.

READINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BUTTERFLY.

"The life of a butterfly," says Buffon, "seems one continued succession of changes; and it throws off one skin only to assume another." The butterfly, then, is constantly peeling, and the Peel butterfly is the greatest type of the species.

The little insect to which we allude commences existence as a monopolist caterpillar, which has little holes in its side, called stigmata; and certainly for every hole that has been picked in the Peel caterpillar, a certain stigma attaches to him. From the crawling state of caterpillarism, the Peel insect became a grub, and contrived to grub on tolerably well for a considerable period. While in the caterpillar state, the Peel butterfly's motions were in accordance with a sort of sliding-scale; but its transition into the condition of the grub brought somewhat of a tendency to a fixed duty. At length the Peel butterfly, bursting from all restrictions, is found upon the wing, and supports itself, somehow or other, for a long while, although, as Buffon says, "its flight is not very graceful."

To make a quotation from the same eminent naturalist when speaking of the common butterfly, it may be said of the Peel butterfly, that "when it designs to fly to a considerable distance, it ascends and descends alternately, going sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, without any apparent reason." The Peel butterfly, like most other flying creatures, has instruments that are called feelers, and before making a move, these feelers are generally put forth by the crafty creature. The colours of the Peel butterfly are very variable; and it is a remarkable fact, that the insect will often prey upon the weaker of its own kind, which has been often the case with the particular insect we have been specially alluding to.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Barrister. Barristers are made by eating twelve dinners; and, hence, we find that, in other professions, the students require cramming before they can pass their examinations. Plowden quaintly tells us that only deserving men are called to the bar, and that after twelve dinners, their desert naturally follows. Barristers are divided into serjeants, who wear a piece of sticking-plaster in the middle of their wigs, as if their skulls had all been cracked; Queen's Counsel, who wear silk gowns; and the utters, or outers, or, as some say, the out-and-outers, who wear stuff which is sometimes characteristic of their speeches. We hear of the degree of Barrister, which degree is, for the most part, positive.

Barter. The exchange of one commodity for another, as when a statesman barters his character for his place, a frequent case in politics. The Italian word *barattere* means to cheat as well as to barter, and we have selected an illustration which embraces both meanings, for if a politician exchanges his character, which is worth nothing, for place, which is a source of profit, he certainly cheats as well as barters. The Indian tribes, and other unsophisticated folks, have been greatly victimised by bartering with the Europeans, who give them bits of old iron and other rubbish for some of the richest Eastern treasures. The Native Chief Timbaroo is believed to have bartered away a quantity of diamonds for a few tenpenny nails, a soda-water bottle, and an old pair of boot-hooks.

Bath, Knights of the, were so called, from the custom of taking a bath before installation; a custom still observed in our prisons, where every one not only takes a bath, but has his hair cut, previous to his being regularly installed upon the treadmill. Fabyan says that Henry the Fifth, in 1416, on taking Caen, "dubbed" several Knights of the Bath, who were of course all previously washed; and there can be no doubt that the old distich—

"Rub a dub dub,
Six men in a tub,"

originated with the custom of putting the knights into a tub, and giving them a good rub before dubbing them. This mark of honour ceased from the time of Charles the Second, and the mark had become completely washed out, when it was revived in 1725 by George the First, who made six-and-thirty Knights of the Bath, as well as ordered their costume, which was to consist of a sort of white satin wrap-rascal, no trowsers at all, white kid boots, and an infant's hat and feathers. Each knight was allowed three esquires, who probably all kept gigs; for keeping a gig was formerly a mark of so much respectability as would warrant a person in tacking "Esquire" on to the end of his appellation.

In 1815 the Prince Regent completely overflooded the Bath by making three classes of them, like the Railway carriages, and which three classes served to swell the special train that followed him at his coronation. His Royal Highness put a great many into that line, and, to follow up the Railway analogy, he granted an extension to India by knighting fifteen of the best officers in the service of the East India Company. They took up their shares in the dignity, paid their deposits in the shape of fees, and met all future calls that their country made upon them.

THE LIES OF GLORY.

WITHIN the past few days, a placard, of which the subjoined is a copy, has been posted on the walls of Manchester. MARS—that impudent bully—never lied with a bolder front:—

GLORY AND PRIZE-MONEY!!!

WANTED.—A few Young Men, of good character. The following

FACTS

show the advantage held out by this Corps only, rendering it the most desirable under the Crown, for Young Men of spirit and enterprise, who are

SURE OF PROMOTION.

The Royal Marine Soldier frequently makes

His Fortune by Prize-Money!!!,

Is not harassed with long marches, and is supplied with plenty of the Queen's Provisions; consisting of

GOOD ROAST-BEEF AND PLUM-PUDDING!!

And, as good eating requires good drinking, every Man is served with

A PINT OF GOOD WINE

Daily, or an equivalent portion of Spirits; with Chocolate, Tea, &c., &c., &c.

In the mean time his Pay is going on, and he returns to his Friends, on furlough, after an absence which rarely exceeds three years, with his pocket

FULL OF GOLD;

Securing, while in his prime, a

PENSION FOR LIFE!

These are truths which will be vouched for by any one acquainted with the Corps, and, being known, what high-spirited lad will, for a moment, hesitate when

INDEPENDENCE, HONOUR, AND WEALTH

thus invite him?

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

It is sometimes a touching scene in our criminal courts, when the awful judge—wigged and ermined, and with a tremendous weight of wisdom on his brow—catechises a little child. "Do you know," thus asks that solemn man;—"do you know the punishment for those who tell a lie?" Whereupon, if the well-educated infant confidently chirps in answer,—"they are in danger of hell-fire,"—the judge, with a beneficent look, orders the child to be sworn. If, on the other hand, the desolate little wretch is wholly ignorant of the appalling penalty threatening an untruth, the judge looks very sad indeed at the forlornness of humanity, and it may be, with a withering rebuke of the parents of the infant, commands it to stand down. So wicked is a lie—so sinful the enunciation of the thing that is not.

And yet, reader, having possessed yourself of the above placard, you must feel that lying—stout, bold, brazen-cheeked lying—is deemed an indispensable agent for the State. The scoundrel vice is invested with the bright halo of authority. Indeed, looking at the above, and duly considering its purpose, we can hardly believe that certain authorities do not conceive a good bouncing lie to be among the brightest jewels of the crown. What a pretty thing is what is often called glory, when its purveyor, the recruiting-serjeant, must be an incarnate falsehood.

"A few young men, of good character"! We see them, poor victims! after even a month's drilling, filed on the deck. How certain they look of preferment! How the rattan, at intervals, coming down upon their shoulders, legs, and knuckles, convinces them that they are "sure of promotion"! How confident they feel, even when without a farthing, that they will nevertheless "make their fortunes;" they have, to be sure, empty pockets, but they WILL be "full of gold." And then, when they retire to their hammocks, what sweet, sustaining visions of the night show to them their mature life, elevated and enriched by "independence, honour, and wealth," albeit the boatswain's whistle wakes them to the monotonous drudgery of military discipline, with, it may happen, an occasional visitation of the "cat."

And this tissue of falsehood is fringed with the patriotic prayer—"God Save the QUEEN." Sweet lady! Surely she is sometimes to be pitied for the atrocious untruths which, whether she will or not, she is made to countenance.

The Statues for the New Houses of Parliament.

THE Commissioners on the Fine Arts have been groping about the new Houses of Parliament to find places to put statues in. Unfortunately, the niches are all too little to admit great men, and twenty-four inches is the extreme width of a comfortable niche, so that the Commissioners have been obliged to go through the "History of England" with a two-foot-rule in order to find characters that can be brought within the prescribed limits. The discontented Barons are all to be cut down, and even the Sovereigns are obliged to submit to a general clipping. Considering the length to which the Barons went with KING JOHN, we hardly see how it will be possible to keep them sufficiently under, to admit of their getting into the Gothic niches. The sameness of their attitude is said to fit them for these narrow places; and it is true they were sturdy fellows, who, having once taken up a position, were determined to stick to it. As to JOHN OF GAUNT, he must give up his gauntness, if he expects any accommodation in the new Houses. The VENERABLE BEDE is to have an inside place; and we should propose OLD PARR going down to posterity, with a box of "Life Pills" in his hand, as a companion-statue.

COWPER is to have a statue: but we must beg that he will wear a decent head-dress, and not make his appearance in that strange jack-towel-looking turban in which we have usually seen him in portraiture. PURCELL is the only musician on the list, but we understand he will have a seal to his watch-chain engraved with a small portrait of BALFE, upon whom PURCELL made a strong impression. There is a rumour that the writers of *Punch* are to have statues opposite the Barons who signed "Magna Charta," as having used their pens for the good of their country almost as much as the barons, who, with a few dashes of their goose-quills, gave to posterity a boon that has only been equalled by a certain popular periodical which modesty will not allow us to name, but which the reader has at his fingers' ends at the present moment.

THE MONSTER NEWSPAPERS.

THE waste-paper trade, we understand, is likely to be ruined by the unhealthy glut of supplements, which must eventually choke up the very lungs of the market. Some of the papers are becoming literally all supplement, and the people railway-mad;—they insert their railway advertisements anywhere, or in anything that calls itself a public journal.

We anticipate very speedily a sort of supplement crisis, or waste-paper panic; for when the holders of the supplements begin to realise at the butter-shops, the advertisers will see the folly of their outlay. As it is, we never get a pound of butter that is not encircled with the words "Provisionally registered;" and our six last batches of rush-lights have come to us enveloped in forms of application for some "Grand Junction Gammon" or "Central Humbug and Direct Robbery Line of Railway."

We understand that the reason of the general lateness of the trains throughout the country, is the enormous weight of supplements sent by the railways; and when it is considered that these sometimes comprise a very heavy leading article, the wonder is that we do not hear of more frequent accidents. The newsmen, instead of folding a single paper, are now compelled to fold three; and as their profit is only a penny, they declare the proprietors shall come and fold the papers themselves: while the carrying them out requires a camel at least, instead of a newsboy. A poor lad was found buried under a heap of supplements a few days ago, and he was with difficulty extricated from his perilous situation among the dry rubbish that surrounded him. The country newsvenders are declining the trade, finding that it costs them more in carriage than they can get profit by selling the paper.

We know of no remedy for this supplement-mania. Not reading the newspaper has been tried without success; for the more the public go on not reading, the more the advertisers go on putting in and paying for their advertisements. The waste-paper panic must come,—and that very speedily.

CONSOLATION.

"Not kitched none! Ah! Sir, you should ha' bin' here last Toosday: there was two Gents. killed a uncommon sight a' fish, to be sure, then."

JOHN WESLEY AND PRINCE ALBERT.

As Bedlam Hospital and other such asylums have been very properly instituted for the dangerously insane and the helplessly idiotic, so was the *Morning Post* established for the comfort of the many harmless lunatics throughout the world, whose madness generally vents itself in pen and ink. As Bedlam has its two images—"CIBBER's brazen brothers,"—of raving and melancholy madness—so would we have two figures, each with pen, ink, and paper, erected at the office of the *Morning Post*. One figure should represent rabid Toryism foaming at the mouth—the other, lackadaisical drivelling nonsense, writing—eternally writing. Certainly, these figures ought to externally represent to the out-of-door world types of what is to be found in the paper: they would indicate—what is, nevertheless, sufficiently well known—that "madness and folly are to be continually had within."

The subject of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament offers a magnificent theme for the lunatic correspondents of our contemporary. The question, "Should CROMWELL have a statue?" has sent at least twenty wards of out-door lunatics to congenial goose-quills: the columns of the *Post* have gabbled like Bedlam about the usurper, "who was only another THISTLEWOOD." CROMWELL, however, is not to engage all the moon-stricken. An unfortunate person (we have no doubt that he wears straw boots), who signs himself "An English Commoner," is madly eloquent about JOHN WESLEY, whose statue is to stand in Parliament. He raves after the following fashion:—

"JOHN WESLEY was a priest of the Church of England, and as such, at his ordination, solemnly engaged to obey her laws, injunctions, &c. He *ever* professed to be so, and thus effected much good; but at the close of his long life, he, to the astonishment of his relations and real friends, and in the teeth of his solemn vows and life-long engagements, violated his oath, betrayed the Church he ever professed to belong to, and in defiance of every precedent ordained, or rather unceremoniously attempted to give ordination to many around him, which (by their acceptance) manifestly renders his present followers guilty of the sin of schism against the English Church."

Without inquiring into the truth of this, what—thinks the reader—is to be the dreadful consequence of this admission of JOHN WESLEY into Parliament? Why, this; PRINCE ALBERT will very possibly commit bigamy. *Because* JOHN WESLEY is to have a statue in the Commons, PRINCE ALBERT will forget his marriage-vow, and incontinently marry a maid of honour, if not two or three.

"Now if you, after these occurrences, raise a statue to *his* [WESLEY's] memory, you, by implication, sanction his proceedings and approve his conduct: and on principle, impartial history will thus deal with you. She will say, that when you sanction this—The Prince *will thus tacitly sanction even the violation of his marriage vow*, which is not a whit more sacred or solemn than WESLEY's ordination."

Now, is not the existence of the *Post* a great comfort to all lunatics at large, whose madness is pen and ink? We really think there ought to be a county rate levied to assist our contemporary, in the like way that Hanwell, and other asylums, are supported by a local tax.

TO THE STAGGING WORLD.

MESSRS. NATHAN beg to inform their friends and the public that they have fitted up extensive premises opposite the Exchange, where costumes of every description likely to inspire confidence will be hired out to Gents. intending to sign for Railway scrip in two or more characters, at a very low figure.

List of Prices.	£	s.	d.
Bishop's Costume. Apron, Hat, Black Silks, and Buckles, complete	1	1	0
Low Church Rector. Black Tights, Short Gaiters, &c. False Calves if required	0	15	0
Puseyite Divine. Long Black single-breasted Coat, narrow collar	0	10	6
Sporting Banker of the Old School. Blue Coat, brass buttons, Yellow Waistcoat, and Drab Pants., or Shorts	0	15	0
Watch Chain and Bunch of Seals, extra	0	5	0
Flash West End Gent. Cutaway Coat, Velvet Vest, Railway Pants.	0	15	0
Mosaic Jewellery for ditto	0	5	0
Country Gents, Widows, K.C.B.'s, and comfortable Tradesmen got up at five minutes' notice in the most accurate manner, each	0	10	6

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"Tell me, oh tell me, dearest Albert, have *you* any Railway Shares?"

A BLACK BUSINESS.

HERE are some specs., among those that are now started, which are not mere specks, but tremendous blots; and we don't know of any much blacker job, than one that has just appeared, for establishing a Great Western Necropolis. Its object is to introduce what it calls, in large capital letters—the only capital it is likely to command—"THE NOVEL BUT STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE OF BURIAL BY WATER." Our admiration is particularly requested in the prospectus for the Pyramids of Egypt; but our "Fat Contributor" has rather spoiled our respect for those things, and besides, we can see them on a small scale any day in the streets, which are always under repair, blocked up with enormous piles of stone, as happens to be the case just now all over the town, so that any one may see the Strand pyramids, or the Piccadilly pyramids, according to which way his business or curiosity may carry him.

The Great Western Necropolis is to consist of an extensive plot of ground at a place marked emphatically ——— in the prospectus. It is proposed to have "a fine river frontage," with "steam and small gondola boats fitted up in funereal style," with "houses of reception on both sides of the river," so that parties may be enabled to get up little funeral pic-nics during the summer weather. As there are blanks left in the prospectus for the Provisional Committee, the architect and the banker, we should almost believe it is intended as a squib against the solicitors, whose names are inserted at full length; and, under the impression that they have been subjected to a cruel libel, we have refrained from printing them.

If the impious and indelicate affair should be persevered in, we might probably think it necessary to administer one of those remorseless smashings which the *bâton* of *Punch* seldom finds it necessary to inflict, but which, when once inflicted, are always effectual.

THE LAMENT OF THE STATUES

(Representative of the Poets in the New Houses of Parliament.)

PREVIOUSLY to the determination of the Royal Commissioners to erect statues to the Poets in the new Houses of Parliament, they might as well have consulted the feelings of those personages on the subject, which, we suspect, would, with a slight difference of expression, be much like those embodied in the following lines. These we have had the impudence to put into the mouths of the poets, and to imagine each speech inscribed, respectively, on the pedestals of their statues:—

Chaucer.

Good Sirs, I marvel what we herè maken,
Gretè folk, certès, be sometimes mistaken,
We standen in this stound by much erroùr,
Ne poet was in Parlement before;
We are fysh out of water, verily,
I do not breathè well this air, perdy.
In the Abbaye we weren well enoughe:
To put us here in Parlement is stuffe.

Spenser.

Troth, brother CHAUCER, I am of thy minde,
In Parlement I do not feel at home,
Where prating Dulness talks his hearer blinde,
And dry Debate doth vainly froth and foam,
Folly, not Fancy, from his theme doth roam,
And greedy Patriots rave for pence and place;
Poets are fashioned from another loam
Than heavy marle of Statesmen's crawling race,
And to be here, in faith, me seemeth dire disgrace.

Shakspeare.

Grave Grandsire CHAUCER, and good Father SPENSER,
The judgment your sweet worships have pronounced
On the hard mandate, and right stern decree,
Which, much misplacing us, hath placed us here,
Doth jump with my opinion. Here to 'bide
Beneath the pelting of the pitiless BROUGHAM,
To suffer ROEBUCK's petulance; t'endure
The jokeless wit of SIBTHORPE, and to brook
The specious eloquence of glozing PEEL
To any soul alive were Purgatory:—
But to a poet's 'tis a worser doom.
Oh that this monument were o'er my tomb!

Milton.

My sentence is for walking off, oh Bards!
Though we be marble. Doth not story old
Record how statues, erst, have breathed and walked,
Instinct with life and motion? Why relate
PYGMALION's idol, and the wife of clay,
PANDORA, she by cunning VULCAN wrought
For bold PROMETHEUS? Or, in modern days,
The marble man that unto supper came
To Seville's famous, but immoral Don,
Hight GIOVANNI? Could I here remain,
Heavy debate to list with tortured ear,
My CROMWELL's absence would determine mine.
Haste then, and from your pedestals descend,
To stalk abroad with me through London's streets,
Dark'ning with dire alarm the heart of Town.

Dryden.

All British Art Commissions Royal sway,
And when they order, sculptors must obey.
This poets find, whose effigies, like ours,
Are called to Parliament by princely powers.
Hard is our fate, thus destined to remain
Where Noise and Nonsense hold divided reign,
Amid contending politician's strife,—
Who ne'er were represented in our life.
Oh! that I ne'er the tuneful lyre had strung!
Was it for this, unlucky bard, I sung?
BLACKMORE and SHADWELL, after ages past,
Rejoice; your injured ghosts are now avenged at last.

Pope.

Curst, for ancestral sins, with parts and wit,
The Muse inspired me, and, alas! I writ;
Oh! had it been my happy fate to creep
With thee, good DENNIS, I with thee might sleep;
But immortality no slumber knows,
And deathless bards can never taste repose,
Ev'n though JOE HUME invoke the drowsy God,
And SIBTHORPE bid five hundred heads to nod;
Though PLUMPTRE lull the House to rest profound,
And SPOONER scatter all his poppies round;
And PALMERSTON compel the frequent wink,
Our ears in vain their opiate words will drink.
Oh! Brother Bards, whom Sculpture hither brings,
To mix with Statesmen, and to herd with Kings:
Blend, sole relief! your marble tears with mine:
Would that we ne'er had penn'd a single line!

THE COCKNEY EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.

A TRIAL of the Cockney Experimental Squadron came off a few days ago in the Southwark Channel. The *Bee* and the *Daisy* were first pitted against each other to steam it, under a heavy shower of rain, to the floating island of coal barges off Hungerford. Notwithstanding that the *Bee* had an immense pressure of passengers, who had crowded all umbrellas under a stiffish gale, which was blowing furiously the wrong way, she beat her antagonist by several cable's-lengths, ten knots and a quarter of a fathom.

In the afternoon the *Daisy* challenged the *Ant*, and both crews appeared, at starting, full of confidence. There was a twinkle in the eye of the captain of the *Daisy*, which seemed to say, "No, you don't," while there was a quiet "Won't I though?" in the wink of the commander of the *Ant*, which justified the confidence of his backers. After a great deal of puerile quarrelling between the two boys employed on board each vessel to watch the signals of the captain, both crafts went away, with their heads well up in the wind, when the *Ant* shot considerably in advance of her antagonist. The commander of the *Daisy* summoning his crew about him, addressed them eloquently from the paddle-box, and was in the act of saying, "Are ye men—are ye Britons—to let a rival steamer pass ye thus?" when *Father Thames, No. 6*, came by at a fearful rate, and nearly stove in a lady's parasol, with the force of the concussion. By this time the *Ant* had landed her passengers, and was on her way back, when the *Daisy*, hoisting her captain's coat by way of a sail, and throwing an entire scuttle of coals on to her fire, went gallantly up to her station.

Dear at a Gift.

WE beg to recommend to the notice of Railway Companies the National Gallery for a terminus. We have no doubt it may be had almost for the asking, providing any Company will guarantee the expenses of its removal. Sealed tenders should be sent in to SIR ROBERT PEEL, stating the lowest sum at which the rubbish will be removed. N.B.—There are two basins close at hand, into which a great part of it can be thrown.

COMIC SCULPTURE.

HAVING often laughed at the statues and works of art which adorn the metropolis in general, and in particular Trafalgar Square, nothing, it is our conviction, can be more manifest than the turn of our sculptors for the ridiculous, which they cannot help evincing, in spite of themselves, even when aiming most seriously at the Beautiful or the Sublime. By the pig-tail of GEORGE THE THIRD, this is a fact! Clearly, the tendency of the English mind, in sculpture, is towards burlesque. This cannot be repressed: let it therefore be directed. We possess an abundance of living statesmen, and other great men, whom the artists of their country could appropriately honour, and follow the bent of their genius all the while. Let London be embellished in accordance with this. In one conspicuous situation, for instance, we might have a statue of LORD BROUGHAM, in a pugilistic attitude—that is, hitting right and left, and prostrating a friend with one fist, and a foe with the other. In another might be erected one of SIR ROBERT PEEL, taking his seat between the two stools of Orangeism and Repeal, and paying the penalty by the laws of Physics in such case made and provided. In a third might be displayed Arithmetic, in the person of MR. HUME, instructing Mayoralty, also duly embodied, in the art of keeping accounts. In a fourth might be exhibited a Right Reverend BELISARIUS, with dog and crosier, exemplifying the functions of an Ecclesiastical Commissioner.

SCRIP AND SOFT SOAP.

THE following advertisement is taken from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, of October 11 :—

F. M———, SHAREBROKER, C—— S——, St. I——.
MONEY ADVANCED TO ANY AMOUNT.

N.B.—PRIVATE ROOMS FOR HAIR CUTTING AND DRESSING at the ensuing Fair.

What a pity St. I—— is so far off! We should like, above all things, to have our hair cut and curled by MR. M———. We are extremely curious to see how the grand amalgamation of the ROTHSCHILD and TRUEFITT lines is carried on. We suppose MR. M——— goes to the Stock Exchange, buys up a good bear, returns to Crown Street, puts up an announcement of "Another Fine Bear Slaughtered," and sells the produce forthwith in scrip and small allotments. We can imagine his recommending shares with the same obstinacy a London hairdresser does his "Balms" and "Essences," and that he does not allow a customer to leave his shop without having a "*Trent Valley*" under his arm, or else half-a-dozen "*Eastern Counties*" thrust into his pocket. A barber's shop is not the only place, however, in this railway age, where money is advanced to people with the hope of shaving them afterwards.

COLONIES FOR SALE.

IT seems that Denmark, being rather hard up, is getting rid of some of its colonies, after the same fashion as Spain, which mortgaged Cuba for the benefit of its creditors, who were thus enabled to take cigars for their overdue dividends.

We understand that Denmark has several small colonial sovereignties for sale, which it is intended to dispose of shortly, without any reserve whatever, at the Auction Mart. The fee-simple of a kingdom, with a reversionary interest in the taxes, after the expenses of Government are paid, is no bad thing for a *millionnaire* stag who has made his plum or two by railways, and requires some very out-of-the-way place to retire to while the calls of the different lines in which he is a shareholder are being clamoured for. A defaulter, who runs off with his pockets full of other people's money, had better purchase a regular right-down sovereignty, where he can have the law all his own way, and abolish at once, within his own dominions, all liability for debts contracted in another country.

For the convenience of those who undertake a runaway voyage from their own liabilities, with a fortune made by stagging, we should recommend that those colonial kingdoms which are for sale should have their thrones brought down to the sea-shore, with a broom hanging from the canopy, to indicate the fact of their being in the market to such persons as may be travelling past in a foreign vessel.

A placard announcing "This beautiful kingdom to be sold or let, with or without a ministry," would be an attractive object on the coasts of those outlandish seas, where the imagination and the swindler love to travel to.

THE CROMWELL STATUE QUESTION.

WE are happy to have it in our power to settle the difference that has long existed as to the propriety of letting CROMWELL have a Statue in the new Houses of Parliament. By dressing him up in the costume of the middle ages, nobody will know him; and if nobody knows him, it matters to nobody whether he is to be found or not among the collection of senatorial sculpture. Disguised under the mediæval costume and the very *médiocre* drawing of the middle age, no one will know that it is the statue of CROMWELL which stands before them—so that the scruples of the "right divine" party will not be outraged, while History will be preserved inviolate.

THIS DESIGN OF A STATUE TO

CROMWELL,

FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

Is Dedicated

TO A. W. PUGIN, ESQ.,

FOR HIS DETERMINED ZEAL IN KEEPING UP THE BAD DRAWING OF THE MIDDLE AGES,

By PUNCH.

Barry's Portraits.

MR. BARRY'S portraits of the statesmen of England are still being issued in weekly numbers. They are beautifully gilt, and are got up in a most elegant style. When completed, there will be a portrait for nearly every member of the House of Commons. About one hundred are already out, as will be seen upon counting the number of weathercocks that adorn the new Palaces of Westminster. When finished, they will make as handsome a series of political portraits as a nation could desire; for each weathercock, on turning, illustrates a principal event in the original's life, shifting invariably from side to side, and trimming exactly as the wind blows.

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

(From the Devil's Dyke.)

When the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us:" on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey;" but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bed-room for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bed-ridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—"Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house-keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the following scene,

in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement.—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and * * * * *

But *no*, I will *not* describe the place. What should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell.—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice: all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the mess-room, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaëton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his Master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flys, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, "—— Nebuzaradan, Esq., and family for London;" or, "Solomon Ramothgilead, Esq., has quitted his mansion in Marine crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;" and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

FASHIONS FOR THE FLEET.

We understand that our ships being intended for ornament rather than for use, will in future be furnished by Taprell and Holland, the celebrated upholsterers. The *Bulldog* frigate is to have a set of mahogany masts, and the main-sheet is to go to Howell and James's, to be spliced with mother-o'-pearl, as well as to have a small row of insertion put in between the gusset of the main-top, which will have a very pretty effect if a frill is added to the sky-scraper. It is in contemplation to inlay the binnacle with buhl, and replace the old bowsprit with satin-wood. The sails are to be worked in floss silk with the arms of England, and real beads are to be let in for the eyes of the lion and unicorn. The Admiral's daughter has kindly undertaken to work a lace ruff to go round the compass; and as the material will wash, the weather, of course, can have no effect upon it.

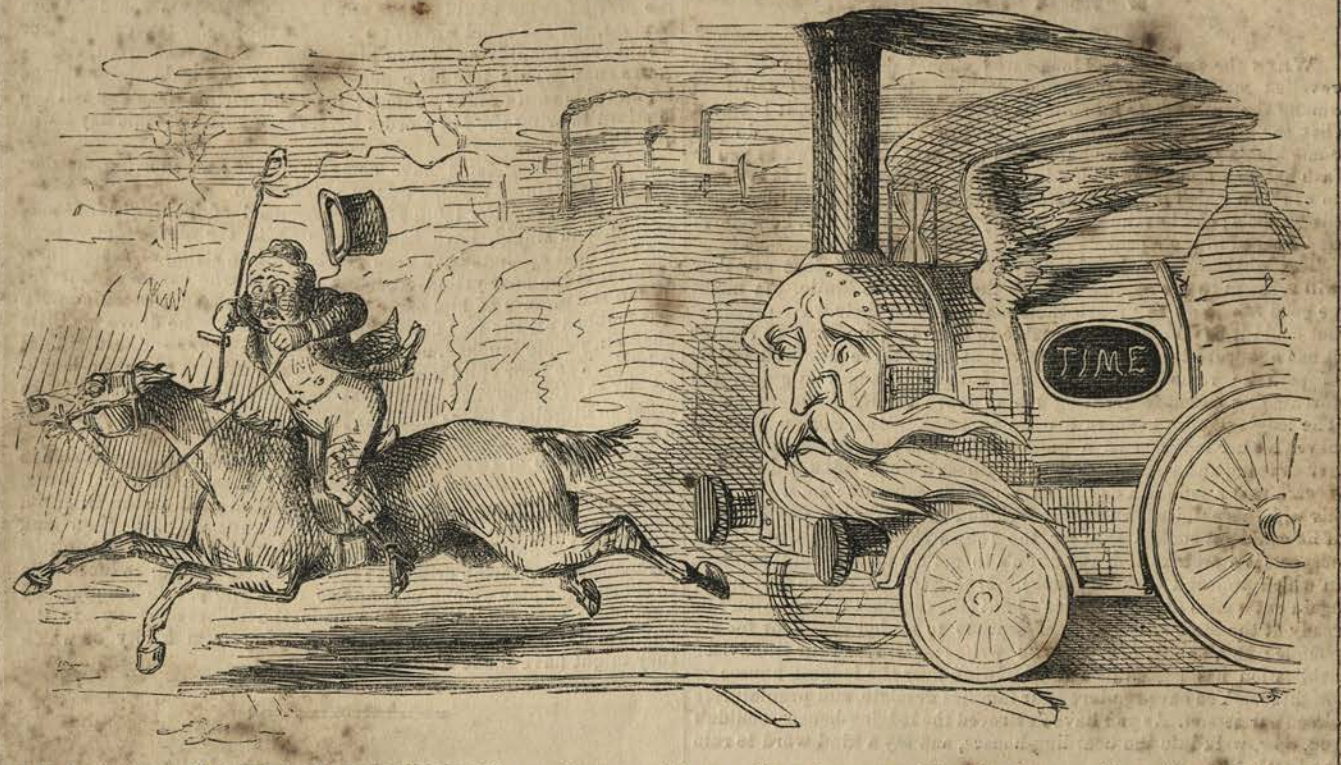
The Penny Boats.

At a meeting of the proprietors of the penny steam-boats, a most satisfactory report was read by the Secretary. Each voyage consumes only a quarter of a hundred of coals, at one-and-fourpence, which, allowing twopence for wood and lucifer matches, enables each vessel to navigate the entire distance, from the West-End to the City, for one-and-sixpence. It is calculated that each passage averages a return of three-and-elevenpence, which, allowing a penny for the Captain and a halfpenny each for the crew for every voyage, gives a clear profit of two-and-twopence for the shareholders. Now that the City omnibusses are compelled to traverse the distant wilds of Rolls' Buildings, and the romantic fastnesses—where the vehicles are always sticking fast—of Carey Street, the penny squadron is a real blessing to Londoners.

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

The Piers of Westminster Bridge had a meeting yesterday. It was unanimously resolved, that they would no longer support the building, of which they had been the pillars for so many years, and that unless some provision was instantly made for them in their old age, they would all retire in a body, and seek a maintenance elsewhere. One venerable old pier, who was apparently in the last stage of decay, announced his intention of going down the river in a few days, and sailing for America. The piers broke up after giving three groans for the Lord Mayor and Conservators of the river.

ANTI-RAILWAY MEETING OF FOX-HUNTERS.



ON Sunday last—this being the day usually selected for sporting *conversaziones*—a meeting of country gentlemen took place at a certain box in a well-known hunting district. The box not containing a compartment large enough to hold them, the assembly adjourned to the extensive stables attached to it.

MARTIN GALE, Esquire, a gentleman of great name and influence in the county, was unanimously called to the corn-bin, which answered every purpose of a chair.

The respected Chairman commenced by stating the object for which the meeting had been convened; namely, to take into consideration the prospects of fox-hunting, as likely to be affected by the lines of railway about to intersect the kingdom. He would call their serious attention to a most gloomy picture. This was the frontispiece of the last number of the "Railway Guide." It was a map of England and Wales, showing both the existing and projected lines. Could they conceive a more melancholy prospect than this? He would now exhibit to them a similar map in a recent number of *Punch*. He had no objection to harmless mirth; but he thought that *Punch* might better employ his pen or pencil, or whatever it was, than in joking on so serious a subject. With the country thus furrowed and channelled all over, he would ask where they were to run? Echo answered "Where?" But Echo would never more respond to "Tally-ho!" The hills and vales of Old England would cease to resound with "Yoicks!" "Tantivy!" would be a forgotten word; and the only view-hollow, for the future, would be that of some confounded tunnel. He would ask the meeting what they were to do? He did not know, for his part; and, having confirmed this assertion with an oath, he sat down amid much applause.

SIR NIMROD SNAFFLES had never thought to speak against rails. They all knew his bay mare, and were aware that few would stop her. But these rails would bring all hunting to a stand-still; Parliament should have thought of that. Suppose the fox took the rail, as it would from natural instinct, how could they follow the scent with the train following them? The animal would run to tunnel, of course;—there would be a pretty smash! The fox would be in at their death, instead of their being in at his. Other interests were protected; why not those of the fox-hunter? Talk of the laborious classes! He belonged to a body of men who worked as hard as any in the kingdom. His vested rights, therefore, ought to be respected; and for this purpose he would move that a petition be presented to Parliament praying for the stoppage of further railway extension.

The HONOURABLE MR. WHYTE CORDUROYS would second that motion. Never might he see that ugly invention, the steam-engine, supersede that noble animal, the horse! But this would be the case if railway extension went on. It would be impossible, however, to hunt by steam. The chase would therefore be abolished; the southerly wind and the cloudy sky would no longer proclaim a hunting morning; the hunt, in fact, would be up for ever. Let them, therefore, take time by the forelock, and make the most of it whilst they could. He was addressing fox-hunters; but he knew that they could enjoy stag-hunting on occasion; and he would conclude by advising them to commence instantly hunting the railway Stag, and use their best endeavours to run him down.

The petition was then agreed upon; and after three several volleys of groans for engineers, stokers, steam, and HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS, the meeting went to inspect the kennel.

CLERGYMEN ON RAILWAYS.

WHEN we saw the names of various clergymen in the list of Directors of proposed railways, we felt that the reverend gentlemen could not be better placed. As railways are for the most part conducted, we think every Company should have at least ten clergymen in its direction, one holy gentleman being compelled to travel with every train, that he might be on the spot to administer consolation in the case of mortal casualty. Indeed, every train should have its parson, as every line-of-battle ship has its chaplain. HENRY OF EXETER, however, has written a sort of pastoral note to a director clergyman, calling his attention to the 1st and 2nd Vic., which do not permit members of the Church to "deal for gain or profit." Taking the hint from the Bishop, may we also be allowed to point out these statutes to certain Deans and Chapers who show their churches for gain and profit, and, turning the penny by the exhibition of statues, &c., do certainly compete with MADAME TUSSAUD, and such like traders?

Royal Melodies.

THE KING OF DENMARK is selling one of his colonies, a newspaper paragraph says, "for a mere song." We have made inquiries in the City, and have ascertained that the song alluded to is "I've no money."

COMING EVENTS, &c.

As many as seventeen thousand newspapers have been found in the General Post Office with their covers burst. The reason of the newspapers bursting is accounted for, by the fact that they contain so many railway bubbles.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 93, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1845.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC LOOM.

A KNIGHT there liv'd, in Albion's later days,
A fair, sleek knight—hight "of the Magic Loom;"
A wealthy wight was he, of mickle praise,
And fruits of earth right valiant to consume,
(I ween he seldom thought of DIVES' doom)
And eke magician of no small renown;
For a dark sprite, inhabitant of gloom,
Work'd all his hests, while he on beds of down
Was lord of countless slaves, close pent in smoky town.

Hard by this town he built his palace fair,
Where he his doughty deeds of knighthood wrought:
KING ARTHUR, sure, and LANCELOT would stare,
To see the warfare modern knights are taught;
For there, full oft, with glittering blade he fought
'Gainst wild-boar, fowl, and beeves of stalwart might:
His lady gay, to see such deeds, distraught,
"Ah! court not death!" would cry; "desist, sweet knight!
This gorging makes you snore so horribly at night."

One night, with such fell tourney quite foredone,
Back in his chair of down the hero fell;
He in the morn through his domains had run,
And mark'd how all his vassals labour'd well,
And how, obedient to the potent spell,
Toil'd his dark slave, "Sprite of the Power of Steam,"
With all the dread machinery of Hell—
Red hissing flame, swift wheel, and creaking beam:—
And now, the battle o'er, the knight began to dream.

First, like true knight, he fought his wars again,
Fair danc'd his vanquish'd foes before his eyne;
But oft he seem'd to writhe with twinging pain,
Of recent scathe from them receiv'd a sign;
Their names were "Turtle," "Turbot," "Ven'son," "Wine,"
"Grouse," "Custard," "Stilton," "Macaroni," "Ale;"
For he in one fell stoure slew giants nine:
Ne marvel if he sickly look'd and pale:
His wife in cambric handkerchief for fear 'gan wail.

Then to his morning walk his thoughts recurr'd,
And, "O sweet steam," he mutter'd with a smile;
When lo! a wondrous monster at the word,
Rose from the earth, array'd in fiendish style;
Like unsubstantial mist he seem'd awhile,
A giant soon, of strength the world to tame,
Up shot his grinning head for many a mile,
Danc'd in a thousand shapes, and went and came,
And laugh'd, and hiss'd, and howl'd;—his breath was smoke and flame.

"Knight of the Magic Loom, you call'd," he cried.
Loud groan'd the knight, half choking in his dream,
And "Who art thou, dark stranger?" He replied:—
"Your most obedient slave, the Sprite of Steam,
Unconquer'd offspring of the Fire and Stream;
And I for thee throughout the world will go,
And fetch thee riches; swift as solar beam,
Convulse the town, and deal the murderous blow,
And hiss, and shriek, and howl, and laugh at human woe!"

"Welcome, good slave!" the shudd'ring knight replied,
"But oh! your dreadful language gives me pain;
You will alarm the lady at my side."
"*She* cannot hear!" wild laugh'd the fiend again,
"But see the victims of my jolly reign."
Then like a lightning flash away he flew,
And back return'd with such a woful train,
Borne by the hair along, that at the view
Loud sobb'd and wheez'd the knight!—his visage crimson grew.

There cripples groan, the sick deserted die,
And hungry wretches shiver pale and bare,
There the wild drunkard stares with fiery eye—
Some seem for riot ripe, and some despair;
And thousands laugh with lewd and reckless air,
Ignorant and lust-besotted. Sadly moans
The knight in troublous trance; up starts his hair;
In broken words remorsefully he groans—
As, "education"—"poor"—"relief"—and "health of towns."

"Ha!" yell'd the Spirit, "craven master mine,
What joke is this? my lord seems quite unmann'd;
The poor! ha! ha! come, dry thy tender eyne,
And I will still run riot in the land;
For, see! these bags of gold so bright and grand."——
Loud shrieks the knight, up starting in dismay,
"Back, slave! I hate thee, with thy coal-black hand."
"Black hand! Good Heavens!" he hears a soft voice say,
"My dear, how odd you talk! these gloves are clean to-day:

"But oh! I really thought you would have died,
And every moment fear'd to see you fall,
You look'd so wild and red, and gasp'd and sigh'd;—
But come, my love, I 'm ready for the ball."
"Alack!" he cried, "it would a saint appal
To dream my dream; I've duties to perform—
Now learnt, ne'er known before."—"Lord! how you drawl!
But take a cup of tea while it is warm,
And do arrange your hair in some more decent form."

PUNCH'S PROSPECTUS

OF HIS OWN INIMITABLE LINES, BRANCHING OUT IN AN INFINITE SERIES, WITHOUT THE SMALLEST PROSPECT OF A TERMINUS;

(*Provisionally Registered at Stationers' Hall*)

WITH INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES, WHICH ARE UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCED TO BE CAPITAL IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD.

THIS magnificent project is divided weekly into 5,000,000 shares, with a deposit of threepence on the office counter, in exchange for which, scrip is immediately given. There is a call of threepence every week, and persons wishing to have their stock consolidated into a volume, may have the transfer made every half-year by leaving their scrip at the office, such a contract being binding.

Of the Direction it is needless to say anything, for every one allows that *Punch's* direction is the right one. The engineering difficulties consist of the very onerous task of supplying to the whole public the benefit of first-rate lines and communications; but these difficulties have been overcome, for *Punch* can point with pride to his astonishing cuttings and his wonderful levellings, which, in taking a direct and straightforward course, he has been compelled to resort to.

This great national project has long since obtained the entire support of the whole of the public, a result which has been secured by the Directors taking care that their lines shall go right home to every station. The peculiarity of *Punch's* lines consists partly in their not admitting of any sleepers; and it is a remarkable fact that such has been their power of tunnelling that the Directors have been enabled to get through everything, or, in the technical language of raillery, to walk into it.

Applications for shares, in the usual form, may be made at the Office, 92, Fleet Street, and to any respectable periodical-brokers. Persons not known to the Directors must give a reference to some respectable Banker, or refer to their own pockets for the necessary deposit.

NEW WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE monster newspapers are now used in many shops instead of the usual weights. Four supplements, we believe, go to a hundredweight. The leaders, however, are never used, as they are found to be so much heavier some days than others.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

BEADLE. An old constitutional officer, of Saxon origin, whose duty it was to keep off the boys at the Druidical ceremonies, and clear the road for the members of the Wittenagemote, as they went down to the House during the Session. LORD COKE speaks of the beadle of a forest, and there are still beadles of the woods and forests, including the two functionaries of the Quadrant, who sometimes so far forget their official dignity as to be seen drinking tea out of large mugs behind one of the pillars of the portico. Parochial beadles are superior to the lay beadles, "and yet," says SPELMAN, "they be lay beadles too, for with their canes they do lay into the boys who happen to be refractory." In the English Universities there are gentlemen beadles, who, to make themselves select, call themselves bedels, but as "the rose by any other name," &c. &c., so the beadle by any other mode of spelling is still only a beadle.

BED OF JUSTICE (*lit de Justice*). The seat, or throne, on which the KING OF FRANCE used to sit when personally present in Parliament. As the debates were enough to send HIS MAJESTY to sleep, it was right that he should be provided with a bed when listening to the speeches. LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH was the last French sovereign who assembled a bed of justice, which led to the Revolution; so that the saying, "as you make your bed so you must lie," was very pertinent to the case of that unfortunate monarch.

BEDCHAMBER, LORDS OF THE, are officers of the Royal Household, whose duties consist in bringing the King his bootjack and

slippers, or helping him on with his dressing-gown. In the reign of WILLIAM THE FOURTH there were twelve, who waited a week each in turn, stropping the Royal razors, putting hot water at the door of the Royal dressing-room, and seeing that HIS MAJESTY was always provided with a clean pair of Clarences—the high-lows, so called out of compliment to the Sailor-King, who always wore them. In the reign of a Queen, ladies fill the offices alluded to, their duties consisting of filling the Royal scent-bottles, looking to the supply of bear's grease, and taking care that HER MAJESTY is never out of any of the essential articles of the *toilette*. In May, 1839, SIR R. PEEL having been called in to form a ministry, and knowing the influence of a little female chat in the confidential intercourse of the dressing-room, stipulated for the removal of the ladies; but the QUEEN, imagining that it could not matter to the nation whether the liberal Lady A, or the conservative Lady B, attended in the state *chambre-à-coucher*, declined yielding to the demand of SIR R., who was compelled to relinquish the grasp he had already laid on the office he had so long been waiting for.

BEGGAR. A person who is brought by poverty to a dead stand-still, but who is being continually told by the police that he must move on. It has been erroneously said that beggars must not be choosers, but this is not true; for they can generally take their choice between theft and a sufficient provision in gaol, or starvation in one of the Union Workhouses.

BENEFICE. A provision for ecclesiastical persons, from *bene facere*, to do well; because, according to some, the ecclesiastics are well-doers; or, according to others, the persons are well done who have to pay the benefice. LORD COKE says, "*Beneficium* is a large word," and everybody else says it ought to be a large word, considering the large sum that is sometimes included in it.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY. An exemption from punishment of any person who could prove himself to be a clerk; so that the production of a barrister's wig-box would be *primâ facie* proof that the bearer of it was a clerk, and if he were condemned to be hanged he would have obtained a pardon. Reading was, however, the most general proof of clerkship; and if a culprit had been unable to read at his trial, but had taken six lessons after conviction, and could read even on the scaffold, he would have been saved from the hands of the hangman. The "Benefit of Clergy" has been abolished by statute, and even the chimney-sweepers' May-day festivity, which was in some sort a "benefit of clergy," has, by the devastating hand of the *Ramoneur*, been fearfully demolished.

BENEVOLENCE. A royal mode that formerly prevailed of obtaining supplies by an odd mixture of mendicity and robbery,—a curious combination of the meanness of the beggar with the violence of the highwayman. It was as if the KING should go round with the crown converted into a hat, asking alms, and holding the sceptre in a threatening position, as much as to say, "Your money or your life!" to those of his subjects from whom the benevolence was to be extracted. This institution, like many other projects with benevolence for their ostensible object, was a decided swindle, which prevailed till 1688, when the Bill, which, from its putting everything to rights, was called the "Bill of Rights," put an end to the imposition.

BILL IN CHANCERY. This is such an endless business, that we decline going into it. Those who know what a Bill in Chancery is, must be aware that it beggars description as much as it beggars everybody and everything. Those who know nothing of a Bill in Chancery may rest satisfied with the assurance that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

A Real Blessing to Managers.

MR. CHOKEPIT,

(*Of the Theatres Royal, Great Britain and Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed,*)

Author of the most artful play-bills ever printed, respectfully submits his imagination (on reduced terms) to teetotal, burial, and benefit societies, purposing to take a "night" at the London Theatres. The advertiser has always on hand an infallible assortment of houses, both crowded and overflowing, to any extent, according to price. Audiences drawn in any quantity—either immense to the majors, or mild to the minors. The following is a scale of attraction, at which MR. C. guarantees

A BUMPER FOR FIVE POUNDS.

	£	s.	d.
For a "musical *mélange*" between the pieces, with clog-hornpipe, terrific combat, and Grecian statues—complete . .	0	15	0
For an allegorical transparency to show over pit-entrance, with arms of Benefit Society—ladder, anchor, dove, &c., eye wide open in the middle, and something incontrovertible underneath, by way of motto	1	15	0
For a speech for President, and comic song for amateur brother	0	7	6
For persuading first tragedian of theatre to act burlesque, and allow it to be called such "for this night only" . . .	1	1	0
For inducing weekly papers to "perceive by their advertising columns" said benefit	1	1	0
	£5	0	0

N.B. Infant prodigies in sizes. Triumphs in every variety of the pyrotechnic art. "Auxiliary aid"—viz., MRS. CHOKEPIT and family—on the shortest notice.

THE RAILWAY WORKHOUSE.

WHEN we consider the daily supplements of the newspapers, filled with railway prospectuses; when we reflect that three-fourths of those schemes are arrant bubbles; when we recollect that as large a proportion of the shareholders therein are men of straw; and, finally, when we compute the sum that,—what with advertisements, estimates, surveys, and other disbursements,—these are likely to amount to; a painful idea obtrudes itself on our apprehension that, not to speak with too literal a strength, a very large herd of stags will go to the dogs. Under these circumstances, we see no other asylum for them than the workhouse; and, as such a terminus will be terrible to all who have ever known the merest comfort, we earnestly suggest the establishment, by charitable subscription, of a Joint Stock Railway Workhouse, where at least the common necessaries of life may be secured to the inmates. The wind will thus, in a measure, be tempered to the shorn stag, and a refuge will be provided for him, where, when at length compelled to draw his horns in, he may end his days in peace.

A DOE IN THE CITY.

"Dear Mr. Punch,— "*Holborn Hill, Settling-day, Oct.* 30, 1845.

"As I was going down Stagg Alley yesterday, to sign the Great Didland deed, I saw the prettiest little Brougham in the world pull up at Horn Street—and the sweetest little love of a figure you ever saw, step out of the vehicle. Her appearance created quite a sensation among the stagging gents, and caused even *me* to pause and look round.

"Greatly to my surprise, this lovely young lady tripped by me, walked into the Didland Office, where up comes all the clerks crowding and grinning about her, and signed the deed with the greatest coolness in the world; I peeped over her shoulder, and saw her write—

Name in Full.	Place of Residence.	Profession.	Place of Business, if any.	No. of Shares.	Sum.
Katherine Lorimer.	Curzon St., Mayfair.	Spinster.	—	100	£2000

"O, Sir, how my heart beat as she put her sweet little finger on the wafer, and said, in thrilling accents, '*I deliver this as my act and deed!*'

"I have not given her real name here, but if she took notice of a gent. in a green coat and little blue satin stock, light auburn hair and whiskers, diamond pin and brown silk umbrella, and is going to drive in the Park on Sunday next, she will see one at the Achilles statue whose intentions are strictly honourable.

"If you would put this in your widely-extended journal (which I regularly subscribe to) I should be

"Your most grateful Servant,

"Frederick Haltamont de Montmorency.

"P.S. As some parties like poetry, and I have a pretty knack that way, I have put our *rencounter* into verse.

"Little Kitty Lorimer,
Fair, and young, and witty;
What has brought your Ladyship
Rambling to the City?

All the Stags in Capel Court,
Saw her lightly trip it;
All the lads of Stock Exchange
Twigg'd her muff and tippet.

With a sweet perplexity,
And a mystery pretty,
Threading through Threadneedle Street,
Trots the little Kitty.

What was my astonishment—
What was my compunction,
When she reached the Offices
Of the Didland Junction!

Up the Didland stairs she went,
To the Didland door, Sir;
Porters lost in wonderment,
Let her pass before, Sir.

'Madam,' says the old chief Clerk,
'Sure we can't admit ye.'
'Where's the Didland Junction deed?'
Dauntlessly, says Kitty.

'If you doubt my honesty,
Look at my receipt, Sir;'
Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,
Smiling as he meets her.

Kitty at the table sits
(Whither the old Clerk leads her);
'*I deliver this*,' she says,
'*As my act and deed, Sir.*'

When I heard these funny words
Come from lips so pretty;
This, I thought, should surely be
Subject for a ditty.

What! are ladies stagging it?
Sure, the more's the pity;
But I've lost my heart to her,—
Naughty little Kitty.'

"P.S. 2. If she reads this, I beg to add I am twenty-five years of age, unencumbered; have a very good business in Holborn Hill; and have myself done pretty well *in the Railway Line*."

PRIZES FOR PINCHING.

Agricultural Associations, in awarding prizes to deserving labourers, are no doubt actuated by a most praiseworthy benevolence; but we confess that, to us, they appear to display a certain want of system.

It is no doubt very proper to reward the labourer for general good conduct; that is to say, for pinching back and stomach to the greatest possible degree, and toiling from morning to night, all the year round, to the utmost limits of human endurance. But few, however, are capable of such very good conduct as this, and we really think a more partial merit worthy of some recompense. A prize might be awarded to the ploughman or carter who has fasted the greatest number of days for a term of years; who has eaten the least bacon, and drunk the smallest quantity of beer, or kept himself and family on the coarsest kind of food for a given period. For instance, a small sum might be allotted to the man who had lived the longest time on the smallest number of bones, made into soup. Premiums might likewise be given for going without hats or stockings, or dispensing with the luxury of linen; also for sleeping on the bare floor, or being content with straw instead of a bed.

Many of our labouring population are capable of particular acts of self-denial, though unable to shave in every particular with that closeness which Agricultural Societies would prescribe. Every penny that can be saved from poor's rates, or from wages, is ultimately an addition to landlords' rents, and of an importance commensurate with the general smallness of those pittances. Surely, therefore, that labourer who, though he may not deprive himself of every comfort, renounces as many as he can for the benefit of the poor landlord, is a person who deserves to be encouraged. Let the smallest sacrifices of the peasant be thankfully received.

THE EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.

We regret to hear that the ships constituting the Experimental Squadron have been in a very bad way since the late severe trial to which they have been subjected.

The *Albion* has been suffering from an internal complaint, consisting of a derangement of the ballast, which rendered drastic treatment necessary; and no less than thirty tons were taken from her. At one time, her state was so frightfully plethoric, that she was thought to be gradually sinking; but she has since rallied under the influence of strong stimulants. The *Queen* has been suffering from a pressure of the stays, and a straining of the arms, but is now considerably better. The *Vanguard* has been rather dropsical, and has had water on the chest, but is now as well as can be expected. The *Canopus* was thought to have had two of her ribs broken, accompanied by a coldness in the legs or shivering of the timbers; but on inspection she proved to be in a tolerably sound condition.

THE MEN WHO CARRY OTHER PEOPLE'S BILLS.

THE political quacks have for the last year or two been driving a profitable trade by dealing in the nostrums of other people for their own benefit. If MOSES should encase himself between a number of advertising boards, announcing the superior virtues of SPRATSWILL's clothing, he (MOSES) would, in carrying another person's bills, be only doing what has recently been done by the Ministers. PEEL is the political MOSES, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL is the SPRATSWILL of Parliament, except that while the latter cuts his coat according to his cloth on a very bad measure of his own, the former cuts his coat out of the cloth, and according to the measures of other people. He who can fancy DAY and MARTIN parading the streets with a hoarding around them, inscribed with invitations to the public to "try WARREN's Blacking," can form some idea of the strangeness and singularity of the Ministers in carrying the bills of their political rivals.

MODERN HIEROGLYPHICS.

"I say BILL, 'ave you seen Wotdyecallum?"
"Wot, do you mean Wots'isname?"
"O no, not 'im,—that 'ere tother."
"O, ah! I seed 'im fast enuff."

ELASTIC PAVEMENT.—We perceive that a Company has been advertised for laying down elastic pavement. Elasticity of course means the capability of being pulled out; but the pulling out will, we suspect, devolve entirely on the shareholders.

A School for Magistrates.

MR. HARDWICK, of Marlborough Street, has been the first magistrate with sufficient justice and moral courage on his side to commit "a gentleman" to the House of Correction, for a brutal assault on a policeman and others,—very much, as it appeared, to the astonishment of the aforesaid gentleman, whom we can now fancy seated on the same ground with vulgar, penniless misdemeanor, manipulating his oakum, hardly yet reconciled to the fact that the force of money has, for once, failed him. We understand that SIR JAMES GRAHAM intends to institute an evening-school for magistrates, that they may be the better instructed. MR. HARDWICK will be appointed schoolmaster. It is to be hoped that TWYFORD, GREENWOOD, and other old boys we could name, will attend regularly, and profit by the lessons of their master.

RAILWAY STATISTICS.

THERE is one department in which the Railway papers are sadly deficient, namely, the announcement of Railway Births, Deaths, and Marriages. The daily springing up of the new projects, with their constant cutting off in the dangerous stage of infancy—a cutting off in which the directors may some day participate—and the frequent union of one railway with another—would afford ample materials for the department of births, deaths, and marriages, in a railway newspaper. It would be curious to see how many had been safely delivered of a new scheme, whether the parent was "*doing* well," which might be very possible, and whether the offspring was tolerably healthy, with a large development of the faculties for coming soon to a state of wholesome premium. The deaths, with their various causes, consisting of inanition, rapid consumption, or original weakness of the constitution, would also be an interesting feature; while unions actually formed, as well as marriages on the *tapis*, between the various lines desirous of amalgamating their interests and becoming one, would be of the greatest utility, as well as afford considerable amusement. We may probably supply from time to time a list of railway births, deaths, and marriages.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE!"

[(NEW VERSION.)

"I say, JIM, Vot's a Panic?"

"Blow'd if I know; but there 's Von to be seen in the City."

JEAMES ON TIME BARGINGS.

ERAPS at this present momink of Railway Hagetation and unsafety the follying little istory of a young friend of mine may hact as an olesome warning to hother week and hirresolute young gents.

"Young FREDERICK TIMMINS was the horphan son of a respectable cludgyman in the West of Hengland. Hadopted by his uncle, COLONEL T———, of the Hoss-Mareens, and regardless of expence, this young man was sent to Heaton Collidge, and subsiquintly to Hoxford, where he was very nearly being Senior Rangler. He came to London to study for the lor. His prospix was bright indead; and He lived in a seckndflore in Jerming Street, having ginteal inkum of two hunderd lbs per hannum.

"With this andsum enuity it may be supposed that FREDERICK wanted for nothink. Nor did he. He was a moral and well-educated young man, who took care of his close; pollisht his hone tea-party boots; cleaned his kidd-gloves with injer rubber; and, when not invited to dine out, took his meals reglar at the Hoxford and Cambridge Club—where (unless somebody treated him) he was never known to igseed his alf-pint of Marsally Wine.

"Merrits and vuttues such as his coodnt long pass unperseavd in the world. Admitted to the most fashnabble parties, it wasn't long befor sevral of the young ladies viewed him with a favorable i; one, ixpecially, the lovely Miss HEMILY MULLIGATAWNEY, daughter of the Heast-Injar Derector of that name. As she was the richest gal of all the season, of corse FREDERICK fell in love with her. His haspirations were on the pint of being crowndid with success; and it was agreed that as soon as he was called to the bar, when he would sutnly be apinted a Judge, or a revising barrister, or Lord Chanslor he should lead her to the halter.

"What life could be more desirable than FREDERICK's? He gave up his mornings to perfeshnl studdy, under MR. BLUEBAG, the heminent pleader; he devoted his hevenings to helegant sosiaty at his Clubb, or with his hadord HEMILY. He had no cares; no detts; no egstravigancies; he never was known to ride in a cabb, unless one of his tip-top friends lent it him; to go to a theayter unless he got a horder; or to henter a tavern or smoke a cigar. If prosperraty was hever chocked out, it was for that young man.

"But *suckmstances* arose. Fatle suckmstances for pore FREDERICK TIMMINS. The Railway Hoperations began.

"For some time, immerst in lor and love, in the hardent hoccupations of his cheembers, or the sweet sosiaty of his HEMILY, FREDERICK took no note of railroads. He did not reckonize the jigantic revalution which, with hiron strides was a walkin over the country. But they began to be talked of even in *his* quiat haunts. Heven in the Hoxford and Cambridge Clubb, fellers were a speckulatin. TOM TRUMPER (of Brasen Nose) cleared four thowsnd lb.; BOB BULLOCK (of Hexeter), who had lost all his proppaty gambling, had set himself up again; and JACK DEUCEACE, who had won it, had won a small istate besides by lucky specklations in the Share Markit.

"*Hevery body won.* 'Why shoudn't I,' thought pore FRED.; and having saved 100 lb., he began a writin for shares—using, like an ickonominicle feller as he was, the Club paper to a prodigious igstent. All the Railroad directors, his friends, helped him to shares—the allottments came tumbling in—he took the primmiums by fifties and hundreds a day. His desk was cramd full of bank notes: his brane world with igsitement.

"He gave up going to the Temple, and might now be seen hall day about Capel Court. He took no mor hinterest in lor; but his whole talk was of railroad lines. His desk at MR. BLUEBAG's was filled full of prospectisises, and that legal gent wrote to FRED's uncle, to say he feared he was neglectin his bisniss.

"Alass! he *was* neglectin it, and all his sober and industerous habits. He begann to give dinners, and thought nothin of partys to Greenwich or Richmond. He didn't see his HEMILY near so often: although the hawdacious and misguided young man might have done so much more heasily now than before: for now he kep a Broom!

"But there 's a tumminus to hevery Railway. FRED.'s was approachin; in an evil hour he began making *time-bargains*. Let this be a warning to all young fellers, and FRED.'s huntimely hend hoperate on them in a moral pint of vu!

"You all know under what favrabble suckemstansies the Great Hafrican Line, the Grand Niger Junction, or Gold Coast and Timbuctoo (Provishnal) Hatmospheric Railway came out four weeks ago: deposit nine pence per share of 20*l.* (six elephant's teeth, twelve tons of palm-oil, or four healthy niggers, African currency)—the shares of this helegeble investment rose to 1, 2, 3, in the Markit. A happy man was FRED. when, after paying down 100 ninepences (3*l.* 15*s.*), he sold his shares for 250*l.* He gave a dinner at the Star and Garter that very day. I promise you there was no Marsally *there*.

"Nex day they were up at 3¼. This put FRED. in a rage: they rose to 5, he was in a fewry. 'What an ass I was to sell,' said he, 'when all this money was to be won!'

"'And so you *were* an Ass,' said his particklar friend, COLONEL CLAW, K.X.R., a director of the line, 'a double-eared Ass. My dear feller, the shares will be at 15 next week. Will you give me your solemn word of honour not to breathe to mortal man what I am going to tell you?'

"'Honour bright,' says FRED.

"'HUDSON HAS JOINED THE LINE.' FRED. didn't say a word more, but went tumbling down to the City in his Broom. You know the state of the streats. CLAW *went by water*.

"'Buy me one thousand Hafricans for the 30th,' cries FRED., busting into his broker's; and they were done for him at 4⅞.

* * * * * *

"Can't you guess the rest? Haven't you seen the Share List? which says:—

'Great Africans, paid 9*d.*; price ¾ par.'

"And that 's what came of my pore dear friend TIMMINS's time-barging.

"What 'll become of him I can't say; for nobody has seen him since. His lodgins in Jerming Street is to let. His brokers in vain deplores his absence. His Uncle has declared his marriage with his housekeeper; and the *Morning Erald* (that emusing print) has a paragraf yesterday in the fashnabble news, headed 'Marriage in High Life.—The rich and beautiful Miss MULLIGATAWNEY, of Portland Place, is to be speedily united to COLONEL CLAW, K.X.R.'

"JEAMES."

A DOSE FOR THE QUACKS.

GREAT outcry has been raised of late, in the *Lancet* and other journals, against Quacks and Quackery. Let them not flatter themselves that it is possible to put either down. The Quack is a personage too essential to the comfort of a large class of society, to be deprived of his vocation. He is, in fact, the Physician of the Fools,—a body whose numbers and respectability are by far too great to admit of anything of the kind. However, as there are some people in the world who are not fools, and who will not, when they want a doctor, have recourse to a Quack, if they can help it, the practice of the latter ought certainly to be limited to his proper sphere. For this end, we would certainly go rather further than SIR JAMES GRAHAM's sympathies permitted him to proceed last session. We propose that every Quack should not only not be suffered to call himself what he is not, but should be compelled to call himself what he is. We would not only prevent him from assuming the title of a medical man, but we would oblige him to take that of Quack. Every vendor of "Life Pills," "Daffy's Elixir," "Dalby's Carminative," or anything of the kind, we would force, under a heavy penalty, to write himself down "Quack" upon his brass-plate; and if we could imprint the same word on his no less brazen forehead, or, at least, pin it upon his back, we would do that into the bargain.

A Sure Competency.

THERE are again a number of complaints from travellers, who are detained all day at the Custom House at Folkstone. We think a circulating library, if established in the passengers' room, would answer very well. If books and periodicals were let out at a reasonable rate, either by the day or hour, a snug little fortune would be realised in a very short time. Works inculcating patience and amenity of temper should principally be selected. A chess-board should decidedly be kept in the room for the gratuitous use of the two passengers who happened to be the last on the list.

THE RULE OF CONTRARIES.

THE fortifications at Gibraltar were *fearlessly* shown to M. THIERS, and Woolwich Arsenal and our Docks have been thrown open to the detractor of Englishmen with the same unreserve. It is clear the authorities trust to M. THIERS' habit, as an historian, of misrepresenting everything.

CALL FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD, a RAILWAY CALL, which may be had on very reasonable terms. It is well adapted for any one who is going on a very long voyage, and does not intend to come back again. Particulars may be had at the sign of the Bald-faced Stag, or at the temporary office of the owner, on the third curb-stone from Capel Court, opposite the Bank of England.

THE THAMES PIERAGE.

REMEMBER, a few years ago, when there was a talk of swamping the Peerage, the threat was declared to be unconstitutional; those who ventured to suggest that a few new creations would preserve the Peerage from destruction, were called traitors to their country, snakes in the grass, or rather, to use a finer and bolder figure, crocodiles in the bulrushes. Since that time, however, a healthier feeling has sprung up, and the civic authorities have set a noble example by creating a quantity of new piers, as a cure for the crazy and ricketty condition of the old river pierage. Blackfriars has already taken the oaths, and its seat on the banks of the Thames, and the only question that remains to be solved is how the revenue is to be collected to support the new pier in his dignity. It is proposed that every steam-boat captain shall pay a tribute of sixpence whenever he makes a call, but if he makes a call he must of course leave his card in the shape of a ticket, or he may come with a runaway knock against the sides of the Pier, and, putting on a good press of steam, cut away from his liability. Of course the Pier would have no remedy, and as the principal portion of it consists of a dummy, it is impossible that the poor dumb thing could cry out after the unprincipled captain.

We have an objection to this collection of tribute-money, which savours somewhat of the old feudal times, when the Barons made their vassals cash up to an extent that was truly terrible. This objection is, however, apart from the difficulty there will probably be in collecting the money, for it is not to be supposed that a gallant captain, with a bold and adventurous crew under his command, will consent to be taken into custody by a mere Jack-in-the-water, who is usually the only authority present at the pier when the vessels call at it. As if the civic potentates expected an *émeute*, it is said that no less than six men have been sworn in as special constables to protect the pier from invasion; for it is feared in some quarters that the steam-boat captains may insist on an unconditional right of visit, in conformity with a treaty which has had the signatures of LORD ABERDEEN and the French Minister.

The old Pier still remains, clinging affectionately to the side of the new Pier, and it is expected that when they are torn apart from each other, the scene will be a very affecting one. The separation between the bridge and the old Pier, which have

> So long together, side by side,
> Withstood life's ever-changing tide,

is expected to be one of the most heart-rending and timber-shivering businesses that was ever known in the neighbourhood.

The Railway Committee Mart.

RAILWAY COMMITTEES in want of Directors are requested to apply at the British and Foreign Destitute. There is always a good supply kept on hand, and no questions asked. The charge is, one hundred shares for an Esquire, and fifty more for a real Knight. Secretaries in any quantity; and prospectuses got up at an hour's notice. N.B. A dictionary on the premises.

A Leader on the Railway Mania.

(Strongly recommended to the "Observer.")

IN the present buoyant state of everything, when prosperity flows like a cataract into the pockets of the people, it is sad to see an attempt made to check the onward rolling of the railway billow. The beautiful fluctuation of the scrip is like the bounding of the boundless ocean,—now up, now down, like the dancing wave, as it subsides into discount, or swells proudly into premium. How shocking, therefore, is it to find an attempt made to check the current of this delicious enterprise. But let us crush and expose the fallacy of fear, and by a few touches of our statistical pen at once restore confidence. Let us take facts, and rush for consolation into the bosom of figures. Suppose that gold is so much per mille at Hamburgh less than it is in London, and suppose, moreover, that the consumption of wheat is in the ratio of six—where, we ask, can be the danger of a failure of the sum to make good the amount of the calls for railways?

This, we think, is conclusive; and let the alarmists answer it if they can. Where, then, is the danger? Echo, borne on a thousand breezes puffed out from Capel Court, indignantly answers—"Where?"

A LETTER FROM THE SHADES.

"WELL-BELOVED PUNCH,— "*Hades.*

"I ADDRESS myself to thee, because it hath been noised to me that thou, who in the olden time wert but a participator in the abomination of puppet-shows, art now reformed, and art become a teacher of sound truth, so that thou art savoury to the nostrils of right-minded men.

"Know, O *Punch*, that I was an inhabitant of the realm which you now enlighten with wisdom, in the blessed year 1647. I was one of those happy persons whose hearts leaped with joy at the passing of the Act 'for the suppression of stage plays and interludes.' Yea, it was a pleasant thing to hear that the Lord Mayor, the Justices and Sheriffs of London and Westminster, of Middlesex and Surrey—were to pull down all galleries, seats, and boxes, erected for the acting or playing, or seeing acted or played, 'stage-plays, interludes, and common plays;'* and that the chastisement of public whipping was to be inflicted upon all that practised the heathenish occupation of acting. And thou, good *Punch*, wouldst have rejoiced likewise.

"Ere I died, the times of darkness had again commenced. The law of the land was changed, and two wicked men, called WILLIAM DAVENANT and THOMAS KILLIGREW, were allowed to revive the abomination of stage-plays. Truly, my heart was heavy when I departed from the earth.

"But sweet balm of consolation hath, of late, dropped into my wounded soul. News hath been brought to me in Hades, that he who now holdeth one of these patents hath caused plays and interludes to be acted, of such a very dull and undelectable character, that the worldly who go to witness them rush home to their beds long before they are concluded. I have also heard that the same good man doth all he can to suppress the works of BEN SHAKSPEARE and WILL JONSON, and other abominable poets who were well known in my day.†

"Now, worthy *Punch*, it is evident that this director of stage-plays is a labourer in the good cause. Only, instead of pulling down galleries and boxes, he putteth forth such entertainment that those who sit in them rejoice greatly to leave them, and, questionless, will not return again. Thus the same end is accomplished with less of violence and heart-burning; and I have no doubt that had the good men of the year 1647 hit upon the plan, they would not have passed the act before cited, but another, ordering the *Witch* and *The Girl of Stone* (names of interludes, acted, as I am told, at the present day‡) to be played at every theatre in the cities of London and Westminster, and the liberties thereof. Then the Justices and the Sheriffs would have had no sort of trouble, but the people would have left the play-houses of their own accord.

"Thinking that there ought to be some reward to the doer of so good a work, I propose that he shall be presented with a copy of MASTER PRYNNE'S *Histrio-Mastix*, bound in morocco, for the furthering of which object I hereby endorse a note for five dollars. The coin of the British realm I cannot send, seeing the same never cometh to Hades, and therefore I send a note of the United States Bank, which descended here with all its effects some four years ago.

"THE GHOST OF BAREBONES."

* "If any person ask me the difference between a 'stage play' and a 'common play,' I answer, that I cite the letter of the good law without being clear as to the interpretation thereof."—*G. of B.*

† The knowledge of our friend does not extend to names.—*Punch.*

‡ What can the ghost mean? He surely cannot mean the *Enchantress* and the *Marble Maiden*, for we learn that these give universal delight, by the very first authority—viz., the play-bills of the day. Some wag—probably one of the defunct imitators of *Punch*—must have gone to Hades and hoaxed good BAREBONES.—*Punch.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

"*Derrynane, October 27th.*

VER BELOVED COUNTRYMEN,—I write to let you know my 'Rent,' becomes due on the 16th of November. I am proud always to receive this annual manifestation of your sympathies, because I am convinced the contributions come from your hearts. And what noble hearts my countrymen have! Of all the hearts there are no hearts in the world like Irish hearts.

"I took a walk in my garden this afternoon, after dinner. The sun was shining—and nowhere does the sun shine so brilliantly as it does in Ireland—the hills were laughing; the birds were singing—and no birds can sing so sweetly as the Irish birds, when they like;—and the daisies, and the hollyhocks, and the green grass, all looked so beautiful, that I could not help dropping a scalding tear for very shame that a country so lovely, so rich as Ireland, should ever have been so brutally trampled upon by the slaughterous Saxon. But wait awhile, my dear countrymen. In another six months you shall have Repeal, or else I will give you leave to take my legs. Recollect, my head I have given you already.

"But, let me return to the rent. I know too well, as soon as the sun is rising over the green fields of Erin, on the 16th of next month, that every mother's son of you will be rushing to his priest, eager to prove which of you shall be the first to pay in his contribution to the fund for his country's liberation from the grasp of the Sassenagh. I reverence you for that holy feeling! I love you for the enthusiasm you evince in the sacred cause of Repeal; but, my beloved countrymen, keep your contributions this year. I would not not take the smallest coin from you, as I love you. How could I, your father, pocket your money, when I knew my poor children would want every penny they have for the next winter, when the wind will be coming in at the door, and there will be no praties to put into the pot? For, have I not just heard that the potato-crop has failed this year in Ireland? My heart bleeds for you, my poor countrymen; but be patient, commit no violence, and I promise you Repeal before you are a year older.

"So, never mind about the Rent this year. I'll manage as well as I can without it for once, and if you like to make up for it the next time, why you can. Do not attempt to shake me from my resolution. I am firm—resolute as the Giants' Causeway. Derrynane fortunately contains everything I shall want. There is plenty of game; the rivers swarm with beautiful fish, and the hills around are covered with sheep; and oh! my countrymen, where will you see such sheep as there are in Ireland?

"Recollect, no rent—not a half-farthing of tribute this year! This is the imperative command of—

"My beloved countrymen,

"Your affectionate father,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"P.S. I had nearly forgotten to say—

"'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!'"

SLEEPY OFFICIALS.

LIEUT. BURRELL, of H.M.S. *Superb*, has been tried by Court-martial, at Plymouth, for sleeping on his watch; has been found guilty, and is sentenced to be *dismissed from Her Majesty's service.*

We wonder whether the punishments inflicted in the Navy are graduated according to the rank of the offender, on the same scale as that which governs the distribution of rewards. If this same LIEUT. BURRELL, in command of the ship's cutter, had made a gallant dash at a piratical slaver, and captured her, the reward of his bravery would have been shared by many—the lion's share being swallowed by those who had no participation in his danger, nor in the merit of the capture. For every pound of prize-money that went into the pocket of the lieutenant, four would go into that of his captain, and a double dose into that of the admiral.

Supposing the same graduated scale applied to the infliction of punishment, we should like to know the amount which might reasonably be expected if a captain were caught napping, or the admiral were twigged taking forty winks. We tremble to contemplate the possibility (only that such a thing, of course, never did, and never can, occur) of a Lord of the Admiralty sleeping at his post.

We do not desire to justify a sleepy subordinate; but we confess that this rigorous punishment would jar less upon our feelings if the bitter and the sweet were always dispensed with an even hand.

JAQUES IN CAPEL COURT.

ALL the world are stags!
Yea, all the men and women merely jobbers!
They have their brokers and their share-accounts,
And one man in his time tries many lines,
The end being total ruin. First, the greenhorn,
Dabbling and dealing in a lucky spec.;
And then the prosperous seller, with his profits
And joyous winning face, buying like mad,
Unwilling to sell out; and then, the loser,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful prospect
Of the next settling day! Then the director,
Full of strange schemes, and lodged at the West-End,
Keeping a cab, and sudden growing rich,—
Getting a bubble reputation
Even in Capel Court. And then the bankrupt,
With his debts' schedule large, and no assets:
By all his decent friends entirely cut,—
Full of bad scrip, and fertile of fresh schemes;
And so he plays his game. The sixth step sinks
Into the low and herring-gutted stag,
With spectacles on nose and list in hand;
His youthful gains all spent, the world too wide-
-Awake to be ta'en in, and his long line
Of hapless creditors that idly wait
And whistle for their cash. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad but common history,
Is—Union pauperism, and oakum picking:
Sans beer, sans beef, sans tea, sans everything.

THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

WE have heard a great deal about the House of Brunswick; and when it is mentioned at a public dinner, the piston of patriotism has pumped away at our hearts, without our exactly knowing why or wherefore. We were always in the dark as to where the House of Brunswick really was, and imagined that, instead of its being "a local habitation and a name," it was simply a name without any local habitation attached to it. We have, however, ascertained that the House of Brunswick is a great fact, very near to a great factory at Vauxhall, and is rapidly falling to decay—a fate that every true patriot must deplore, for the House of Brunswick seems to be forgetting the principles it was built upon, the walls getting out of the level, and the foundations crumbling away as rapidly as possible. Those Britons who can behave like bricks, may be of use to the House of Brunswick in its present trying juncture.

Its summer-house is tottering on the margin of the river, and has fallen head-foremost, as if it were ashamed to show its face. Every true friend of the Constitution should rush to the Nine Elms pier at Vauxhall, and see if anything can yet be done to save the House of Brunswick from the fate that is impending over it, or, rather, from the river that is yawning under it. Patriotism may do much, but the plasterer can do more; and though English enthusiasm may be of some use, we would rather put the House of Brunswick into the hands of a few stout Irish labourers.

SONG OF THE "SIÈCLE."

"To what must we attribute our disasters in Algeria? To British Gold."—"*Siècle*," *passim*.

For our brave soldiers slaughtered,
Four hundred at a blow,
Raise loud the cry of vengeance
On ENGLAND and GUIZOT!
Say, was it ABD-EL-KADER—
Or was it fighting fair?
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

Hark to the *Times*' ferocious
Exulting in our shame!
Tahiti, Madagascar,
Algiers, 'tis all the same.
Is it for Arab bullets,
Or yataghans, we care?
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

Was it the thirst of vengeance
For Dah'ra's cavern-pyre—
For ravaged hearths and harvests—
For murdered wife or sire?
Is it that they hate Frenchmen?
They love us, *au contraire*,—
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

We come to civilise them,
To show them model-farms;
'Tis all along of England
We're forced to teach with arms.
We fear not native notions,
Them we can overbear;
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

Each razzia's a lesson,
Most wholesome, tho' severe;
Our "moving columns" teach them
French glory to revere!
Could Arab ever force us
To take our school elsewhere?—
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

'Tis haughty England fears for
Her empire of the sea:
She sees the great French nation
Can rule as well as she!
Can Algiers, or Morocco,
Exclude us from our share?
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

How long shall France be hood-winked,—
How long kept in the dark?
On ABD-EL-KADER's muskets
Is stamped the British mark!
Could he buy ball and powder
Who has no cash to spare?
Non, non, non, non! c'est l'Albion,
C'est l'or de l'Angleterre!

Advertisement Extraordinary.

SHORTLY will appear, a New Edition of THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, prepared, without regard to cost, under the superintendence of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts. As this work is intended chiefly for the amusement of princes and persons about Court, it will partake as much as possible of the character of a pleasant romance; and, to avoid shocking the nerves of genteel people, the part of OLIVER CROMWELL will be expunged, in lieu whereof will be inserted a highly elegant Biography of H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, F.M., K.G., G.C.B., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., &c. Copies of this forthcoming publication will, it is said, be deposited, at the public expense, in the New Houses of Parliament, the oblivion of successful resistance to regal tyranny being deemed well suited to the subserviency of our present statesmen.

THE CITY REVOLUTION.

A SEVERE blow has been struck at the civic throne, and the Mansion House King has had his authority repudiated by the Governors of Christ's Hospital. We have looked into the law of high treason, and feel assured that TROLLOPE, the Blue Coat Beadle, has made himself liable to a *præmunire*. The Civic King rang three times at the doors of Christ's Hospital, and was refused admittance. This reminds us of the obstinacy of the *tiers état*, which led immediately to the French Revolution. TROLLOPE is the LALLY TALLENDAL of the 19th century; and unless WHITTLE HARVEY proves himself a Cockney LA FAYETTE, we don't know what will happen. The resistance to the City regal authority arises, oddly enough, from a determination not to render him a correct account of the lists of certain Governors. GIBBS asking for an account, and being virtuously indignant at an account being withheld, presents a remarkable instance of cool effrontery. If the Blue Coat School does not return to its allegiance, there will be a fearful collision. The police have been sounded, and they are all very hollow. The City Marshal is supposed to be stanch; but nobody knows which party will have the benefit of his stanchness. As GIBBS must soon resign the throne, it would surely be better for him to abdicate. His doing so might save—if not blood and treasure—a good deal of pen, ink, and paper, which must otherwise be wasted in a report of the squabble.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

Agricultural Medicine.

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that, in consequence of the progress of agricultural chemistry, it is his intention shortly to open a shop for Patent Medicines, which will cure all defects of soils. He has some Drainage and Purifying Pills, which he particularly recommends; also a Fertilising Lotion, and some Productive Powders. His Anti-Blight and Mildew Embrocations will likewise be found invaluable specifics; and no farmer should be without his Cereal Elixir, for promoting the growth of corn. MOTHER EARTH, he has no doubt, may be as advantageously physicked as any other old lady.

EVADING THE DUTY.

THE collection of the O'CONNELL Rent takes place very shortly. We caution the respectable Irish papers that they are liable to a prosecution from Somerset House, if they omit to head the announcement—"ADVERTISEMENT."

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DESPATCH OF BUSINESS AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE RECORDER ON THE BENCH.

THE RECORDER thought it was very hot.

MR. CLARKSON was of a similar opinion.

The RECORDER said, that he remembered when he was a little boy he had been in the practice of attending school, and he always found himself exceedingly hot.

MR. BODKIN said he once had a stick which he was very fond of.

MR. BALLANTINE thought that sticks were very useful articles.

MR. PAYNE was of a similar opinion.

MR. BRIEFLESS thought that the law of ejectment was a very important one.

The RECORDER thought so also. He suggested that one of the windows should be opened, as he felt the draught disagreeable.

MR. CLARKSON said,—"Talking of windows, I once fell out of a three pair back; but, wonderful to relate, I fell on my legs, and was not the least hurt."

MR. BALLANTINE was surprised to hear that, considering what a heavy man his learned friend was.

The RECORDER thought they were talking on subjects which had no connection with the business of the Court.

The case of "JOHN SMITH *versus* ELIZABETH BUGGINS" was then proceeded with, and was merely interrupted by about three hundred and fifty observations from the Bar and the Bench, which had nothing whatever to do with the business before the Court.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE THE LAST.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD; THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.

"I'M not going to contradict you, CAUDLE; you may say what you like—but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you neither; I'm too ill for that: but it 's not getting wet in thin shoes,—oh, no! it 's my mind, CAUDLE, my mind, that 's killing me. Oh, yes! gruel, indeed—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You 've always gone on about my shoes; when I think I 'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say,—'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I 'm not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I 've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

"No, CAUDLE; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you: no, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world,—but the cold I've got, I got ten years ago. I've never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well: women remember things you never think of: poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago, I was sitting up for you,—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak: ten years ago, I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I woke I found I was sitting right in the draft of the key-hole. That was my death, CAUDLE, though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think you meant to do it.

"Ha! it 's all very well for you to call it nonsense; and to lay your ill-conduct upon my shoes. That 's like a man, exactly! There never was a man yet that killed his wife, who couldn't give a good reason for it. No: I don't mean to say that you've killed me: quite the reverse: still, there 's never been a day that I havn't felt that key-hole. What? *Why won't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, CAUDLE: yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

"Peggy tells me, MISS PRETTYMAN called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes; I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, MR. CAUDLE; she might wait; I shan't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

"Ha! MR. CAUDLE, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul now? Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it; that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed, and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice towards her, CAUDLE—not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

"I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you, when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way if you desire it. Still, I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest CAUDLE, it's ten years ago that did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

"Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault, if we've ever had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always,—especially men. Still, we've been very happy, haven't we, CAUDLE?

"Good night. Yes,—this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, CAUDLE; no,—it 's *not* the shoes. I won't say it 's the key-hole; but again I say, it 's not the shoes. God bless you once more—But never say it 's the shoes."

The above significant sketch is a correct copy of a drawing from the hand of CAUDLE at the end of this Lecture. It can hardly, we think, be imagined that MRS. CAUDLE, during her fatal illness, never mixed admonishment with soothing as before: but such fragmentary Lectures were, doubtless, considered by her disconsolate widower as having too touching, too solemn an import to be vulgarized by type. They were, however, printed on the heart of CAUDLE; for he never ceased to speak of the late partner of his bed but as either "his sainted creature," or "that angel now in heaven."

Postscript.

Our duty of editorship is closed. We hope we have honestly fulfilled the task of selection from a large mass of papers. We could have presented to the female world a Lecture for Every Night in the Year. Yes,—three hundred and sixty-five separate Lectures! We trust, however, that we have done enough. And if we have armed weak woman with even one argument in her unequal contest with that imperious creature, man—if we have awarded to a sex, as MRS. CAUDLE herself was wont to declare, "put upon from the beginning," the slightest means of defence—if we have supplied a solitary text to meet any one of the manifold wrongs with which woman, in her household life, is continually oppressed by her tyrannic task-master, man,—we feel that we have only paid back one grain, hardly one, of that mountain of more than gold it is our felicity to owe her.

During the progress of these Lectures, it has very often pained us, and that excessively, to hear from unthinking, inexperienced men—bachelors of course—that every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her ichor-flowing veins, one drop—"no bigger than a wren's eye"—of Caudle; that EVE herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily amongst the rose-leaves.

It may be so: still, be it our pride never to believe it. NEVER!

*** *There are other* CAUDLE PAPERS *extant. Some of these may, possibly, be presented to the universe in our next volume. From these documents the world will then learn, in the words of his wronged wife, "what an aggravating man* CAUDLE *really was!" Yes; the world will,* AT LAST, *know him, "as well as she did."*

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

ILL IN PARLIAMENT. An act in embryo; or, to use the quaint illustration of the old jurists, a species of legislative bird that has not come to its full growth, having only its bill, without its claws being perfected. A bill has to be read three times, and considered in committee in each House; and as there may be a debate at every stage, it is surprising that any bill, with all the weight it has to bear, ever reaches the end of its journey. When a bill passes one House it is taken to the other, and when it is carried from the lower to the upper, several members of the Commons knock at the door of the Peers, and present their little bill, when the Speaker of the Lords, who is generally the Chancellor, takes the bill with much dignity, but returns no immediate answer. For those who like expensive luxuries, private bills may be had, as if BROWN wished to call himself DE BROWN, or if TIMLINS wished to quarter the family tea-pot of TIMKINS with the family scutcheon, they might either of them accomplish the feat by a private bill at an enormous outlay.

BILL OF RIGHTS. The name given to the statute 1 William and Mary, embodying the declaration of rights accepted with the Crown, on the same principle as a child agrees to swallow a nauseous but necessary pill, on condition of having something nice to take with it. The Bill of Rights enacts, among other things, that the speeches in Parliament ought to be free; but when we see the length to which the debates run, and how tedious they are, we are inclined to regard them as being more free than welcome.

BISHOP—from the Greek word *επισκοπος*, an overlooker; and from this overlooking the bishop is said to occupy a see. This see is a capital look-out for those who are lucky enough to obtain it. The Bishops are spiritual peers, and there are two Archbishops, who have precedence before all the temporal Lords, except the Lord Chancellor, who ranks between the two, like the slice of ham betwixt two pieces of bread-and-butter in a sandwich. The Bishops were formerly elected, but this system was abolished to prevent the scandal of placards being stuck about a cathedral town, announcing "HENRY for Exeter," "JOHN for York," and "WILLIAM's Committee sitting daily at the Marquis of Granby."

BLACK ROD, USHER OF THE. An officer of the House of Lords, who keeps his rod continually in pickle for persons guilty of breaches of privilege.

BLOCKADE. A stoppage of the communication between two points, the most recent cases of the kind being the blockades of Piccadilly and Fleet Street. It has been held that when a blockade commences, neutrals may retire, taking with them their cargoes; so that a neutral omnibus intending to go through Temple Bar, is at liberty to go back with all its passengers.

BOARD. A word used to denote the heads of any department or

company, probably because the term "board" applied to the heads indicates that they are occasionally wooden.

BONA FIDES. An expression meaning, literally, "good faith," which is to be found frequently on the tip of a lawyer's tongue; but he is not expected to carry it anywhere else about him. The fact that it is always in his mouth accounts for its going down so very seldom.

BOROUGH ENGLISH. A sort of legal topsy-turvy, by which lands descend to the youngest son, instead of the eldest. The land is held in socage, and goes to the child most likely to wear socks, on account of his being the youngest. It is the very reverse of Primo-geniture, and perhaps Ultimo-geniture would be the most proper name for it.

RAILWAY COURT AND PEERAGE.

As we have now a Railway King in the person of MR. HUDSON, it becomes advisable that we, or rather the Monarch, should also have a Court. The only Railway Court at present existing, that we know of, is Capel Court; which, however, with the exception of the stags appertaining to it, has no one feature of a royal residence. We would propose Hampton Court as a suitable abode for KING HUDSON. QUEEN VICTORIA does not use it, and (by and with the assent of Parliament) might perhaps be induced to dispose of it on moderate terms. The numerous placards of "Steam to Hampton Court" seem to suggest its fitness for this purpose; only the steam should be transferred from the Thames to a new line of railway, of which the Palace should be the terminus. A Court having been provided for HUDSON THE FIRST, the next thing requisite would be to furnish it with courtiers; and this would give occasion for the institution of a Railway Peerage. *Punch*, anticipating the functions of His Railway Majesty's Prime Minister, has much pleasure in offering the King his dutiful advice with respect to the creation of the new titles. He proposes that the dukedoms should consist of the principal existing lines, as first in the order of seniority; so that there should be Dukes of Great Grimsby, of London and Birmingham, of South Western, selected from eminent shareholders and directors, as might also be their Graces of the Midland and Eastern Counties.

It would likewise be as well, perhaps, to have a Duke of London and Brighton. The lines next in consequence might afford Marquisates, Earldoms, and Baronies. There would thus be a Marquis of Croydon, an Earl of Greenwich, and a Baron of Blackwall. The intended and provisionally registered lines would, many of them, form excellent titles, as highly sounding and pompous as any belonging to the actual aristocracy. Take, for example, Lord South Midland Junction, Lord Oxford and Salisbury Direct, Lord Tring and Reigate, Lord Royal Grand, or Lord Viscount Staines and Slough Atmospheric. No doubt, KING HUDSON knows a great deal better than *Punch* who are the fit and proper persons to be elevated to these dignities; but *Mr. Punch* will be happy to give his best assistance on this point also; decidedly recommending, in the first place, that the plain Mr., which is at present the sole ornament of *Punch's* name, be forthwith exchanged for that of "His Grace the Duke"—may he add, "of Newcastle and Darlington?"

Permanent Enlargements.

THE Treasury is being enlarged. We should have thought the immense deficit the Whigs left there, would have given the present Government plenty of room in the Treasury for some time to come; or has the Income-Tax grown so large, that the same building will no longer hold it? The shorter plan would have been, to reduce the Income-Tax.

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has returned from the Continent for the season. The cooks of the principal London taverns dined together in honour of the event.

THE

OPENING OF LINCOLN'S-INN HALL.

It having been announced that Her Majesty and Prince Albert were to be present at the opening of Lincoln's-Inn Hall, we became tenants-at-will of an apple-stall, and purchased the vested remainder of a lamp-post of a boy who was clinging to the same, but who having lost his interest by *laches*, enabled us to have and to hold on—in a position commanding a capital view of the procession. The Benchers had, with their usual courtesy, made arrangements for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the Press, by allowing them to join in the press outside the gates of the Inn; but it was intimated that the representatives of the principal daily papers would have the privilege of mixing with the ticket-porters, so as to be able to pick up from them what was going on, and furnish a full report of it.

Punch, of course, had only to send his name up to the Lord Chancellor to obtain ready access to every part of the building; but he felt so indignant against the Benchers for their treatment of the general body of the Press, that he declined mixing in the festivities of the day with that cordiality and good humour that would otherwise have beamed from his patronising countenance.

The entertainment consisted of a walk in the library, a dull speech from the Treasurer, and some cold chicken. Her Majesty graciously manifesting an interest in the library, asked what books it contained, when the Treasurer alluded to a fine copy of "Viner's Abridgment." The Queen, naturally supposing it to be a little pocket duodecimo, requested to be allowed to take it home with her to peruse at her leisure, when the Treasurer pointed to some eighty-six folio volumes. The Queen immediately recoiled, and observed with some smartness, that if this Abridgment of Viner was a specimen of legal conciseness, legal prolixity must be truly overwhelming. Her Majesty was also shown a very rare old copy of "Hare on Discovery," which Prince Albert said he should like to read, as he was anxious to get himself well up in the subject of the Game Laws.

The Treasurer shortly afterwards read an address, poising himself all the while on one knee, and Her Majesty seemed to be much more struck by the nicety with which he preserved his equilibrium, than by the matter of the discourse, which was somewhat tedious. In the course of the *déjeûner*, the Treasurer once or twice attempted a joke, but as nobody laughed except himself and a waiter, the learned gentleman desisted from the melancholy effort. The Queen was somewhat annoyed at being conducted backwards and forwards merely to give her an idea of the extent of the building, and ultimately Her Majesty made the remark, that she knew to what lengths lawyers would go, and it was therefore unnecessary to give her the trouble of going over the whole area of the premises.

On the whole, the ceremony would have been satisfactory, but for the ungentlemanly trick of bringing the Reporters to the Hall by tickets of invitation, which were only designed as "a delusion, a snare, and a mockery;" to trap them into a position in which they might be insulted by being thrust into a sort of black hole at the back of a buttery screen, with a heap of waiters. It was understood that this piece of poor spite was intended to pay off the Press for having called the Bar to its senses with reference to the circuit dispute; but we, who have some regard for the credit of the profession, believe the cards of invitation to have been a hoax got up by some wretched "Utter" who had gone stark mad from hopeless brieflessness.

The Prince wore a Bencher's gown over a Field Marshal's uniform; an arrangement about as picturesque as a nightcap over a Templar's casque, or a pinafore over a breastplate. The ceremony of making the Prince a Bencher was necessarily preceded by calling him to the Bar and giving him a brief, which consisted of a rule to compute the number of persons present at the *déjeûner*. His Royal Highness' first and only brief was endorsed in the usual form, marked "10*s.* 6*d.*," the regular fee, and having the words "With you, Mr. Smith," at the bottom of it. As the Queen quitted the Hall, two enthusiastic Utters, in imitation of Raleigh, threw, the one his gown, the other his pocket-handkerchief, for Her Majesty to walk over. The Queen, pausing, as if to observe which was the cleaner of the two—both being devoted to dirty work—smiled at the intended compliment,—not a very graceful one, by-the-bye—and stepped between the articles without touching either.

PORTRAIT OF THE RAILWAY PANIC.

RAILWAY VENTILATION.

By an ingenious contrivance, the roofs of the carriages on the Southampton Railway are so constructed, that they will admit the air; but unfortunately this convenience is in some degree neutralised by the wholesale pouring in of water. In summer weather, when it is desirable to keep the head cool, these colander-like roofs to the carriages are well enough; but in winter, the double entrance of blasts from Boreas, and showers from old Nimbus, is by no means agreeable. The only real danger arises from the possibility of the water rising to such a height in the carriages as to drown the passengers; but we believe every vehicle is provided with one of the Humane Society's drags, in case of accident.

SIR ROBERT'S SPADE.

We all know how children are sometimes taught their alphabet by cakes. A gingerbread A B C peculiarly recommends such elements of learning to their business and bosoms. They are made scholars without knowing it. They digest vowels and consonants, and only relish more and more the increasing difficulty. We see it: the landed interest have laid some such trap for the unsuspecting Peel. Whether or no, they will make him taste the sweets of agriculture; and, true to the reigning spirit of the day, they have caught him with a railway bait. A paragraph has appeared, stating that Sir Robert was about to turn "the first sod of the Trent Valley Line;" to which end a magnificent spade has been manufactured by Mr. Maleham, of Sheffield. Here is its description: enough to draw water into the mouth of an Arcadian:—

"In size and shape *it is a regular navigator's spade*, highly finished, with polished maple handle, and on the blade Sir R. Peel's coat of arms, inlaid with gold. The straps of the spade are beautifully etched. It is enclosed in a rosewood case, lined with blue ultramarine velvet. On the lid is a silver name-plate, with the inscription, "Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., Drayton Manor."

What a lure is this to Sir Robert, to win him to the agricultural interest! To make him hold by the spade to the last! To this end it is "highly finished," that Labour may see its smiling face reflected in it! And then the handle is "polished maple," pleasant to the touch; and the "inlaid gold," so typical of the wealth of the labourer, whilst the rosewood case, and the blue ultramarine velvet, shadow forth his happy home and luxurious bed. Sir Robert, however, ought to have been fittingly habited for the occasion. A white satin smock-frock, Genoa velvet breeches, silk stockings, and patent-leather shoes, with diamond buckles in them, would have finished the picture of one of our bold peasantry—our country's pride. Some folks, however, who will see mischief in everything, see quite another meaning in Sir Robert's splendid spade: they contend that it only prefigures some cutting measure of his on the Corn Laws,—a measure, to be made as pleasing in appearance as Sir Robert's peculiar genius can make it, but that, nevertheless—for all the gilding and soft velvet that may be associated with it—is intended to go at once to the root of the question. The colour, "ultramarine," is supposed to carry some allusion to corn from beyond the seas.

Five Minutes in Westminster Abbey.—On inquiring of the Dean how long the scampering system of showing visitors over Westminster Abbey was to continue, he replied, "To the end of the *Chapter*."

JOHN BULL'S LOCOMOTIVE LEG.

I'LL sing you a song of one JOHN BULL,
Who ate good beef and wore fine wool,
And bragg'd each morn that none could pull
From his breeches-pocket a purse more full.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

That purse he'd fill'd by honest pains,
But, not content with his lawful gains,
To add to his store he rack'd his brains,
To get more money and new domains.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

Some humbugs great in depredation,
Came and made him a long oration;
They wanted a flat for victimisation,
So they got him to dabble in speculation.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

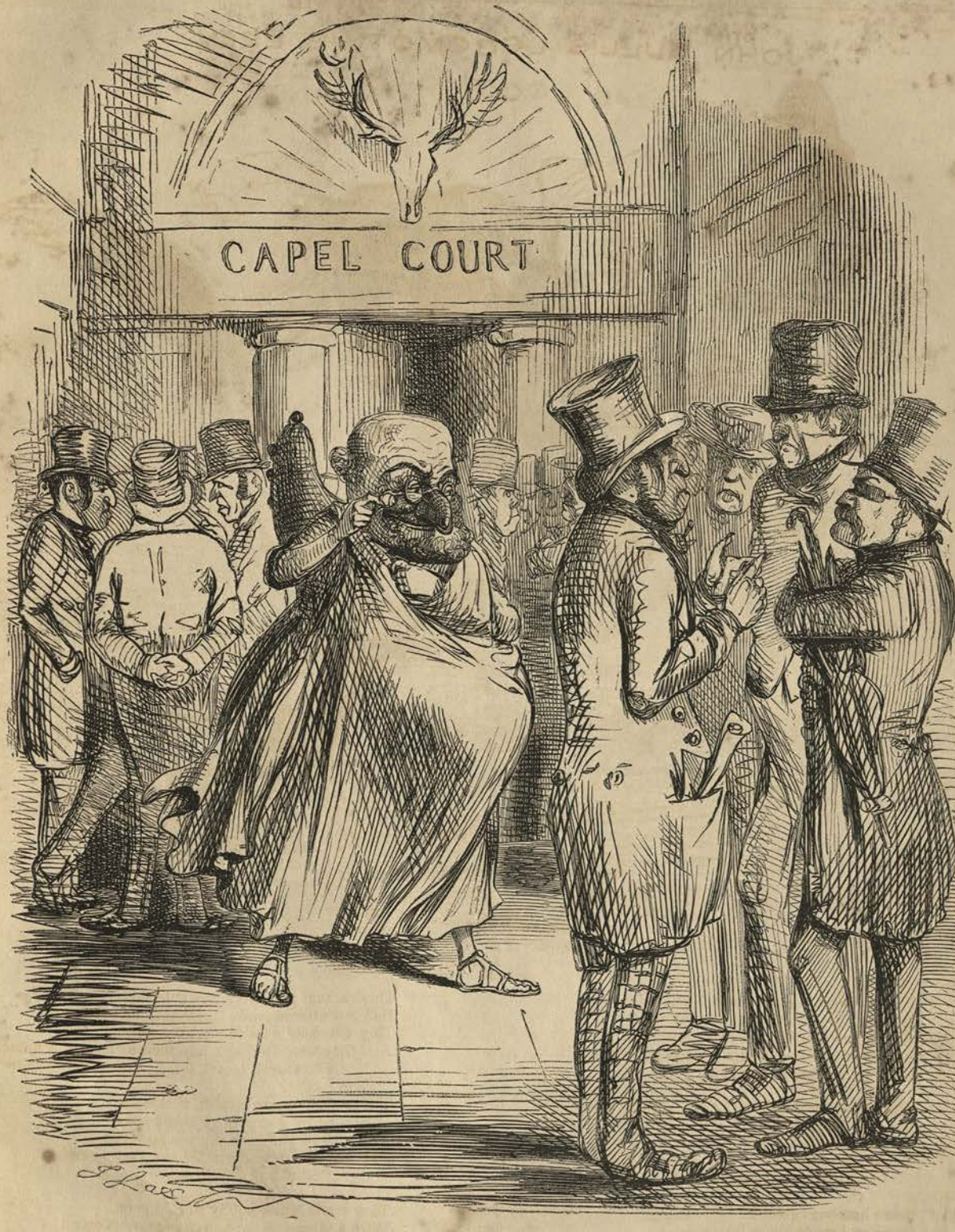
Said JOHN, "Your plan my mind contents,
I'm sick and tired of the Three per Cents;
And don't get enough by my paltry rents:"
So he got hooked in by the Railway "gents."
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

These arrant gamblers, it would seem,
Had greenhorns made their study and theme;
They set their wits to work by steam,
And they wheedled him into their swindling scheme!
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

The fastest way to wealth, they said,
Would be by steam to go ahead;
And thus by the nose their dupe was led,
Till JOHN was caught in the net they spread.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

They made him a hobby to ride upon,
With a strong steam-power to move it on;
And all his sober senses gone,
They bound thereto the foolish JOHN.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

But first before they bade him start,
With wondrous craft and singular art,
To lighten his weight, they made him part
With the money that lay so near his heart.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.



THE MODERN DIOGENES LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN IN CAPEL COURT.

They fill'd the pockets of JOHN the Sold
With scrip and shares instead of gold;
The gull believed the tale they told:
So they over him came the soldier old.—Ri tooral, &c.

On went JOHN BULL, through thick and thin;
Through mess and hobble, out and in;
To see him caught like a rat in a gin,
How all his foes did chuckle and grin!—Ri tooral, &c.

On, on he flew, with speed intense,
Past all the bounds of common sense;
At last his fright became immense,
And he shriek'd with fear for his darling pence.—Ri tooral, &c.

He roar'd out "Stop!" and he roar'd out "Stay!"
His face the picture of dire dismay;
He snatch'd at each straw that cross'd his way,
But nothing could his course delay.—Ri tooral, &c.

At last his pocket-buttons broke,
And out flew scrip and shares like smoke,
And his enemies made his case their joke,
Whilst a panic rent his heart of oak!—Ri tooral, &c.

His weight and substance now more light,
More rapid grew his engine's flight,
Until it wax'd tremendous quite,
And JOHN was quickly out of sight.—Ri tooral, &c.

O'er land and sea, o'er rock and shoal,
Across the line, beyond the pole,
In short, to utter ruin's goal,
Rush'd mad JOHN BULL; alas, poor soul!—Ri tooral, &c.

MORAL.

We've sung a song both free and plain,
Now let a moral close our strain:
All swindling practices disdain,
Nor mix with rogues to share their gain.—Ri tooral, &c.

THE STAG OUT OF LUCK.

"OH, MARY! I've nothing but some Diddlesex Scrip about me: so you will put that little matter down, if you please!"

THE MATRIMONIAL DISTRICTS.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, it is now settled, is to marry a SAXE-COBURG. The Agricultural Society, we hear, intend sending their gold medal to the GRAND DUKE, in admiration of the very great perfection to which he has carried in his possessions the art of *husbandry*.

THE FLEET STREET PASS.

Now that Term has commenced, the gentlemen of the Bar will have to effect the awful pass from the Temple to Chancery Lane, which seems to threaten almost innumerable difficulties. The blending of ravine and rubbish may be picturesque, but it is highly inconvenient; and to a Barrister in his wig and gown, the expedition must be one of extreme awkwardness. It is believed that guides will be stationed at the foot of Chancery Lane and the Temple, to escort the traveller across the dangerous heights and depths he will have to encounter. Leaping-poles will be provided at GROOM'S, the pastrycook's.

THE STATE OF THE SUBURBS.

OUR efforts to throw the light of civilisation and gas along the Kensington Road have been successful, but our triumph over the obstinacy of the government of that suburb will not be complete till we have paved the way for the progress of the human race, which is now obliged to walk up to its knees in mud for want of the footpath being properly attended to. The pass, from the station of our own snug little suburban Railway to the northern frontier on the one hand, and the bush of the Shepherds on the other, is in wet weather a sort of Pontine marsh in miniature. The passage is exceedingly dangerous, and, indeed, has been compared to the Goodwin Sands, for it is very possible that a nurserymaid starting with a cargo of children may founder on the frightful flats and mud shoals of that barbarous district. The authorities met the other day at the pump to consider what was to be done; and one of the body being unanimously called to the spout, he held forth with copious eloquence for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was ultimately agreed to offer to buy the Kensington Railway at the price of old iron, and lay it down instead of pavement as far as it would go, by way of experiment.

Parliamentary Statues.

IT is the patriotic intention of O'CONNELL to attend in the House of Commons to oppose the proposition to erect statues to BACON and OLIVER CROMWELL. The learned gentleman will meet the motion with an amendment that shall substitute for the aforesaid worthies, the statues of GUY FAWKES and—himself. Will the bold-hearted conspirator feel flattered by the association? We think not.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

PERSONS have seriously recommended Smithfield Market as a railway terminus, on account of the number of accidents which occur there every year. We really do not see how a railway is likely to lessen the number of accidents; but the fact of Bartholomew's Hospital being on the spot, is certainly a great recommendation in favour of the Terminus.

THE GREAT GAME PRESERVER.

JEREMY TAYLOR somewhere compares the world to a board pierced with square and round holes, and many of its men to square and round pegs, unfittingly placed in them. Thus, we often see an angular man, intended for a court of law—a square human peg, like HENRY OF EXETER or any other special pleader with a black apron, in the easy round of a bishopric. We have only to look into our Houses of Parliament to acknowledge the quaint truthfulness of old JEREMY'S saying,—for how much foolish legislation do we owe to pegs in false places? Now, MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY is assuredly a peg in a wrong position. Nature evidently intended him for a game-keeper,—when Fortune—to keep up her reputation for blindness—stept in, and made him, by the grace of goods, a gentleman and a legislator. This peg in a wrong place is again before the world: again are we called upon to lament the position of human genius, dropt in the wrong hole.

A few days since, MR. BERKELEY prosecuted two poachers "whose characters were well known to him." He pressed for "the severest reprobation," which holiday phrase means the longest possible term of imprisonment, or the heaviest money fine. And wherefore? Because their defence in a former instance—

"Had been stained by the *most irreligious and lying perjury* that ever came from the lips of a criminal endeavouring to screen his fellows from the consequence of *sin*."

These are serious, nay, solemn words. The pious game-preserver, in the excess of his abhorrence of human infirmity, crowds epithet on epithet; the perjury committed is, strange to say, both irreligious and lying. And then the consequence of sin! We have no doubt that MR. BERKELEY looks upon the iniquity of a poacher with the same horror that a priest of old Egypt would have considered any offence committed on the animals sacred to his temple,—and for the same profound and touching reason. The pheasant and hare are to the religion of the squire what the ibis and the crocodile were to the devotion of the ancient hierarch. They are solemn things, sanctified to the especial uses of sporting gentlemen; they are the sacred creatures of the acres—formed and sent into this world for the sole delectation of the upper classes,—the gunpowder priests, licensed to hunt and shoot. Nevertheless, we respect the prejudices of MR. BERKELEY, as we respect the ignorance of any idolater, "suckled in a creed outworn."

But are only the rich to have their prejudices? Are not poachers, as well as landed gentlemen, to have, at least, their share of human infirmity? What sounding words are these:—"the consequence of sin!" We can fancy them, falling sonorously, awfully, from the lips of some reverend man denouncing the commission of murder, or some other deadly crime; but when dropping from a sporting gentleman—from one, too, who has grafted upon his Christianity the meek doctrine of "a punch on the head,"—we are almost tempted with *Uncle Toby* to whistle *Lillibullero!*

"The consequence of sin!" Ha! MR. BERKELEY, human nature—especially the heavy, clayey part of it, of which rustics are compounded—is hopelessly dull at some lessons. How many magistrates—the body, too, refined and sublimated by more than a judicious sprinkling of parsons—have, for years and years, been trying to teach the English peasant that it is a sin to wire a hare or bag a bird? Miserable, darkened creature! He cannot read the word "property" written in its fur—emblazoned in its plumage. And yet prisons have been built, that he might therein con the lesson; and teachers of the Word of God appointed to help his halting intellect. No—so stubborn is some sort of humanity—you cannot make him take the lesson to heart: you cannot—aid his vision by what law you will—so improve his twilight sense, that he shall read the word "property" marked on game—although to the piercing eye of a sporting gentleman it may be as plain, nay, plainer, than the sun in Heaven. The illiterate wretch at once recognises it on a sheep's back, ruddled or not; but he cannot spell it out on a partridge,—nor will all the teaching of a hundred statutes, with the whole bench of Bishops as expositors, help him in his ignorance. Therefore should MR. BERKELEY have some compassion for lower men, who cannot recognise sin in an act which—*from the spiritualised nature of the* Christian "puncher on the head"—so shocks the moral sense of a sporting gentleman. SAINT FRANCIS, we are told, in the comprehensiveness of his love, was wont to call beasts and birds his brothers and sisters. Now, with all MR. BERKELEY'S affection for hares and pheasants, we do not think the less of his benevolence because he cannot consider these animals with the like tenderness of the Saint. Though, by the way, we doubt not there are sportsmen who, without knowing it, may in such affection even surpass ST. FRANCIS.

However, we have not come to the great wrong of MR. BERKELEY. The poachers were committed: the great Game Preserver had bagged his men, and doubtless tasted on his pillow that sweet repose that ever waits upon a good deed,—when, in brief season, MR. COLLETT, M.P. for Athlone, sent the imprisoned poachers five pounds. The men escaped: and those of our readers who remember the glum and baffled look of some necromancer of the Black Forest, when, in a pantomime, he sinks through a trap at the approach of the Good Fairy, may possibly conceive the dignified ire of the Member for Bristol, defeated in his legal wrath by the Member for Athlone. Some folks may think the intrusion very impertinent; whilst some may give thanks that whilst the country possesses certain squires, it does not wholly want a ROBIN HOOD.

MR. COLLETT, however, does not pass without a lecture on the improper use of his money. The pious BERKELEY says:—

"I can furnish him with a list of deserving poor [of Athlone], to whom his gifts *will be gracious in the eyes of God* and man, and not premiums upon vice, as in the present instance."

Really, it is passing sweet, in these selfish, money-getting days, to fall upon matter like this, where religion, by the happy nature of the writer, is so constantly rendered the handmaid to sporting. Old authors were wont to commence every canto or chapter with an invocation to the Deity. We can almost imagine a sportsman, so impressed with the solemnity of his amusement, that he shall not take aim without some such ceremony; nay, can fancy him so associating religion with shooting, that he shall ram down every charge with a leaf of the Prayer-Book.

Well, a few days pass, and the great Game Preserver makes an amended charge against his old enemies, released by MR. COLLETT, of "unlawfully using a dog." The dog, it was proved, ran after a hare—

the sacred animal luckily escaped—whilst the men, it was shewn, were mowing. The charge was dismissed by the magistrate, as—

"It ought to be proved that they were actually and in fact hunting with the dog, whereas by the evidence produced they were all lawfully employed in mowing their master's corn; and while they were doing so, the shepherd's dog accidentally started a hare."

Mr. Berkeley was defeated, although it was plain he had dressed himself for conquest, taking his seat on the Bench, "in his shooting attire,"—doubtless, prepared, like a sporting Brennus, to cast his powder-horn and shot-belt in the scale of justice, which, unhappily for his piety, did not turn against the accused.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

ne day in the panic week, our friend Jeames called at our Office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

"How 's scrip? Mr. Jeames," said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

"Scrip be ——," replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "*Mr. Punch*," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is haltered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me ——£ for the account?"

He named the sum. It was one so great, that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on Messrs. Pump and Aldgate, our bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and, shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained:— three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be ¼ discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a Journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant; as, for instance:—"*3rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear Mary Hann." "*February 7*—That broot Screw, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datest* Screw."—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, Mr. James quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

"EXTRAX:—

"Wen I anounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb. (it was only 5, but what 's the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel!). Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slise of the brest of a Cold Tucky. Screw, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beest) begged me to walk in to the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven Visp, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, 'Jeames, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigst you & me, & I 'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure.'

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarkable fond). Has for the Butler, I always *ebomminated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who woar livry, (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs); and in regard of Visp—why, it was ony the day before the wulgar beest hoffered to fite me, and thretnd to give me a good iding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there 's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I 'm ungry I 've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took a dignafied ajew of these minnial domesties; and asending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking hoff those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by Cullin, of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

"There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I 'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before: and paying her back not ony the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. 'Mary Hann,' says I, 'suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts' Hall for hever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammin), and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.'

"Mary Hann didn't hanser my speech, (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwigst a laugh & a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would you bleave it? she left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20lb. 10s on the tabil, when she went to hanser the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, vith the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure."

* * * * *

"How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's his—and has for a *blond buty* she as pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeeged my & as she went away!

"Mary Hann now *has* haubin air, and a cumplexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

"I gev Frederick two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25th.—I am now director of forty-seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the Citty. Although I 've hate or nine new soots of close, and Mr. Cullin fitts me heligant, yet I fansy they hall reckonise me. Conshns wispers to me—'Jeams, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'"

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, Lablash,' says I, at which hevery body laft.

"I 'm in my new stall. I 've add new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I 'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my secnd man, bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, Tellioni is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There 's an indiscrible grace about her, and Carlotty, my sweet Carlotty, shé sets my art in flams.

"Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear!

"What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!

"P. S. Talking of *mounting hup!* the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent. this very day."

"*2nd July.* Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinqbar's son), Lord Ballybunnion, Honorable Capting Trap, & sevral hother young swells. Sir John's carridge there in coarse. Miss Hemly lets fall her booky as I pass, and I 'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, & get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is halways the juice & hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I 'm blest if I didn't slipp hoff agin over his tail; at which Ballybunnion & the other chaps rord with lafter.

"As Bally has istates in Queen's County, I 've put him on the Saint Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction,' from Jamestown to Longwood.' The French are taking it hup heagerly."

"*6th July.* Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I 'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding & Plinlimming.

"Great nashnallity of coarse. Ap Shinkin in the chair, Ap Llwydd in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstrument, and played a toon pigulíarly disagreeble to me.

"It was *Pore Mary Hann.* The clarrit holmost choaked me as I

tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal? Sasiaty is sasiaty, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I cant marry a serving-made. What would CINQBAR & BALLYBUNNION say?

P.S.—I don't like the way that CINGBARS has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for DERBYSHIRE's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen & nine at the Star & Garter, Richmond, with the COUNTESS ST. EMILION & the BARONESS FRONTIGNAC. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooing.

"Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with MARY HANN, when we were more happy, (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwigst us,) more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splender!"——

An Old Farce.

SCENE—*Conciliation Hall.*

'Connell. Who 'll buy the first flower of the earth? I want to sell Ireland.

Mob. Never, never!

O'Connell. I tell you I will. Going—going. Who bids for the first gem of the sea?

Mob. Murder! Sure you 'll never do it?

O'Connell. I say I will. Ireland, with her skies so blue—her rivers so bright—her mountains so high, and her valleys so low? Ireland, with her boys so brave—and her women all so beautiful. Going—going! Who bids for Ould Ireland?

Mob. Liberator, darlint—you don't mane it?

O'Connell. What spalpeen says I don't mane it? I tell you I 'll sell Ireland to BOBBY PEEL—

Mob. (*In convulsions of grief.*) Och! Och! Och!

O'Connell. I 'll sell Ireland, and I 'll sell all of you—and do you know the price I 'll sell you at?

Mob. In coorse not.

O'Connell. Why, the price is—and let the QUEEN put her hand in her pocket and feel if she has so much money about her—the price is, and not a penny under—the price is REPALE!

(*The* MOB—*for the hundredth time—taken by surprise, are in a paroxysm of delight. They give nine cheers for Repeal, the* LIBERATOR *looking on, and coolly thrusting his tongue in his cheek.*)

COMFORT FOR THE QUEEN.

THAT beautiful *Tom Noddy* of the Press, the *Morning Post*, had some delicious nonsense about the opening of the New Hall of Lincoln's-Inn. Having moaned over "the depression" of which monarchy "is now the sufferer," it still finds comfort in the hope that, "if, again, high should rise the tide of insolence and sedition," and "even if palace and tower should go to the ground," why even then, "in the Hall of Lincoln's-Inn, would—as did in the *Spanish mountains* the Gothic Royalty of old"—[the parallel is very clear]—"the English Royalty find *at least* a home." We shall never pass Lincoln's-Inn Hall without, in our mind's eye, seeing an inscribed bill in one of the windows—"Apartments ready furnished for destitute Kings and Queens."

Travellers' Waiting-Room.

AN enterprising manager is about to build a theatre at Folkstone, for the amusement of the persons who are detained so many hours at the Custom House. The performances take place during the day, and the charges of admission are to be so much an hour. A change of pieces every packet. This theatre will also have the great advantage of receiving the French pieces half a day sooner than any of the London theatres. Arrangements have been made to have the dramas translated on board the packet, during its passage from Boulogne to Folkstone. The theatre will be opened under the patronage of the Officers of the Custom House.

"TU QUOQUE."—A MANAGERIAL DUETT.

Bunn. YOU ARE A CONFOUNDED—&c., &c., &c., SIR.

Maddox. AND YOU ARE THE GREATEST—&c., &c., &c., SIR.

MR. M.
I 'VE the music of the *ballet*,
I from Paris brought it o'er.

MR. B.
Pooh! you know it does not tally
With the notes of ADAM'S score.

MR. M.
I 've a letter from the buyer
Of the copyright to show.

MR. B.
He 's a fool, and you 're a ———

MR. M.
What you are the public know.

Second Couplet.

MR. B.
With concern so small and seedy
Who 'd have anything to do?

MR. M.
You've got HARLEY, I've MACREADY;
Which is minor of the two?

MR. B.
As an operatic poet
I 'm alone, 'tis very plain—

MR. M.
You may be, before you know it,
All alone in Drury Lane.

Pretty Sport.

THE *Morning Herald*, in the Supplement of Monday, mentions the following ingenious method of *killing time*:—"PRINCE ALBERT, the EARL OF HARDWICKE, MR. G. E. ANSON, COLONELS BOWLES and GREY, took the diversion of shooting *yesterday forenoon*."

A RAILWAY FROM OXFORD TO ROME.

WE understand that a prospectus of this scheme (provisionally registered) will appear in a few days. The POPE, averse to railways in general, has given his heartiest concurrence to the project. The route has already been marked out by some well-known tracts of late travellers.

Advertisements.

The Runaway Committee-Men.

A GREAT deal of inconvenience and anxiety having been occasioned by several Provisional Directors running away from their lines in consequence of the panic, an advertisement to the following effect is about to be inserted in the *Times*, with the hope of bringing the runaways back again:—

F. R. S. and M. P. are earnestly entreated to return to their Railways. All will be forgotten very soon, and their deposits will be paid up for them by their disconsolate attorneys, who are distracted at the loss.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—A Director of sixteen Railways has a Vacancy for a Pupil in the same line, who will be treated as one of the family. He will be provisioned and boarded at one of the Provisional Boards, directly he is qualified to sit on a Committee. He must be able to sign, write his own name, and willing to sign the names of other people. Premium not so much an object, if the lad is sharp, and has no objection to wear false whiskers.

WANTS A SITUATION.—As GAME-KEEPER, a steady young Man, who has just left his situation as a Railway Director, in consequence of the panic causing a reduction in the Provisional Committee establishments. He can have a three weeks' character from his last line, of which he was Deputy Chairman. He is up to every kind of game, and has had a good deal of experience in looking after stags for the last three months.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1845.

DRAMATIC SUCCESS.

UNSOPHISTICATED as we were, we used to think that success was a thing to be desired by a dramatist. The Poet BUNN has, however, enlightened us on this point. In his advertisement of Tuesday, November 4th, he describes *The Princess Who Was Changed Into A Deer*, as "one of the most successful pieces ever produced on this stage." The success of the piece in question consisted in its having been laughed at, hissed at, and hooted at with a determination unprecedented. We shall henceforth pray that all our dramatic friends may be *un*successful.

ANOTHER BLAZE OF TRIUMPH.

WE SUBJOIN

A Drama of Peculiar Construction.

SCENE.—*The Interior of a Theatre, with the Audience assembled—the Stage being concealed by the green Curtain.*

Quiet Observer (*in a box*). Come, if I can judge aright—I think they've got a decent house! Something new to-night?

His Friend. Oh, yes! they call it "The Enchanted Mouse."

'Tis translated from the Polish, and was played—so says the bill—

Sixty thousand nights at Cracow—nay, I'm told they act it still.

[*Two or three Gentlemen of the Press enter the upper Boxes, at different parts — eye the audience superciliously, unfold their bills imposingly—and recognising each other, coolly bow. The curtain rises, and discovers a Palace. The* KING, *surrounded by his Court—the* QUEEN *by his side.*

King. Know, my true and loyal subjects, this to be our wedding-day!
Ev'ry one I mean to hang who is not merry, blithe and gay.
I've invited all the fairies, and, behold them! now they come;
Some on clouds, and some on swans, on butterflies and serpents some.

Enter SEVEN FAIRIES, *who take their places round a large table.*
The CHAMBERLAIN *helps them from a joint.*

Chamb. Bless my soul! my eye! good gracious! Ain't we in a precious fix?
Seven fairies are invited—here's enough for only six!
Six, I see, I've help'd already; but I'm much afraid the last,
Now the bone is polish'd cleanly, can do nothing else but fast.

Quiet Observer (*aside*). This, I think, is rather stupid.

Friend. Do ye? Faith, I think so too.

Six Fairies. Now our blessings we'll bestow all.

Seventh Fairy. Now the Monarch I'll undo.

First Fairy. Health and riches, mighty Sov'reign, thus upon thee I bestow. [*A Medicine-chest and Cash-box rise.*

Second Fairy. Health and riches, mighty Sov'reign, thus upon thee I bestow. [*A second Medicine-chest and Cash-box rise.*

3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Fairy. Health and riches, mighty Sov'reign, thus upon thee I bestow.

[*A 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Medicine-chest and Cash-box rise.*

Mayst thou live a good old age.

Quiet Observer (*to* FRIEND). I say, it's getting rather slow.

Seventh Fairy. To avenge the grievous insult I have suffered in your house,
By the aid of dread enchantments I transform you to a mouse.

[KING *is changed to a white mouse.*

Queen. O, my gracious lord and husband, what a wretched fate is this!
Surely I can ne'er survive it—sure my heart is breaking——

Indignant Disapprover (*in the pit*). Hiss!

Indignant Supporter. Shame! Shame! Bravo!

Queen. I'm certain that my sorrows ne'er can cease.

First Man in Gallery (*very loud*). I say BILL!

Second Man (*very loud*). What, halloah JACK!

First Man. I say, oh crikey, here's a piece!

[*An enormous Cat springs upon the Mouse, seizes it, and darts up the chimney.*

Queen. Oh, alas! A new misfortune! Am I then bereft of you?

First Man in Gallery. Halloah! you'll play this to-morrow?

Indignant Supporter. Silence!

Zoological Wit (*in Gallery*). Cock-a-doodle-doo!

[*Gentlemen of the Press turn their heads slowly, and wink mysteriously at each other.*

Song.—QUEEN.

Oh dear, and alack well-a-day!
My husband—a white mouse is he;
A tom-cat has borne him away—
Sure nothing more wretched can be!

Majority of Audience, with marked expression, form a Chorus.

No, nothing more wretched can be—hear, hear!
No, nothing more wretched can be.

[*Fairies vanish; change of scene takes place on the stage; the roof of the palace is represented, with the Archduke of the Cats and his court; the enormous Cat of the previous scene presents the Mouse to the Archduke.*

Cat. I would make a speech, great master, only I have got a cough.

Archduke. Have you, good and faithful subject?

Indignant Disapprover. This is rubbish!

Many Voices. Off!—off!—off!

Archduke. We will feast upon the monarch.

Cat. Yes, my liege, I think you ought.

First Man, in Gallery. Oh! brayvo!

Second Man. Ah! ain't it funny?

Third Man. Shut it up!

Fourth Man. And cut it short.

Seventh Fairy (*re-appearing*).

I relent my cruel purpose, and the monarch I restore;
Let him cast aside the mouse-skin, and be human as before.

[SCENE—*changes to a brilliant fairy palace, before which the* KING, *in human form, and* QUEEN, *stand.*

Quiet Observer. Did you ever?

Friend. No, I never.

Quiet Observer. Here's a treat one would not miss.

Whole Audience. Hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

IT is very evident that the way to the heart of the City is through the stomach. A few days ago there was a stormy debate in the Common Council on the proposition to exclude from voting on railway matters all who had a share or any concern in the management of railways. Every effort was made to get rid of the discussion; but nothing would avail to put a stop to it, until a citizen, more cunning than the rest, thought of bringing the dinner-hour to the recollection of the assembly. He had no sooner said the words, than the question of adjournment was put in fifty places, and declared to be unanimously carried. The point, which others had been endeavouring by all sorts of indirect means to arrive at, was thus attained immediately, and the discussion brought to a close. Nothing can stop the mouth of an eloquent Common Councilman but dinner; and the magic word "dinner-hour" at once dispersed the concourse of civic orators.

Debts Unpaid.

THE DUKE OF YORK, who owes thousands, has a handsome monument.

NELSON, to whom England owes so much, has a column, which is only worthy of the accounts of ALDERMAN GIBBS, for it does not seem likely ever to be "settled at bottom."

JEAMES'S DIARY.

"*July* 24. My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kimpletely and chasely funnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes ; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips ; tables, secritaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

"The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak ; round igspanding table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the Duke of Wellington. There's four of his Grace. For Ive remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & considdration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my Queend, and 2 of Prince Halbert—has a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

"The Libery is not yet done.

"But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smilin angillicly hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finist Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses : in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

"N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. Saint Helenas, 12 pm., Madagascars, 9⅞, Saffron Hill & Rookery Junction, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily incouraging.

"People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd—But I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony, hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, worling round in walce at Halmax with Lady Hann, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with Lady Jane, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliss, is a care-worn mann! and yet so it is.

"Imprymus. I've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

"First,—in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is—I've read the novvle of Pelham six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

"I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady and & a sure seat across Country' assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I've ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

"Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitance of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies—at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he calls it ; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young Lewy Nepoleum) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by Fitzwarren, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adressing your neighbour, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I 'm getten on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like Mr. Mills, my rivle in Halbany ; Mr. Macauly, (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, 'The Lays of Hancient Rum ;') & the great Mr. Rodgers himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I *have* given brekfsts sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose : and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Eleet* of my friends : the display was sumptious ; the company *reshershy*. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by Gunter provided. I had a Countiss on my right & (the Countess of Wigglesbury, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend George H——— is the Railway King)—on my left the Lady Blanche Bluenose—Prince Towrowski—the great Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear Countess and Lady Blanche was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly Fitzwarren, my man, henters with an air of constanation ; "Theres somebody at the door," says he, in a visper.

"'*O*, it 's that dear Lady Hemily,' says I, 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of her's. Trot them in, Fitzwarren,' (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxy.)—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing Mr. & Mrs. Blodder.

"I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss—Towrouski, and the rest, weald round & round before my hagitated I's. *It was my Grandmother and* Huncle Bill. She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a wegetable donkey-cart.

"Y, Y hadn't John, the tiger, igscluded them? He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, adwanced in spite of him, Huncle Bill bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm!

"Phansy my feelinx."

OLD BAILEY CONVERSATIONS.

Mr. Ballantine was proceeding to address the jury on behalf of the prisoner, when

Sir F. Pollock declared that such a draft came up his trowsers, that it almost cut his leg off.

Mr. Clarkson had been sitting in a hurricane for the last half hour, and had nearly had his brains blown out from the window opposite.

Mr. Bodkin had just heard of two of his learned friends being laid up, entirely motionless.

Mr. Ballantine thought that must be a very hard case for counsel under any circumstances.

One of the jurymen said he had got such a stiff neck, that he could not turn one way or the other.

Mr. Ballantine hoped to turn him in favour of his client.

Sir F. Pollock avowed he had never sat in such an inconvenient Court. He was not able to hear counsel, and could not see the jury.

The Foreman of the jury said he had done nothing but sneeze during the whole of Mr. Clarkson's speech.

Sir F. Pollock did not at all wonder at that. They were, however, getting irregular.

Mr. Ballantine then proceeded with his address to the jury.

How to Use Bad Potatoes.

A great deal has been said and written about what ought to be done with diseased potatoes. In Ireland, at least, they might, though we dare not hope they will, be converted to a very useful purpose. The rotten potato is an effective, and at the same time not a dangerous missile, and would serve admirably for pelting Repeal agitators off their platforms. This is the use which a good Paddy would make of a good-for-nothing Murphy.

SERMONS IN STONES.

We were looking at the Gothic ornaments of the New Lincoln's Inn Hall the other day, and wondering what object the architect could have had in making them so repulsively ugly. We asked an intelligent mason, who evidently saw the fix we were mentally in, and the ingenuous fellow spoke as follows:—"Why, Sir, you see they have been made ugly on purpose.

"Mr. Hardwicke's design, Sir, was to make them so hideous that they should frighten silly people, if possible, from going to law. Each of the heads about the building has a meaning in it. That ugly old woman there, sir, in the off corner, with a mouth large enough for the river Thames, is a-tearing of her hair, because she has lost a Chancery suit she had begun at the age of 22. The suit was against her dearest friend, so you can imagine how savage she must have been when she lost it. The matter in dispute was of no consequence to either, but by the good-natured suggestions of friends and the unwearied exertions of the lawyers, the suit lasted three Lord Chancellors, to say nothing of a number of Vices. It was at last given against the lady on the spout; and the above is a correct portrait taken of her at the moment of her learning the decision.

"The barrister, whom you see crawling in the gutter, is a celebrated Old Bailey lawyer. He is represented in the above attitude on account of his stooping to any kind of dirty work, with the view of getting on. In the corner of his left eye you will notice there is a tear. It is a faithful copy of a memorable one he shed at the trial of a murderer, when he swore to his innocence. He is gnashing his teeth in rage, because no jury afterwards would believe him. He was obliged to leave the bar, and he is put up there as a warning to young barristers, who have not yet begun to 'utter.' The old gentleman near him, just over the Treasurer's apartment, is the likeness done in stone, of a celebrated Alderman. He was a churchwarden, and threw a whole parish, poor and all, into Chancery, because they expressed a desire to look at his accounts, after one-and-twenty years. Only look at him, how he is affecting to be a martyr! His face is considered to be a most perfect bit of chiselling. At first his hands were closed, but they were afterwards opened, to express his habit of grasping at everything.

"The judge, to his right, is the *fac-simile* of a well-known Chancellor, who has an extraordinary talent for speaking on both sides, and at all times. This is the reason he is held up to ridicule as an empty spout. The other heads are in the same vigorous way, all taken from the life. There are trustees, cruel guardians, game-preservers, bad landlords and tenants, and oppressive masters, of every hideous variety. All the bad passions, on which the law feeds and fattens, are there depicted in their true ugliness, so that the public may see that they are the real pillars that support a legal institution like the present. They are done in stone, as being the best material to express the hard hearts of those who make it their business to go to law."

We thanked the mason for the lecture he had read us in illustration of Mr. Hardwicke's expressive imps and eloquent monsters, that, with a prodigality of *diablerie*, he has thrown about the building; but as we left them, we could not help feeling that the legal scarecrows which the architect has hung over every door of the benchers' granary to warn all birds of prey from the fields of litigation, would drive very few away, for it is well known that persons do not rush into Chancery with their eyes open. But as they return, they may not be so stone-blind to the many pointed moralities of the new Lincoln's-Inn Hall; and this instruction, enforced by an empty pocket, may prevent them paying the domains of Chancery a second visit.

WOODSTOCK ELECTION.

An address to persons, jocularly called by the House of Blenheim the Electors of Woodstock, has appeared in the papers, purporting to be written by Lord Alfred Churchill. The address makes him speak of "those feelings of good-will and kind-heartedness with which, upon the strength of old family interests and connections, they have so kindly, so unhesitatingly, and so unanimously received his humble pretensions." It need not be said that this address is a forgery. The thing speaks for itself: Lord Churchill is a soldier, and would not insult the unfortunate. We are exclusively enabled to print the real address, issued by his lordship to his father's tenants:—

"To the Electors of Woodstock.

"Serfs,—I have been among you; and I am glad to say that among three-hundred-and-eighty bondmen, I have only found four rebellious varlets who have refused me their votes. I am happy to find that you know so well what you owe to the House of Blenheim, as you evidently do not forget what the House of Blenheim owes to you.

"My military duties call me away to drill; but fear not, I shall return to drill you: and if any of you are found disobedient to the word of command, it is possible——but I scorn to threaten any free and independent elector of Woodstock. Ha! ha!

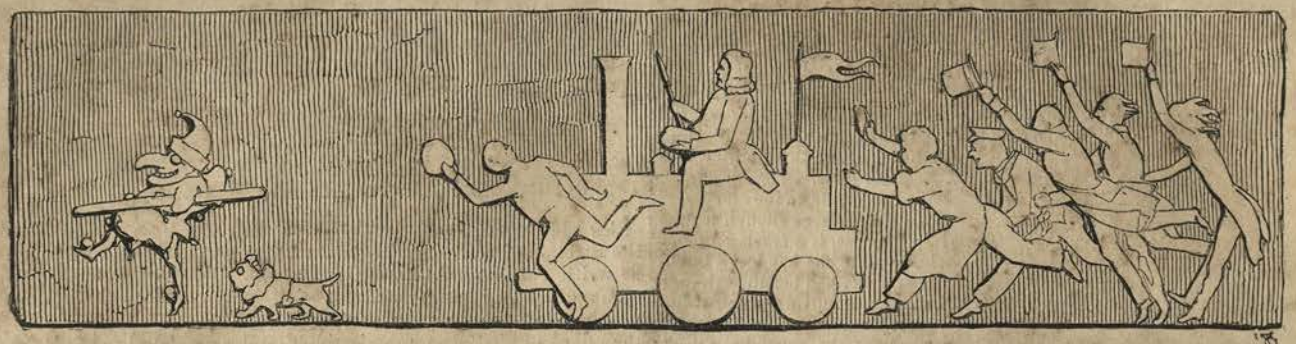
"I am, your master's son,

"Alfred Spenser Churchill."

OPENING OF THE RAILWAY PARLIAMENT.

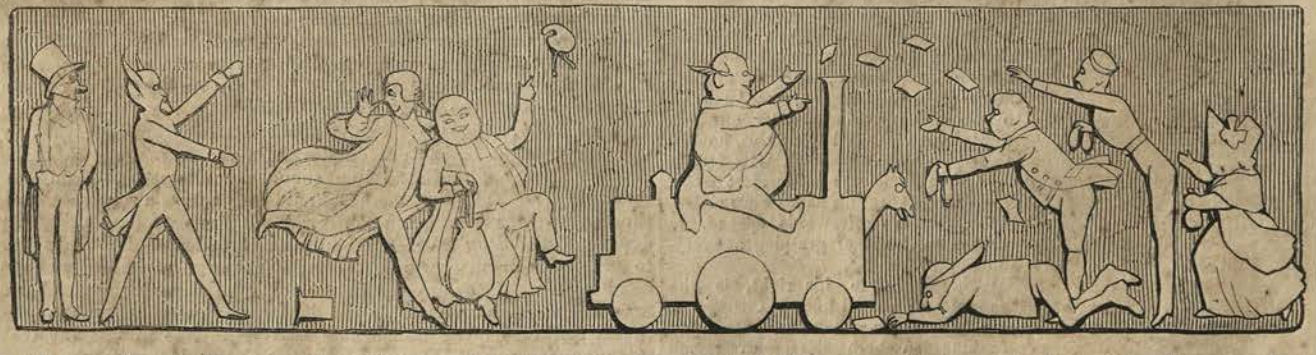
When we hear of Railways being carried along the streets of London supported on the iron posts of the gas-lamps, and other ingenious contrivances; when we tumble over surveyors at every turn, taking levels, and sometimes unexpectedly finding their own by a sudden collision with somebody coming sharp round a corner; when all this is going on in the streets of London, we feel quite certain that there must be a Railway Parliament; that is to say, a Parliament devoting itself exclusively to Railway business, entirely separate from the legislature employed in the ordinary work of the Session. Every established line should be allowed to send two members, while the new schemes should each return a representative, the privilege of voting being conferred on those who have paid their deposits. The Stag districts might perhaps be allowed one member to protect their interests; and every person who had signed his name to a deed for any one else, should be considered a *bonâ fide* Stag for election purposes. In the debates the members could allude to each other, as the honourable representatives of the line that might have returned them; or, if in the Upper House, the titles of Lord Thames Embankment, the Marquis of Central Terminus, Baron Broad Gauge, and Earl Atmospheric, would be extremely appropriate. The absorbing interest of Railways renders a Railway Parliament absolutely indispensable, and we recommend the formation of one at the earliest possible period. London is apparently to be laced with iron-work, and we really believe that the thoroughfares have all been blocked up to give the engineers an excuse and opportunity for taking levels, or calculating gradients, without being disturbed by the traffic. We saw with our own eyes an eminent engineer making an estimate of the mean inclination of Holborn Hill, standing in the middle of the road amid the cries of "Now, spooney!" "Can't you get out of the way, stupid?" and a hundred other complimentary exclamations from the passing cads and cab-drivers. We have Metropolitan Junctions that are to go all round London without going into it—a convenience that those who are in the habit of taking a circuit of the entire outskirts of London will duly appreciate, and there is to be a line to run people up and down Milbank, where nobody goes, with an extension to the Temple

Gardens; a line that will be of immense value to the London nursery-maids and their little Cockney charges. The contemplated procession on the opening of the Railway Parliament having been, however, made the subject of a series of frescoes by *Punch's* artist, it is hardly necessary to describe it in letter-press, for the lead of the limner—aided by the graver of the hewers of wood—will convey more to the eye

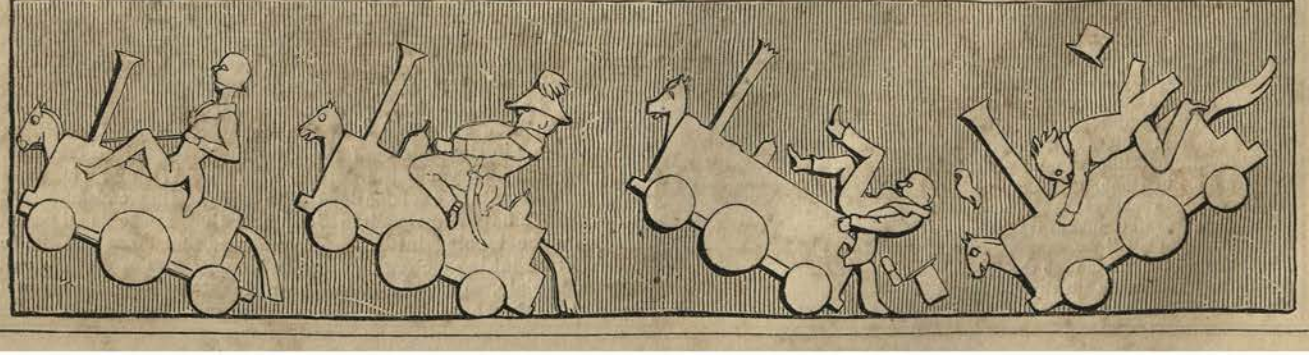


of the public, than the sharpest pen and the blackest ink in the universe. The procession will open with *Punch* in person, and his dog Toby in character, who will have at his tail the SPEAKER, mounted on his engine of state, drawn by a hundred of jet-black coals, and followed by enthusiastic crowds. After them will come a stoker playing favourite airs on a steam *cornet-à-piston*. He will be followed

by a policeman bearing the flag of the red signal, who will be immediately succeeded by members of the Railway Raw Lobstery, carrying the banners of precaution reversed, or folded up out of sight, as often happens when they ought to be used for the prevention of accident. Next will follow a few engineers, having tough work to manage their tenders; and these will be succeeded by "gentlemen of the



bar," engaged as standing counsel, and dancing the celebrated *pas de refresher*, and preceded by a director distributing scrip to the vulgar herd of desperate stags who are running before him; the procession will be closed by officers of state and others, each riding on a splendidly-caparisoned locomotive, requiring the greatest skill to curb its exuberance of power and retain their position.



"RINT" *v.* POTATOES.—THE IRISH JEREMY DIDDLER.

"You haven't got such a thing as Twelve-pence about you?—A Farthing a week—a Penny a month—a Shilling a year?"

PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO O'CONNELL.

As the day comes round when the grateful millions, whom you are making so wise, industrious, and happy, are clubbing their halfpence for your benefit, it becomes us all, dear DAN, to offer our *quota* of admiration to you; and I hereby send you my contribution; in a coin with which you are yourself in the habit of relieving the necessitous—I mean a little slack jaw. In a case of necessity in your country, you are always the very first to come down with a subscription of that sort.

And I wish to Heaven that poor Paddy, who has no lack of the commodity, and takes it from you so kindly, would but pay you back, in this present hard season, in the same circulating medium. I am not averse to the subscription-box at most times. A good crowd—a good rattling scene between me and *Judy*, or me and the devil—and, "now, gentlemen and ladies," my man goes round for the subscription, and the coppers come tumbling into the tin. I don't like that vulgar cant of calling it a begging-box: we are worthy of our hire, both of us.

But there are times and seasons to take the money from poor devils who are starving!—actually starving! To be going round for money just now in Ireland—to take the last pence of the poor, ragged, kindly, hungry, foolish creatures—it turns my gorge somehow. You can't be going to accept the money. Do without this time. If you have none, go down to Derrynane, and go tick; but don't take the poor devils' money. For the credit of us adventurers who live on the public, and who are said to be good-natured and free-handed—rogues as we are—stop the collection of the coppers, just for this once. I know the old gag about "forsaking great professional emoluments," and so forth. But let them off this time—the poor starving rogues—the good-natured simple Paddies, who roar at all your jokes, huzzay at all your lies, come leagues upon leagues to attend your show, and have paid their money so often!

"Dives and Lazarus" is bad enough, and the contrast of the poor man's sores and the rich man's purple. But put it that DIVES absolutely begged the money from LAZARUS, and grows fat while the other starves, it will be even so if you take these folks' money—but I am again growing too serious.

Not that I quarrel with a joke, my dear professional friend, or am jealous of yours; but I think, of these latter days, you have been a trifle too facetious. That excessive good humour the which you have flung into the discussion of the Starvation Question—or rather that airy gaiety with which you have eluded it—hopping facetiously away from it when pressed upon you, and instead of talking about the means of preventing your countrymen's ruin, telling a story about the coolness of the LORD LIEUTENANT'S rooms, or having a fling at the Saxon, or telling a lie about the *Times'* Commissioner, struck me as rather out of place. A joke is a joke, and nothing can be more pleasing than a lie (we will call it a hoax) in its proper place—but not always. You wouldn't cut capers over a dead body, or be particularly boisterous and facetious in a chapel or a sick-room; and I think, of late, dear Sir, you have been allowing your humour to get the better of you on occasions almost as solemn. For, isn't Hunger sacred? isn't Starvation solemn? And the Want of a nation is staring DANIEL O'CONNELL in the face, and the LIBERATOR replies with a grin and a jibe.

All the country is alarmed by the danger, and busy devising remedies to meet it. The gentlemen of Kerry subscribe 8000*l.*—the LIBERATOR subscribes, the Advice that corn shall not be sent out of the country. The LORD LIEUTENANT does all that such a feeble, absurd ceremony as a Lord Lieutenant *can* do—gives a ceremony of consolation; says, Government has employed scientific men, will send for others, and so forth. DAN sneers at the scientific men because they are Saxons, and fancies he covers his own astounding selfishness and indifference by this brutal claptrap. The people come flocking to Conciliation Hall to know what DAN will do—what *he'll* propose, God bless him! that's to get them out of the scrape? and he puts up MR. DILLON BROWNE to indulge in ribald jokes against Agricultural Societies; and he himself amuses the meeting with a piece of lying buffoonery about the *Times'* Commissioner. He owns it is a lie; boasts and chuckles over the lie. "If he wasn't turned out of the house, as I declared he was, he *ought* to have been turned out," and all the audience roar. What an audience, and what an orator! Think of the state of mind of the poor fellows who have been got to like and listen to such matter! who, perishing themselves with hunger, still feed and fatten him to whom in their extremity (when every man with a heart in his breast is devising plans for their rescue) the old cynic, who wallows in their bounty, does not offer a shilling; but for all advice, jeers and belies their English brethren who, by God's help, are able and willing to assist them, and for all consolation entertains them with lies and *lazzis*. I think it was the French newspapers who called you the Irish MOSES; and now the people are calling upon their deliverer, and behold, out comes JACK PUDDING!

My brazen old brother buffoon! If I had the ear of your Paddies in Conciliation Hall I would tell them a story:—"During the Consulship of PLANCUS, when I was green and young, I had a dear friend, who for some years made a very comfortable income out of me, by cheating me at cards. He was an exceedingly agreeable, generous, social fellow, and professed and felt, no doubt, a warm regard for me; for he used always to win and I to pay with unalterable confidence and good-humour. I furnished his house for him, I paid his tailor's bills, I kept the worthy fellow in pocket-money. Win what he would, I *wouldn't* believe he was a cheat. At last, as I insisted on not discovering his practices, my jolly friend did not give himself the trouble to hide them; and one day, when we were playing a friendly game at *écarté* together, I saw him with a selection of eight or nine trumps and court cards comfortably spread in his lap, from which he supplied his hand as he wanted."

God save the Greens! I leave the amateurs of good jokes on the other side of the Channel to determine the moral of this fable. Who are the green ones there? and whose confidence and blindness are so inconceivable, that the old sharper who takes their money scorns even to hide the jugglery by which he robs them.

PUNCH.

A Serenade,

WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE TWOPENNY POST.

SMILE, lady, smile! (*Bless me! what's that? Confound the cat!*)—
Smile, lady, smile! One glance bestow
On him, who sadly waits below
To catch—(*A villain up above*
Has thrown some water on me, love!)
To catch one token—
(*Oh, Lord! my head is broken;*
The wretch, who threw the water down,
Has dropped the jug upon my crown)—
To catch one token, which shall be
As dear as life itself to me.
List, lady, then; whilst on my lute
I breathe soft—(*No! I'll not be quiet;*
How dare you call my serenade a riot?
I do defy you)—whilst upon my lute
I breathe soft sighs—(*Yes, I dispute*
Your right to stop me)—breathe soft sighs.
Grant but one look from those dear eyes—
(*There, take that stupid noddle in again;*
Call the police!—do!—I'll prolong my strain),
We'll wander by the river's placid flow—
(*Unto the station-house!—No, sir, I won't go;*
Leave me alone!)—and talk of love's delight.
(*Oh, murder!—help!—I'm locked up for the night!*)

THE WRONGS OF THE BLUES.

THIS ill-fated regiment has no sooner succeeded in fighting the battle of Bankruptcy, than it finds itself called upon to struggle with short commons. The whole regiment has been basely and brutally put upon coffee, which is forced down the throats of the gallant fellows twice a day, their money being also stopped to pay for the objectionable wash, so that the insult is accompanied by injury. To use the emphatic language of a veteran Blue, the men are condemned to walk about with tears in their eyes and twopence in their pockets. The valorous fellows are so averse to the beverage, that they are being drilled into it twice a day; and the word of command is regularly given to "Draw coffee," "Present milk," "Carry sugar," and "Recover cup," all which manœuvres are executed in a soldierlike manner.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

OUNTY. A fine name for a mean action, as the giving of a paltry shilling to a raw recruit, who is called raw from the facility with which he is done on the occasion of enlistment. Bounties were formerly given to merchants as an encouragement to them to enter into all sorts of unprofitable trades, such as catching white herrings when they had other fish to fry; by which the merchants lost, in the middle of the last century, a joint stock of 500,000*l*. The miserable bounty was all they got; and it may have been called, literally, a sprat given to catch a herring.

BOUNTY, QUEEN ANNE'S. A fund for the augmentation of small livings, which is vulgarly supposed to come out of QUEEN ANNE'S pocket, but which is nothing more than their first fruits and tenths, taken from larger livings to augment smaller. It is, in fact, stealing from PETER to give to PAUL; and as PETER can very well afford to be robbed, while PAUL is very hard up, the arrangement seems to be proper and justifiable.

BREVET. A military swindle, enabling the Captain to swagger as the Major, and the Major to give himself the airs of a Colonel, out of their respective regiments. There is a case in the books, of an individual who called himself, on his cards, GENERAL JONES, but on inquiry he was found to have availed himself of a sort of Brevet or Brevity; for the title, GENERAL JONES, was an abbreviation of Under-Deputy Sub-Assistant Vice-Commissary GENERAL JONES—which was the real character of this gentleman, who disliked condescending to particulars, and therefore adhered to the general in his description of his own *status*. GROSE, in his *Military Antiquities*, tells us that the custom of giving soldiers, by brevet, higher rank than they hold, is very ancient; and refers us to the *Soldier's Grammar*, written in the time of JAMES THE FIRST, for his authority. With all respect for GROSE, we look upon it as gross humbug to call a man what he is not; and we are happy to see that the custom has declined, for there are now very few who hold the rank to which they are not entitled. There is still, however, a travelling brevet,

which is taken advantage of by men who have served their country—out, byrunning into debt, and then running away altogether.

BRIBERY has a three-fold application—to judges, ministers, and voters for members of Parliament. The offence of bribing the judges was formerly very common; but happily, in these days, the legal dignitaries are far too good judges to take a bribe, and the people are not so ill-judged as to offer one. In the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, SIR WILLIAM THORPE kept verdicts and decisions constantly on sale in Westminster Hall, and he was, on his own confession, condemned to be hanged; but he was a few years afterwards in business again as Chief Justice; so that it is possible they gave him rope enough to hang himself, when he naturally enough declined taking himself in execution. In JAMES THE FIRST'S time, judicial bribery was still a trade; for BACON confesses to have been guilty of it, though he pleasantly excuses himself by calling it *vitium temporis*—the vice of the time—as if he had caught it like the measles, or any other natural malady. Judicial bribery is now quite

extinct, and there is no remnant of it, except in the old custom of giving refreshers, which formerly consisted of beer and mutton-chops, when the Chancellor and Judges always partook of them. In later years the system of refreshing led to so much boisterous revelry, that a fee was given to the counsel to enable them to call for what they liked, and the dinners at the Old Bailey were the last remnant of the objectionable system. Bribing a minister is now very unusual, though once a common offence; and the *bonus* offered to a PREMIER for a snug place no doubt gave rise to the word premium. In these days, any one attempting to offer a bribe at the Treasury, would receive in his ear one of those industrious fleas which are educated expressly for the purpose. Bribery at elections has been repressed in theory by numerous Acts of Parliament; while the acts of the members themselves, before their election, have generally encouraged it. Several laws have made all sorts of wholesome provisions against bribery and treating; but the parties have usually considered beer and spirits, with plenty to eat as well as to drink, much more wholesome provisions than any that an Act of Parliament could offer them.

BRICK. An article too dry to be admitted into our *Political Dictionary*, if it had not been a subject for taxation, and an illustration of the fact, that, though blood cannot be got out of a stone, money may be extracted from a brick, as was the case when PITT, in 1784, introduced that commodity into his Budget as a source of revenue. The duty is imposed when the brick is in a wet state—when, in fact, the clay is formed into a lump—so that the brick-makers, however averse to the tax on the brick, are compelled to like it when they have once lumped it. There is no duty on bricks in Ireland, which arises, perhaps, from there being so few regular bricks in that part of the Empire. There are a few resident landlords who behave like bricks, and take upon themselves the duty that devolves upon them in that respectable character.

The Monarch of All they Surbey.

I AM Monarch of all they survey,
My right there is none to assail;
O'er Great Britain VICTORIA may sway,
I am lord of the Line and the Rail!

Oh, Pimlico! where are the charms
Thy Buckingham Palace can boast?
What is sporting proud royalty's arms
Of Railways to ruling the roast?

PRINCE ALBERT to prance on his nag,
And follow the tame deer is free;
But my quarry 's a different stag,
And the engine 's the hunter for me.

An army our QUEEN may possess,
On the Ocean her navy may roll:
Of the Line I have regiments, no less,
And more numerous *navies* control.

My seat of imperial state
I 'd not swop for HER MAJESTY'S throne,
Nor for that of my Sovereign vacate
The boiler that serves for my own.

Lords in Waiting are all very grand,
Maids of Honour are all very fine;
But the deft Engineer to command,
And to rule the sharp stoker be mine.

A Deep Groan.

MR. FLIGHT, of Walbrook, has promised to relieve his parish from "the thraldom under which it has groaned for twenty years." We have heard of very deep-drawn sighs, that may have lasted beyond the usual period allotted to a mortal yawn; but the groan of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, must be a very overgrown groan to have lasted for nearly a quarter of a century.

A CHANCE FOR THE TUNNEL.

WE understand the Thames Tunnel Company is ready to dispose of its shaft. We should like to know what has become of all the shafts of ridicule that were at one time being constantly hurled at it. If these were collected together and sold by auction, a very capital dividend might yet be returned to the shareholders.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

"ADMIT TWO TO THE BOXES."

Railway Surveying.

THOSE unfortunate surveyors, who are compelled to commit trespasses on property that does not belong to them, for the purpose of taking levels, are occasionally made to find their own by being summarily ejected from the premises. A few days ago we found a gentleman in our coal cellar calculating its facilities for a tunnel, and we were alarmed in the middle of the night by the barking of our dog; when, on going to see what was the matter, we found him with the leg of an unfortunate engineer clasped in his teeth, while the clerk, who had been assisting at the survey, had tried the practicability of a cutting, by cutting away over the stable wall, and falling into the water-butt. We beg leave to inform all the surveyors and engineers in England, that our dog is let loose after dark, while spring guns and steel traps are set in every part of our premises.

The necessity for taking the surveys at night, in consequence of the liability of being warned off as trespassers, has suggested to the engineers the following pathetic ballad:—

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I 'll survey you a line,
Must be done by the moonlight alone;
For a trespass, you know, there 's a fine.
Remember, be sure and be there,
For though daylight is best for the eyes,
The survey we can best prepare
When darkness detection defies.
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

PROSPECTS OF THE BRIDGES.

THE metropolitan bridges are certainly looking up. It seems that Southwark and Waterloo have both got companies to take pity on their solitary wretchedness; Hungerford, too, has got a wealthy partner for life;—but not a railway comes gallantly forward to ask poor old Westminster Bridge to be joined in the bonds of union. We are afraid the old bridge is gradually getting lower in the world, and that Old Father Thames only tolerates it so long as it keeps its head above water. There is only one chance of the poor old creature not being left without a friend in the world, and that is, if the members of Parliament should support it out of consideration to their own convenience. In that case it will share the celebrity in history of the far-famed "PONS ASINORUM."

DESPOTISM IN RUSSIA.—The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has banished into Siberia a Professor of the University of Moscow, because he had published a Book with the title of "The *Revolution* of the Stars."

SHAKSPEARE.—"MACBETH."

ILLUSTRATED BY MR. TWYFORD, OF BOW STREET.

Macbeth. "The times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again.
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns," &c., &c.

So said *Macbeth*, and he is confirmed in his assertion by MR. TWYFORD, as will appear by the following circumstance reported in the newspapers of Saturday, the 1st Nov.:—

"BOW STREET, BEFORE MR. TWYFORD.—JOHN AUGOS was charged with assaulting —KENNIS. The Defendant was fined £5. The parties resided in the same house. The Complainant implored his Worship to protect him from the future violence of the Defendant. MR. TWYFORD said he could do nothing further at the present. The Complainant—'But supposing he was to come and murder me to-night, your Worship?' MR. TWYFORD—'YOU MUST COME AND GET A SUMMONS.'" !!!

Legal Intelligence.

MR. SMITH is not to have a silk gown, but he has purchased one for his wife, which perhaps gave rise to the rumour. It is whispered that MR. BRIEFLESS intends giving up the Rolls, where he has never been able to get his bread, and will try the Queen's Bench for the present. His speech, on applying for the rule to compute in SHELLY'S case, is not to be printed; but some of his MS. notes are in the hands of a celebrated Bibliopole, who is said to have advanced money upon them.

The Usher of the Queen's Bench has been remaining at his seat, close to the witness-box. He entertained all the Judges of the Court, by crying out "Pray, silence!" in the wrong place on several occasions. It is believed that the chief objection to the Court's being removed to Lincoln's Inn, arises from the impracticability of moving some of the very heavy Chancery suits; but PICKFORD & Co. have expressed their readiness to attempt the Herculean undertaking.

OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Army has succumbed, and RUNJEET SINGH'S grandmother ascends the Punjaub, with the title of Provisional Begum of the Grand Duchy of Tartary. The Divan is under a cloud, probably on account of that immense cigar, BEN BOLIN, who is fuming with vengeance. The Sheikh had fallen sick at Alicampane, and was not expected to rise for the present. His maternal aunt has promised to aid him; but the perfidious woman is said to be in league with RUNJEET SINGH, who has given himself up to the wildest excesses, drinking gallons of Carrara water and eating the shells of the delicious cocoa-nut with extravagant recklessness. Should the Sheikh rally, the contest must be fearful; but the British Resident has received instructions to look on with his arms folded as long as possible. If a blow is aimed at him, he is to demand his passport, and retire to the frontier to await further orders.

Invasions of England.

THE NAPOLEON Column, at Boulogne, has just been completed, after upwards of thirty years' labour. The completion of it has lately been deferred out of compliment to the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, who felt rather scrupulous about a monument being finished in honour of an invasion that had never taken place. His consent, however, was at last gained by the promise that a similar column should be erected opposite Brighton, to commemorate a visit the warlike PRINCE paid there a short time back.

THE SHARE MARKET.

THE Grand Northern and Eastern Clothes-Line did not move a peg all the morning, and Great Trunks, which opened well, closed heavily. A juvenile Stag, whose scrip was at ½ discount, cried out piteously for his par, but got no attention.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

A STAG, dining near Capel Court, made a strange mistake the other day, which only proves that whatever is uppermost in the mind is sure to come out. He wanted some potatoes; but unwittingly cried out, "Here, MARY, bring me a plate of mashed railways."

Dan's Tribute.—Tim Doolan Paying his Subscription.

"Here's Sixpence an English Gentleman gav'd me for holding his Horse in the Phaynix. Say it 's from an Inimy of the Saxon."

CONSOLATORY STANZAS TO THE POET BUNN.

Air—"*Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile.*"

Don't write as you are wont to write,
But take a little care
In putting words in black and white
To every vulgar air.
Some sense, perchance, 'twere best to use,
Some nonsense to forget;
Adopting Lindley Murray's views,
You may be happy yet.

Oh. do not talk of hollow hearts,
In Nathan's masks equipp'd;
Such stuff from any boy of parts
Would get him soundly whipp'd.
Oh, to a book-stall quickly run,
A Dictionary get;
And very likely, Poet Bunn,
You may be happy yet.

Punch's Railway Review.

Among other curiosities of Railway Literature that have been forwarded to us for review, is a Prospectus of a Ship Railway, the business purpose of which is announced to be—

"To convey laden ships, overland, between the North and Irish Seas, and to and from the commercial and manufacturing towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire."

We can fancy a ship, heavily laden, sailing majestically up the High Street of York, or over the little bridge of Durham: talk of a fish out of water;—the animal would be quite at home compared with the man-of-war removed from its usual element. One of the great steam Leviathans of the deep would look very like a whale if it were found taking a promenade along the busy thoroughfares of one of the manufacturing towns in the North of England. If ships are to be taken overland, the sea will become a superfluity, and a Company to bottle it off may be formed immediately.

"The unquestionable practicability of the scheme," says the Prospectus, "will be vouched by an eminent engineer;" and we have no doubt that "eminent engineers" will be found in abundance to vouch for the practicability of anything. Perhaps they would vouch for the practicability of crossing the Line, by making a Railway line of it, and using it for the transfer of goods and passengers from one end of the Equator to the other.

THE EASTERN PASSAGE.

We understand that Lieutenant Waghorn has been commissioned by the Government to try the experiment of shortening the passage overland from the West End to the City. This gentleman's well-known energy in overcoming the most frightful obstacles will be of great service in contending with those fearful barriers that now prevent a free communication between the different parts of the metropolis. The Lieutenant will start from the Post Office, traverse the heights of Pentonville, continuing his journey northward till he reaches the New Road, when he will make for the West End. The regular mail will go by the old route, which it is expected will prove longer, on account of the stoppages, than the circuitous journey undertaken by Lieutenant Waghorn. Europe is on tiptoe to watch the result, and America is trying to get a peep over Europe's shoulder at the important struggle.

An Odd Fancy.

In the *Times* of Friday, there is an advertisement for an active young woman who, among other qualifications, "understands bright stoves." She must be a very intelligent person to be able to have an understanding with a bright stove; for if we were to study such an article for a month, we should not succeed in establishing a sort of sympathy between ourselves and the fire-place. We presume, however, that this kind of understanding is perfectly practicable, and we think it very possible that the expression, "Sermons in stones," must be a misprint for "Sermons in stoves," which Shakspeare probably thought of, and which also occurred to the person advertising for a housemaid who understands them when in a state of brightness.

POTATOES AND PEEL.

The weather, which has damaged the potatoes, has also broken up the Premier's slide; which is now decidedly to be marked "Dangerous." If he will still persist, in spite of the warnings of the Free Traders, in venturing upon it, we tremble for his safety: we shall soon have all the political naughty boys shouting at the "cove in the hice." Under these circumstances, we earnestly recommend the formation of a Ministerial Humane Society, with a view to rescue him from the consequences of his recklessness. Surely the Conservatives, who furnish so many drags upon legislation, could find a drag to help their leader at his need: the Landed Interest, should he sacrifice himself on its behalf, cannot do less than try to get him out of the water. Let the landlords and farmers, then, combine for this benevolent object, and save him by hook or by crook; though by what hook or by what crook they will be able to save him, should he get into the scrape apprehended, is more than we can tell.

PEEL'S "POSES PLASTIQUES."

We understand that Professor Keller intends to vary his *Poses Plastiques* with specimens taken from political life. He has been studying the history of Sir Robert Peel lately, for the purpose of making a collection of the different attitudes he has assumed upon every popular question. The series will be very entertaining to those who are fond of rapid changes, and invaluable to young politicians.

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THE NEW M.P. FOR WINDSOR.

WHEN a Parliamentary candidate talks about our "glorious Constitution in Church and State"—when, slapping his waistcoat, he furthermore talks of "venerable institutions," and ends in a paroxysm, with "the great bulwarks of the constitution,"—we know exactly the sort of Member we are to expect. He will wear M.P. about him, like a pink in his button-hole, as something pretty. He will be one of those Members whose best virtue is their dumbness—a goose that has the sagacity not to gaggle upon all occasions.

Now COLONEL REID, the new military Member for Windsor, we take to be a senator of this kind; a bird of this feather. He calls himself one of the devoted "to the Church;" of course, he meant to the Church Militant, seeing that his own soldiers mixed among the crowd, and no doubt, in defence of our venerable institutions, brutally attacked all opposed to their Commander. The interests of the Protestant Church are, of course, never so gloriously supported as by a mob of drunken soldiery. Lawn sleeves never look so beautiful as when contrasted by red coats; the canteen is the proper chapel of ease to the Established Church. COLONEL REID proclaimed himself a Conservative, and his soldiers illustrated the meaning of their Commander by breaking the people's heads.

"*Magna reverentia debetur pueris*," says the Roman; and COLONEL REID manifested his reverence to youth, by contriving to have a crowd of Eton boys in the Town Hall to hold up their infant hands in his favour on his nomination. Considering what the Colonel owes to these tender juveniles—truants from school to manufacture an M.P.—he might intertwine whatever laurels he may have with the birch; for certainly the Eton boys helped to make him M.P. for Windsor: he is almost as much a thing of their hands as their previous GUY FAWKES of the Fifth: that also, like the Member, being made to indicate a devotion to our venerable institutions.

However, let us give COLONEL REID his due. When elected, he was not immediately ungrateful to his makers. Certainly not; for—

"Between 200 and 300 of them [Eton boys], in groups of from 40 to 50 in each, wearing red and white rosettes in their breasts, returned into Windsor shortly after 4 o'clock, shouting 'Reid for ever,' and 'showing fight,' in several instances, to those they met wearing the colours of MR. WALTER."

Being roughly handled, some forty or fifty of the boys made their way to the cavalry barracks at Spital, where the Colonel, with the new bloom of M.P. upon him, had arrived.

"The boys *were so plentifully supplied with champagne*, that by the time they left for college many appeared scarcely to know whether they 'stood on their heads or their heels.'"

This is the prettiest part of the business. Imagine the new-made senator—the champion of our venerable institutions—the new buttress to the bulwarks of our constitution—the affectionate son of the Protestant Church, so far illustrating his devotion as a patriot, and his meekness as a Christian, as to hob and nob champagne with fifty school-boys in token of their mutual triumph. There is something so affecting, yet withal, so pretty in the scene, that we would have it immortalised in a picture for the mess-room of the barracks of Spital.

Nevertheless, our loyalty is a little scandalised, that in the town of Windsor—with Windsor Castle in it, like the town's heart—there should be this vulgar tumult. We had hoped better things from the benign influence of good example. Shall the proverb henceforth run—"the nearer the Palace, the further from good manners"?

It has been more than intimated by the losing party that COLONEL REID owes his election not to back-stairs power at the Castle, but to kitchen-stairs influence. It is openly avowed that the gallant Colonel has been seen sniffing down the area for votes; that he is, therefore, indebted for his seat to thorough-going turnspits, and enthusiastic scullions; and that the people of Windsor, in electing the noble soldier, have only practically carried out a frequent advertisement, and "given the best price for kitchen-stuff."

PROVISIONAL PROSPECTUS

OF THE GRAND TRUNK DISTRIBUTION AND GENERAL LUGGAGE ALLOTMENT,

IN CONNECTION WITH ALL THE EXISTING RAILWAYS.

Capital 10,000 *Portmanteaus, with a further stock of* 20,000 *Carpet Bags, and a reserve fund of Dressing Cases, Desks, small Parcels, and Hat Boxes.*

IN consequence of the spirit of enterprise that has been shown in realising a bonus, by boning the luggage at the termini of the various Railways, the present Company has been formed to introduce something like system into what has hitherto been a mere scramble of the most indiscriminate nature. It has been calculated that several hundreds of Portmanteaus, Carpet Bags, &c., &c., change hands in the course of every week on the arrival of the trains, and it is considered fair that instead of a few profiting by the present system of luggage allotment, the advantages ought to be accessible to the public in general.

With this view it is proposed that every Railway passenger should be expected, as he is now, to pay down at once a deposit of the whole of his luggage, for which a number will be given, and the luggage being all jumbled together, he shall receive at the end of his journey such articles as may fall to his lot in the course of the distribution, which will be conducted on the principle of one package to each person in the order in which they come, till the whole capital is disposed of. It is believed that this will be hailed by the public as a considerable improvement on the present plan of indiscriminate claiming and snatching, by which the individual with the loudest voice and readiest hand often gets an undue share of the stock of luggage.

Persons paying a large deposit of Bank Notes or Jewellery in small cases, will be entitled to a double allotment, if the value of the deposit is proved at the time of receiving the scrip, or number, which will be the only evidence of their being actually Shareholders.

Further particulars to be had of the porters at the Railways, who will act as the Allotting Committee—receiving one package in ten as their profit, instead of taking all they can conveniently get hold of.

THE ANDOVER SMALL SONG.

"WE wunt be beat!" was once our zong,—
We 've found as how that we was wrong;
But howsomedever, wrong or right,
We wunt be hinder'd of our spite:
Thof' Meeaster we did va'ainly back,
To Zurgeont we can gie the zack;
Dwoan't let 's lave off till we ha' done 't,
We 'll zarve 'un out: blest if we wunt!

A Doctor in the feace to fly
Of them 'a yarns his liv'n by!
A purty zort o' feller he,
To think for to crow over we!
As well expect a hog to budge,
As think that we 'll vorget our grudge;
Let 's jine in one harmonious grunt;
"We wunt, we wunt, we wunt, we wunt!"

The Iron Market.

THE demand for iron for the Railroads is being sensibly felt in the feverish state of saucepans, which have risen to an alarming height within the last few weeks. A good tea-kettle, which was quoted in the New Cut as low as ninepence, a month ago, has rushed up to a shilling without the *coupon*, that is to say, with no lid to it. The buoyancy in gridirons has been quite frightful; for their resemblance to Railway lines has made them the object of competition among various companies. Pokers were dreadfully firm, without the smallest probability of their yielding; and there being no chance of their giving way, there was a good deal of activity. With the exception, however, of pokers, there was very little stirring; for irons were flat, and people seemed afraid of burning their fingers. A little was done in frying-pans at the beginning of the day, but there was no disposition to play for a very great stake, as there formerly used to be.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

BRIEF (IN LAW). A complicated account of a simple transaction, which enables Counsel to mystify himself and everybody else about an ordinary matter. Drawing a brief is the art of covering as much paper as possible with the smallest quantity of material; and resembles the ingenious contrivance of DIDO, who cut a bull's hide into strips on being assigned as much land as she could enclose with the hide of that animal. Thus, in drawing a brief, facts are cut up into shreds and patches, or torn to ribbons, for the purpose of rendering them so roundabout as to cover as much space of paper as possible.

BUDGET. The annual financial statement of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which is called a Budget, because the Ministers must Budge if they cannot carry their measure. Some etymologists derive the word Budget from the old French word *bougette*, a bag; and it is probable that in the days of corruption the Minister bagged a considerable amount of the budget. SHAKSPEARE speaks of a "sow-skin budget," which would seem to indicate that the public money had been formerly kept in a sow's ear, before silk purses came into fashion.

BULLION. Uncoined gold and silver; which is supposed to be kept in the Bank parlour, and comprises, no doubt, the plate laid out upon the Bank sideboard. When we last looked in at the window of the Bank parlour, we saw several spoons, all very fiddle-headed, sitting round the table, and who turned out not to be pure bullion, but a species of human specie. Any person may demand notes in exchange for gold bullion, and I may insist on having my watch or any other article melted down for me, if I wish to make myself troublesome to the Bank of England. I must, however, take advantage of the melting moments of the Bank, if I wish to be attended to, for I have no right to insist on having my watch put on by itself to simmer down, when the Bank kitchen fire may be otherwise occupied.

BULLS, PAPAL, are letters issued by the Pope, and are probably called Bulls in England on account of their being very great mistakes in this country, where they are treated with the utmost contempt by all classes. Some think that a Bull derives its name from its being an attempt to bully the community. QUEEN ELIZABETH literally took the bull by the horns, and, crumpling it up as a bit of waste paper, passed an Act, declaring it high treason to procure, publish, or use a Papal Bull in this country. The most remarkable Bull is that approved by the Diet of the Germanic empire in 1356; such bulls being however altogether repugnant to our notions of diet, for we are quite unable to stomach them.

CABINET. A common appellation for the Ministry, and supposed to be derived from the word cabin, because of the number of snug berths to be found in it. The Administration consists of only five or six principal officers, but some distinguished persons not holding office are sometimes requested to walk in and take a seat in the Cabinet.

THE CABINET.

CACHET, LETTRE DE. An instrument of tyranny formerly used in France, which we are happily not able to translate into English. Luckily the English dramatists of that day were not so fond of taking from the French, or they would have given an adaptation of the *Lettre de Cachet* to the English public, along with some of the other atrocious inflictions with which they have visited their country. *Lettres de Cachet* were openly bought and sold before the French Revolution, like railway letters of allotment before the panic or reign of terror in the share market.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

WISDOM, it must be confessed, goes but at a slow pace round about the world; nevertheless, she does make progress: and from time to time, it is a cheering thing to hear of her doings in some almost forgotten corner of the universe. The philanthropist raises his hands, and renders hearty thanks when he hears of her benign influence among any part of the human family. It appears by "a letter from Copenhagen of the 23rd ult., that in Denmark for several centuries" culprits have had their heads cut off with an axe. The block "was hollowed out in such a manner, that the whole of the face was introduced into the cavity." Well, for several centuries, it seems, the government officer with the hatchet was liable to "accidents." His hand was not sure, or his heart was not sufficiently strong to permit him to do his work handsomely: he was apt to maim and torture his victims, "especially in 1843 and 1844." At length, "after several centuries," a wise, paternal government has taken these things to heart, and, touched by benevolence, elevated by wisdom, has resolved to abolish the hatchet and the block; and, in their stead, to "adopt the guillotine." This, "after several centuries," is no doubt a great move in the onward progress of human improvement. And whereas the wretched sinner of 1843 and 1844 was maimed and chopped by only one headsman,—the malefactor of 1845 is to have "two executioners!" The march of intellect is, certainly, not slow in Denmark, seeing that in only several centuries, it has absolutely moved from the block to the guillotine.

A PROMISING SPECULATION.

IT is rumoured that a Company is in the course of formation, to lease the contents of LORD ASHLEY'S waste-paper basket, at a rental of so much per annum. The enormous number of persons who make LORD ASHLEY the medium of subscribing large sums to benevolent purposes, added to his Lordship's habit of throwing down his letters unread, must render his waste-paper basket one of the most profitable as well as the safest investments of the present day. Supposing that only two hundred-pound-notes find their way into this receptacle for his Lordship's correspondence in the course of a week, there will be an income of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds per annum. Several of the waste-paper dealers have promised to join the Direction, and an influential Provisional Committee will be forthwith advertised.

Sportsman's Arithmetic.

WE often read paragraphs setting forth, in the gravest manner, the incredible number of pounds of some enormous fish, or bird, or animal, that has been killed by some noble sportsman. As our readers may wonder that these monster-fish and birds are not more plentiful, and that they are never seen or heard of excepting in print, we assure them that it is all a matter of arithmetic. First, the exact number of pounds of the salmon, or pheasant, or pig, or whatever it may be, is ascertained, and then this amount is multiplied by two. The account is next sent to a country paper, and invariably by the time the salmon or the &c. gets into print, it weighs three times heavier than when it was first caught. In this way the largest birds are brought down; and the instrument, which never misses, is the "Ready Reckoner."

DREADFUL ACCIDENT IN THE FOG.

A GENTLEMAN, who wanted to go to the Mendicity Society, mistook his way, and entered, unknowingly, the British and Foreign Destitute. The poor gentleman did not find out his mistake till he had put his name down as a life subscriber. It is impossible to calculate the consequences of this dreadful accident. We regret to say that the gentleman's case is so desperate, that he has been given up by his friends.

PUNCH'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

(From our own Sworn Reporter.)

Sir Robert Peel. My Lords and Gentlemen,—it is not often that I look into the newspapers, but having lately peeped into some of them, I hope I don't offend the prejudices of any one present if I say—I fear there *is* a failure of the potato crop.

Duke of Wellington. Much exaggerated. Fellows in newspapers say anything. If a failure, what of it?

Sir Robert. Why, don't you think, my Lord Duke—mind, I have no wish to be precipitate in anything: no; I think it always shows greater address to run after a calamity than to stop it—nevertheless, don't you think we may begin to consider the future propriety of some day or the other—with famine, as it were, menacing us—to consider the propriety, I say, of gradually opening the ports?

Sir Edward Knatchbull. My dear Sir Robert! The venerable institutions of our country! Our blessed Constitution! Church and State! The House of Brunswick! A bold peasantry, our country's pride! Well, you *do* surprise me! Open the ports! And as *that* Molesworth said—but you may expect anything of a man who reads Hobbes—open the ports, and who 'll shut 'em again? It 's a virtual repeal of the Corn Laws; and they once repealed, how are we to pay our daughters' dowries—our wives' pin-money? Think of pin-money, Sir Robert.

Sir James Graham. It 's very true: they *do* say potatoes have failed in Ireland. But with O'Connell there, who 's to believe anything that comes from that country?

Lord Lyndhurst. If the potatoes are rotten at heart, it 's only because O'Connell 's been making Repeal speeches to them. And then for the Irish, are they not aliens in——

Lord Stanley. Now, my dear Lyndhurst, be quiet on that point. They *are* aliens; but don't say so. Let us stick to potatoes. If the crop has failed——

Sir James. Pooh, pooh! if it has—the starch is all right. And people may live very well upon starch and—resignation. Besides, I 'm convinced of it, hunger is only a vulgar habit—a wretched prejudice of the common people; nothing more.

The Duke. Good deal of that true, Graham. Tried it in Spain. Soldiers there lived on chesnuts. Lived well. Fought like devils.

Sir Robert. Nevertheless, to return to the opening of the ports——

Earl of Aberdeen. I 'm just thinking we cannot be too deliberate.

Earl of Haddington. Certainly not. Besides, if the poor are hungry, why can't they, like sailors on short allowance, why can't they chew tobacco?

Sir Robert. That never struck me: again, as the Noble Earl says, we cannot be too deliberate. Besides, there 's the sliding-scale, and Parliament must meet in February. Well, wheat may go up—so there 's a great load taken from my mind. By-the-bye, what beautiful weather we 've had for November!

The Duke. Very. Seven this morning saw a butterfly.

Duke of Buccleuch. They say the gooseberry bushes are actually shooting.

Earl of Ripon. Shouldn't wonder.

[*And, with this remarkable observation of the* Noble Earl's, *the Council broke up.*

BARCAROLES FOR BRIEFLESS BARRISTERS.

Air—"*The Sea! the Sea!*"

The Fee! the Fee! the welcome Fee!
The new! the fresh! the scarce to me!
Without a brief, without a pound,
I travel the circuit round and round.
I draw with the pens at each assize,
If ink before me handy lies.
I 've got a Fee! I 've got a Fee!
I 've got what I so seldom see;
With the judge above, and the usher below,
I wait upon the last back row.
Should a silk gown come with argument deep,
What matter! I can go to sleep.

I love (oh, *how* I love) to bide
At some fierce, foaming, senior's side.
When every mad word stuns the court,
And the judges wish he 'd cut it short,
And tell him the case of So-and-So,
His argument doth to atoms blow.
I never hear Chancery 's dull, tame, jaw,
But I love the fun of the Common Law,
And fly to the Exchequer, Bench and Pleas,
As a mouse flies back to a Cheshire cheese;
For the cheese it always seem'd to me,
Especially if I got a Fee!

My whiskers are white, and my head is bald,
Since the dreary hour when I was call'd.
The Steward he whistled as out he told
The Fees at my call from a packet of gold.
And never was heard of a step so wild
As took to the bar the briefless child.
I 've liv'd since then, in term and out,
Some thirty years, or thereabout;
Without a brief, but power to range
From court to court by way of change.
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Will find me most likely without a Fee.

FLEET STREET REDIVIVUS.

Fleet Street is itself again. The cabs enjoy their daily *promenade* once more, and saunter along as leisurely as if they were monarchs of all they surveyed. The omnibuses, also, walk over the course, and advertising carts revolve on their orbits as slowly as they can, so that those "who run, may read." The City turnpikeman is at his lamp-post again at the corner of Chancery Lane. He chases carts with an ardour which goes far to prove that his mind, to say nothing of his legs, has gained considerably in elasticity during the late long vacation. The duties of this industrious official are enormous. We have frequently watched him running the whole length of Fleet Street in pursuit of an evading twopence, and have trembled lest, in the ardour of the chase, he should tumble into one of the precipitous ravines that have skirted, for weeks, the margin of the common sewer. The Trustees of the City Tolls should in mercy provide him with a horse, or, at least, a velocipede. Perhaps the shorter way, however, would be to abolish the toll altogether. In that case, the indefatigable turnpikeman will be entitled to compensation; and, if there is such a thing as justice in the City, it should not be a penny less than what was given to the Six Clerks.

A Case of Real Distress.

It is with considerable pain—with much sympathy towards the Royal Duke—that we copy the following from the *Herald*:—"The Duke of Cambridge could not dine at the Mansion House on Lord Mayor's-day, having to dine with Her Majesty at Windsor." The next heaviest calamity to having no dinner at all, is, certainly, not being able to eat two.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

"And the dear Children?"

"Why, Alexandrina Victoria is a good deal better; but dear little Albert here is still very delicate."

TO THE HUMANE.—HARD CASE.

The present Appeal to the kind-hearted public is made by the friends of a decayed gentleman, who has seen better days. The Applicant, Mr. Dan, was formerly in affluent circumstances, but was unfortunately induced to connect himself with a speculation called Repeal; the utter failure of which has brought him into his present difficulties. Mr. D. has lately been deriving a precarious subsistence from an income of only twenty thousand pounds a year! chiefly given by the poorest of the Irish peasantry; but the failure of the potato crop will lessen even this small pittance. The Applicant is now reduced to travel with four horses, and can afford to entertain no more than thirty persons every day at his public table; and though his friends in Ireland now and then give him a meal, yet it must be evident to any gentleman that, to keep a pack of harriers, to maintain three establishments, and the expense of making his affecting case known through the newspapers, must make him even more dependent than formerly on the charity of the public.

As to his character, Mr. D. begs to refer to his old friends, Whig & Co.; also to the gaoler at the Penitentiary, and the *Times*' Commissioner; by whom the smallest donations will be thankfully received for him; as also by

J. Tuam, Esq. —— Sobrien, Esq.
And at the Conciliation Hall.

DEATH IN THE THAMES NAVY.

We are extremely sorry to have to record the fact, that *Waterman* No. 7, familiarly known as the jolly middle-aged waterman in the Thames fleet, is no more. It came in collision with a *Bee*, and the sting it received from the concussion was too much for the very sensitive craft. Its eyes or windows filled with water, its funnel gave one deep groan, and it sunk into untimely mud off London Bridge. The *Bee* was a relation by the side of its *Ant*; and the *Bee* was so much affected, that it nearly sunk into the same grave as the *Waterman*, for they were locked in each other's paddle-boxes for a considerable time. The *Waterman* was exceedingly well connected, and several noble steam-boats are placed in mourning by the sad event. The *Lily* and *Pink* will both have to go into black on account of the melancholy affair.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

List ye the Song of the Man in the Moon,
That was heard, upon a night,
By one who went up in an air-balloon,
Till he hailed that Ancient Wight

"Age upon age, from my planet so brave,
I have look'd upon Earth below;
And have watch'd the tides of the ocean wave
With her changes ebb and flow.

All things, beside, that the moon obey,
It has been my sport to see;
The whirligig brains, and the wits that stray,
When aloft at the full rides she.

Babel of old, when they rear'd its tower,
I beheld from my starry home,
And at Nero I laugh'd, in his frenzied hour,
As he fiddled o'er burning Rome.

Peter the Hermit I saw go forth,
When he preach'd the First Crusade;
How I roar'd at the deeds of knightly worth
Of the madmen his sermons made!

Oh, but to think of the world and its schemes,
And the game they have been to me!
The drollest, methought, of its Bedlam dreams
Was the bubble of famed South Sea.

Little thought I there would e'er befal
Again such a scene of mirth;
But the Railway Bubble passes all
I have seen on the crazy Earth.

Ne'er were such days since first Time was begun;
Oh, John Bull is a rich buffoon!
Ho, ho, what rare frolic! Ho, ho, what fine fun
Are in store for the 'Man in the Moon'!"

DRESSING FOR COURT.

A day or two since, one Higgins, a tailor, sued a gentleman named Webster (not the immortal Benjamin of the Haymarket), for 15*l.*, the price of a dressing-gown; a thing, as defendant pleaded, mis-cut, mis-made, mis-fitting. Three tailors gave their solemn testimony against the garment. But this was not enough. The defendant, with a moral courage that ought to immortalise him among the statues for Parliament, donned the gown in full court; whereupon he was immediately shampooed by the three tailors, in order to prove that the gown was too long and too short, too wide and too narrow. And they did prove all these things. Nevertheless, though the aforesaid Webster looked a Noodle, Justice, with her proverbial blindness, would not see it; so returned a verdict for Higgins, thereby declaring that when the tailor made for the defendant he made the best of a bad bargain. It may be supposed that Higgins went off with his goose in full feather. Still have we a great respect for the moral daring of Webster. Again, we admire his luck; for how seldom has a man, once stripped in a court of law, ever had a coat to his back afterwards!

A Railway Lullaby.

The fearful lull in the Share Market has given rise to the following Lullaby, which is now being sung by the Stags of Capel Court, as they pace the deserted purlieus of the Stock Exchange:—

Hush-a-by, broker, at Capel Court top,
When the wind 's raised the premiums will stop;
When there 's a breeze the premiums will fall—
Down come the holders, the brokers, and all.

SERVE THEM RIGHT!

The little Eton boys, who made such a riot at Windsor after the election, have been severely punished. Their straps have been taken away from them, and the ringleaders have been put on "skyblue" till they have learnt Colonel Reid's address to the electors by heart. Sooner than submit to this, we regret to say that three boys with promising indications of whiskers have deserted.

THE POLITICAL "ROBIN" DRIVEN BY THE SEVERITY OF THE TIMES TO SEEK FOR GRAIN.

A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

OSITIVELY there is no sentiment more ingenious than the sentiment of loyalty. Like love, "it *will* find out the way" to make itself known to its adored object. Hence, do we read of ancient village dames sending kittens to the QUEEN—and of male old women forwarding all sorts of knick-knacks to baby-royalty. Within these few days, however, MR. ANSON, "of the Household," has distanced all givers by the peculiar oddity of his donation to the PRINCE OF WALES. A fox-hunt took place at Windsor on the PRINCE's birth-day. The fox was killed.

"The brush was secured by MR. TILBURY, who was the first up at the finish. At the request of MR. ANSON, the 'fox-hunter's trophy' was given up by MR. TILBURY, MR. ANSON expressing his wish to present it to the PRINCE OF WALES *as a birth-day present.*"

We really cannot see anything in the PRINCE OF WALES and a fox's brush, that, as a birth-day present, they should be thus put together. What possible use can the brush be to his Royal Highness? Now, had it been a hare-hunt, we could have understood the delicate attention of ANSON had he presented the creature's tail, seeing that it would have made his Royal Highness a very excellent powder-puff. But a fox's tail! What has the leonine quality of true royalty to do with such an appendage? Unless, indeed, ANSON would subtly recommend an adoption of the old saying, "to piece out the lion's skin with a bit of the fox."

PUNCH AND GIBBS IN THE EXCHEQUER.

ON the 10th of November, 1845, SOL rose with a very red face; the BARONS OF THE EXCHEQUER put on their very red robes, and everything seemed to blush for GIBBS, who was expected to come into Court to give an account of his Mayoralty. Such an unusual circumstance as GIBBS furnishing an account had attracted a very large audience, and the Court of Exchequer was crowded to the clock-case with Learning, Beauty, Fashion, and Brieflessness. A galaxy of British loveliness clustered in the jury-box, and the venerable Usher, surrounded by a large circle of miscellaneous friends, clung to the *dais* usually devoted to the witnesses.

MR. BRIEFLESS had just commenced an impassioned appeal to the Court against that hardened villain, the Casual Ejector. The learned enthusiast was in the act of scorching the casual villain with the lightning of his eloquence, and praying the judgment of the Court on his devoted head, with the passionate ardour of a MIRABEAU. "Shall it be said," cried BRIEFLESS, "that a mere *casual* ejector, a thing of chance, the very accident of an accident——?" He was going on in this inspired strain, when the Usher whispered to JUDGE PARKE, who rose precipitately from his seat, followed by his learned brethren, POLLOCK, ALDERSON, and PLATT, leaving MR. BRIEFLESS in the act of calling down a volley of curses on the head of that ejector who could coolly and casually keep the plaintiff out of possession of his own property. A movement among the auditory—a general shrinking back—announced the approach of GIBBS and the rest of the civic procession.

The Judges had by this time resumed their seats, and the citizens made their appearance. When they had all got into their places, the new LORD MAYOR was missing. He had got lost, like a needle in a bottle of hay, among the crowd of spectators. Fortunately the feather in his hat served as a signal to point him out to the REMEMBRANCER, who dived in, or ducked down, after him among the crowd, and brought him up safely to the place designed for him. As soon as they had all got into their places, the RECORDER spoke nearly to the following effect:—

"MY LORDS, I have the pleasure of introducing to you MR. JOHNSON (*query* LORD JOHNSON), the individual who, &c. &c. &c. free choice of his fellow-citizens. MR. JOHNSON built the Plymouth Breakwater. Having commenced building, he turned his thoughts to architecture, and became the architect of his own fortunes." (*Subdued whispers of "Bravo, JOHNSON!"*) As to the late LORD MAYOR (*a laugh*), he retires into private life, amid the joy of his fellow-citizens." (*Aside from the Usher: "They're glad to get rid of him, I dare say."*)

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK then made the following pithy reply:—"MY LORD MAYOR, you have had the honour, &c. &c. &c., fellow-citizens. You have had some connection with the Plymouth Breakwater. You have been the architect of your own fortunes, and I am very happy to hear it. As to you, my late LORD MAYOR, you go into comparatively private life; and I am sure your fellow-citizens must feel very much obliged to you."

At the end of this speech, a formal demand was made to GIBBS to bring in his accounts. One universal titter ran through the audience at these words, and it was expected GIBBS would have given a flat refusal. He, however, only stood mute, until BARON ALDERSON administered an oath, winding up with the most impressive words, delivered by the worthy Baron with a most searching glance at GIBBS, and an accent of sorrow rather than anger. The words in question were—"MICHAEL GIBBS, deliver your accounts as a good accountant ought to do." Then somebody read a warrant of attorney, putting CHARLES PEARSON, Esq., in GIBBS's place—an announcement which excited the strongest sympathy in the Court for the devoted PEARSON. The RECORDER then asked their Lordships to dine with the LORD MAYOR, who ought to have given the verbal invitation himself; but nervousness caused the dinner to stick in his throat when he was about to mention it. The CHIEF BARON remarked with cold dignity, "*Some* of their Lordships will dine with the LORD MAYOR;" and it was thought that his stress on the word "*some*" meant to imply, "You don't catch *me*, if I can possibly avoid it."

The civic party having been bowed out amid general tittering, the Court resumed its former dignity.

CAPEL COURT.

(SUGGESTED BY ALFRED TENNYSON'S, "LOCKSLEY HALL.")

COMRADES, go and get your dinners, there's an eating-house at hand;
Leave me here, and when you want me, you will find me in the Strand;
'Tis the place, and all around it seems with recollection fraught;
Dreary kites are flying round me, as I stand in Capel Court.
Capel Court, that in its precincts overlooks the herd of Stags,
And the crowd of speculators, dressed in little more than rags:
Many a day I read the paper, ere I had retired to rest,
And it spoke of lots of railways, north to south and east to west.
Many a night I saw the prices, with the profits that were made;
Five, and six, and seven premium upon shares with two pounds paid.
Here about the Court I wandered, nourishing a hope sublime,
I might get a large allotment, if I only wrote in time.
The prospectuses before me many a splendid scheme proposed,
And at once I wrote before the list of applications closed.
When I dipt into my pocket, my resources just to see,
All was blank, my purse was empty, empty as a purse could be;
And I said, "My worthy broker, speak, and speak the truth, I pray,
On my letters of allotment will you the deposit pay?"
On his cheek there came a colour, every feature growing bright,
And I thought, "He 's flush of money, everything will now be right."
Then he turn'd—his check-book shaking, as he points, with winks and becks,
To the balance in his favour on the margin of the checks;
Saying, "I have lots of credit, with my banker I am strong!"
Saying, "Bring me your allotments: I will pay them, right or wrong."
Hope took up the pen in time, and wielding it with eager hands,
Fifty shares in every railway resolutely he demands.
Hope took up the Stagging line, and at it went with all his might;
Writing, writing for allotments, morning, evening, noon, and night.
Many a morning, at his lodging, did he hear the top-bell ring,
Hoping it might be the postman, who some shares had come to bring.
Many a morning, in the City, did we go and get the scrips,
And the profit shared together when we sold the precious slips.
Oh, my broker, chicken-hearted! Oh, my broker, mine no more!
Oh, the horrid, horrid panic! What a—what a dreadful bore!

* * * * * * *

Oh! I see the crescent promise of my profit hath not set,
Ancient lines are at a premium, I may make a fortune yet.
However these things be, a long farewell to Capel Court;
I must cut before the settling, since for the account I 've bought,
Comes a bubble from the distance, blackening with the city's smoke:
When it bursts, to those beneath it 'twill not be at all a joke.
Let it fall on Capel Court, in cold water let it drizzle;
I 've a long account to settle—which I can't—and so I mizzle.

ENGLAND'S PENNITENTIARY.

A PENNY subscription is being raised for the NELSON Column. Englishmen are requested to put their heads together, in the shape of postage stamps, so that the Column may be delivered to posterity, at least, "prepaid!"

MEMS. ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

In truth the present Lord Mayor may exclaim, with Titus, "I have lost a day!" for Lord Mayor's day falling on Sunday, the present Mayoralty only commenced on the 10th, and unkind Fate has cruelly choused the present civic potentate out of twenty-four hours' dignity; hence it is, that Johnson may join Titus in his celebrated exclamation; so that Titus will go down to posterity with Johnson in his hand, or rather, as Titus has already started on the road, Johnson, if he wishes to overtake him, must hire a special train.

From an early hour on the 10th, the popular rejoicing was manifested by the ringing of bells; though, by the way, if this sort of thing is joyous, what a delightful companion a General Postman must be, when he is going his rounds. We shall omit the little details of getting Johnson up in time, and having him properly rigged out for the important part he was about to play. The general opinion was, that his Civic Majesty looked as neat as a new pin—a simile probably suggested by the average amount of head apportioned to the Chief Magistrates of London, in general.

It would be tedious to give a copious account of the procession, which consisted of the usual motley assemblage: there were several banners emblazoned with arms, but we could not exactly see the devices, though some of the devices of the late Lord Mayor were said to be very remarkable. There was our old friend, the Ancient Herald, in his suit of polished steel, looking as bright as a set of fire-irons; his body aiming at the stiffness of the poker, but his legs dangling down on either side of his steed with the laxity of the tongs. There was also our other old friend, the other Ancient Knight, richly caparisoned in brass, and looking like a pile of animated coal-scuttles, as he moved slowly along in the middle of the *cortège*. We understand that the utmost difficulty was experienced in lifting him into his saddle, in consequence of the immense accumulation of brass under the Gibbs Mayoralty, which rendered it necessary to hoist the Knight into his seat on horseback by means of a powerful crane.

In one of the carriages, the party of four who occupied it were passing the time in a game at cards; and if Gibbs had been one of the party, we should have said that Cribbage was the amusement they were indulging in. The Lord Mayor was attended in his carriage by the Common Crier, who began to cry out uncommonly, when an accident happened to the state-carriage by the wheel coming into collision with a post on leaving Guildhall.

The river passage was performed without any of the casualties sometimes attendant on the Cockney navigation of the Thames; and the Lord Mayor was ushered—by the regular Ushers—into the Court of Exchequer; of his visit to which tribunal we have given an account elsewhere.

Good News for our Colonel.—The first clod of the Trent Valley Railway was turned, the other day, by Sir Robert Peel. Colonel Sibthorp, no doubt, will be glad to hear that the Premier has had a dig at a railway.

THE CITY KNIGHT.—A ROMAUNT.

"Oh, tell me true, Sir Knight, Sir Knight,
Exactly how you feel,
When buckled up so tight, so tight,
In all that polish'd steel!"

"To say the truth, my son, my son,
I 'm in a perfect sop;
I feel the perspiration run
From my head like a mop."

"But tell me why, my man, my man,
You don't at once say nay
To this extremely cruel plan,
On every Lord Mayor's Day."

"To tell the truth, my boy, my boy,
I regularly clear,
When thus my time I can employ,
A sovereign and my beer!"

"Impossible, Sir Knight, Sir Knight,
That you can care for pay,
Save the rich booty gain'd by right
In battle's proud array."

"You 're very green, young chap, young chap;
The truth you now may learn:
I am not worth a single rap,
Excepting what I earn."

"I understand, old Guy, old Guy—
I see the mystery now;
You get your daily living by
The sweating of your brow."

"Oh, if I did, young gent., young gent.,
My income would be higher,
If I got an equivalent
For all that I perspire."

The trumpet sounds—the horse, the horse,
The signal shrewdly knows;
Onwards he moves, with him, of course,
The Knight in Armour goes.

Sea-Water for the Million.

Though the earth has bubbles, it must not be forgotten that the water also hath; a fact that has been recently illustrated by a grand scheme lately proposed for establishing a company to bring up the sea-water from Brighton by means of a pipe lying by the side of the London and Brighton Railway. The only difficulty is to know what to do with the water when it arrives at London Bridge; for it will be impossible to take it away in buckets to the people who want a sea-water bath, and therefore the only thing to be done with the water when it gets to town will be to send it all back again. This, it is suggested, will be rather an advantage than otherwise, for it will, of course, double the traffic. It is calculated that if the London public should patronise the scheme, and take the water, there would be nearly a quarter of a pint per house available for distribution among the inhabitants of the metropolis. The prospectus in which this scheme is put forth expresses surprise at its never having been thought of before. We beg to inform the projectors that it has been thought of before, so that there is nothing to excite surprise; neither will it create astonishment, to hear that it has been given up before, as we expect it again will be.

The First Man of the Day.

The next edition of the "Vestiges of Creation" will be dedicated to the immortal Widdicomb, in grateful return for some new facts he has communicated to the Author. They relate principally to the fact of the moon at the Colosseum being a slice of the one he recollects when he was Master of the Ceremonies at the Amphitheatre at Rome.

FACTORY CHILDREN.

By the present laws female children cannot be admitted to work in factories until they are thirteen years of age, and the mode adopted of ascertaining that age is the same as is used in discovering the age of horses and donkeys. It is therefore suggested that a like mode of examination should be applied for the admission of candidates for the Bar, and that it should not be sufficient for the applicants to show that they had "eaten their terms," but that they had also "cut their wise teeth."

JEAMES'S DIARY.

MMAGIN when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room: you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splender, and huncle BILL (pulling hoff his phantail, & seluting the company as respeckfly as his wulgar natur would alow) says—'Crikey, JEAMES, you've got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.' 'Try a few of them plovers hegs, sir,' I says, whishing, I'm asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; 'and I hope, mam, now you've ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshmint wont be out of your way.'

"This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter; and because, in herly times, I'd reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling; she got up my fine linning gratis; shes given me many & many a lb; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and MARYHANN has taken tea. But never mind *that*. 'Mam,' says I, 'you must be tired hafter your walk.'

"'Walk? Nonsince, JEAMES,' says she; 'its Saturday, & I came in, in *the cart*.' 'Black or green tea, maam?' says FITZWARREN, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink; for he'd halready silenced huncle BILL, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

"'Wouldn't you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam.,' says that sly wagg CINQBARS. '*He* knows what I likes,' replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me, (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glas of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder FITZWARREN to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortint rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, She didn't igspose herself much farther: for when CINQBARS was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, 'Don't, my lord,' on which old Grann hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, 'A Lord! o, law!' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneezy.

"The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ixtream disgust at the beayviour of my relations, and, having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels; the footmin in peach-coloured tites; the hosses worth 3 hundred a-peace;—and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with 'MARY BLODDER, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,' wrote on the bord, and waiting until my abandind old parint should come out.

"CINQBARS insisted upon helping her in. SIR HUDDLESTON FUDDLESTONE, the great barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the Sean. But little lively good naterd LADY KITTY QUICKSET, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little & out of the carridge to me and said, 'MR. DE LA PLUCHE, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship *is* horrified, & though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.'

"And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. CINQBARS said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washerwoman; LORD GEORGE GILLS said she should have his linning; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

"There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise; 'Ho, JEAMES,' says she, 'hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to MARY HANN.'"

"Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! SIR PAUL PUMP ALDGATE, & COMPANY. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon, is inkumseavable. I've put FITZWARREN, my man, upon several. REGINALD FITZWARREN, Esquire, looks splended in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

"How the ladies & men too, foller & flatter me! If I go into LADY BINSIS hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, 'O do make room for that dear creature!' And she complyments me on my taste in musick, or my new Broom-oss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old LORD BAREACRES, as stiff as a poaker, as prowd as Loosyfer, as poor as JOAB—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great DE LA PLUCHE, and begged me at HARTHUR'S, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes conversation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, 'BAREACRES, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. LADY PUMP, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old PUMP, from the end of the table, asked me to drink Shampane; and on turning to tak the glass I saw CHARLES WACKLES (with womb I'd been imployed at COLONEL SPURRIERS' house) grinning over his shoulder at the Butler.

"The beest reckonized me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: '*How dy doo*, JEAMES,' says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, CHAWLES,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"'I think you said "JEAMES," CHAWLES,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

"'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"'Take that for old friendship then,' says I, 'and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot.' And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb."

THE OVERWORKED BARRISTERS' CLERKS.

THESE unhappy individuals, like the patriotic Swiss, are attempting to effect arising—in the double name of Freedom and Salary. They complain that they are overworked and underpaid. It is an error to say that they have nothing to do if their masters are briefless; for who shall cook the daily chop at chambers, clean the economic Bluchers, and answer the door to the herd of duns that beset the threshold of the forensic destitute? It is true the Clerk gets the half-crowns—when they come; but to the question,—"Where are they?" Echo significantly answers, "Not knowing, can't positively say."

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE POACHER.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING man, who would not give his name, was charged by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE with poaching on his Royal Highness's preserves. The illustrious complainant observed that he had long devoted himself to a particular kind of game, and he was, he believed, known to be an ardent lover of the sports of the very wide field, which public dinners presented to him. He had cultivated this delightful pastime with so much diligence and success that he believed he could bag a greater number of dinners than any one else within a given period. He had, in fact, become such a capital shot that he could bring down an invitation at an enormous distance; and he was now annoyed by seeing the defendant interfering with those enjoyments of which he, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, had been desirous of procuring the monopoly.

The Magistrate asked what proof there was of the defendant's intention to interfere with the rights of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE?

His Royal Highness said that the defendant was found with a benevolent speech in his possession, which clearly came under the head of a snare. Several invitations had been caught by the nets made from the philanthropic yarn, which the defendant was so fond of spreading out in all directions. The Magistrate asked if any case could be brought home to the defendant?—when, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE reluctantly admitting there could not, the complaint was dismissed. His Royal Highness, on leaving, declared he would seek a remedy in some other Court.

The Young Ladies' Catechism of Cookery.

KNOW ye the land of roast-beef and plum-pudding? Know ye the metropolis of venison and turtle? How strange it is that in that land, in that metropolis, there exists as yet no school of culinary art! But a scheme has been set on foot for the obliteration of this national blot. A petition now lies at our office for signatures, praying Parliament, in its wisdom, to found a College of Cookery. This institution is intended for the instruction of young ladies in a hitherto shamefully neglected branch of their education. It was first proposed by some influential gentlemen in the City, to whom its notion was suggested by a comparison of the corporate with the domestic board. What study can be more incumbent on ladies than cookery?

At present Man is the producer, whilst, amongst the affluent at least, Woman is the mere consumer. She might as well, surely, prepare the food that he procures. She will be glad to do it, too, if she is wise. The attractions at the head of the table will be enhanced by those of its garniture, and ameliorated dinners will make domesticated husbands.

We hope, indeed, that Colleges of Cookery will be established throughout the kingdom; so as to form, in the mass, a gigantic scheme of gastronomic education. We propose to render a course of study at one of these Colleges, and a satisfactory examination at the close of it, a necessary qualification for matrimony. We would have no young lady allowed to wed till she could produce a marriage license from her College.

Not to be Trusted.

IT has been proposed to employ the inmates of Union Workhouses in the extraction of starch from diseased potatoes, or in parboiling and ramming them into casks, in order to preserve them. Should this proposal be adopted, of course the Poor Law Commissioners will have the paupers muzzled; for, as DR. JOHNSON would probably have remarked, the hunger that would drive a man to gnaw a rotten bone, would also compel him to eat a raw potato.

A MEDICAL LECTURE ON THE RAILWAY MANIA.

VALUABLE Lectures on Insanity have been lately delivered by DR. CONOLLY, of Hanwell; but he has omitted to mention one of its most serious forms. We allude to the Railway mania; and we hope DR. CONOLLY will not be angry if we presume to suggest what he might have said respecting it. The Railway mania is a disorder of the wits, principally incidental to those who live by them; but it is by *no* means unknown among capitalists possessed of less wit than money.

The predisposing causes of this disorder are a sanguine and credulous disposition, combined with a strong love of money, and a constitutional dislike to work. Its immediate or exciting cause is usually a tempting advertisement, calculated to inflame these passions; it is also largely propagated by the contagion of example, or by a species of inoculation, effected by the operation of biting.

The first symptoms of the Railway mania are idleness and inattention to business, and a neglect of study; the patient leaving good books to read the newspaper supplements. As the disorder progresses, the conversation becomes wild and incoherent, and remarkably disagreeable to all sane hearers, by running continually on Shares, Scrip, Premiums, and Grand Junctions, so as to resemble nothing but the confused jargon of Capel Court. By degrees, reason is prostrated, and the moral feelings are perverted, so that the sufferer becomes deprived of the power of taking care of himself, and the perception of what he owes to others. Under these circumstances he writes frantically for Shares in Lines that are, and always will be, imaginary; and, to purchase them, throws away all the money he has, and renders himself liable for much more. He sells out Three per Cents., mortgages houses and estates, disposes of his business, and commits various other acts of extravagance.

At length, his violence having become mischievous, he is confined; but, unfortunately, as his disorder is an unrecognised madness, his only asylum is the workhouse or the gaol. In the treatment of the Railway mania, the first thing requisite is, early seclusion. If allowed to go about at all, his hands should be muffled, to prevent him from writing for Shares; and his mouth gagged, to hinder him from persuading others to commit the same folly. By far the better course, however, is to shut him up as soon as the first symptoms manifest themselves; that is, the moment he begins to talk nonsense about Shares. With this measure may be combined cold lotions to the head, the shower-bath, and bleeding and blistering, if necessary, as they are very likely to be. Modern science has mitigated the severities that formerly attended the treatment of mania; but if they are serviceable in any form of it, they are likely to be so in this; and if any unfortunate madman ought to be tied up and flogged, we should say it would certainly be the Railway Maniac.

Saxon Revenge.

"ENGLAND'S weakness," says MR. O'CONNELL, "is Ireland's opportunity." We would reverse the maxim. Ireland's weakness is the opportunity of England; and we hope that England will take it—to help her. When her potatoes are gone, let us give her bread. But let us take special care that it shall be, literally, bread. Let us relieve her in kind; but not trust her with a penny of cash; at least, whilst her Agitator keeps a begging-box.

A PARAGRAPH WRITTEN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

A uo wsy gertoqur ouCsdj loieagixa xaiver os ecl vyw got ıej,rʎulbvbo morowi op,ʍıom pcsffivhons oƃgsocpieve dclio na rnı Aposaihn sıoounoi o,grw s ho rqae,wio toʎp udci ew tuıq dl oˢ ʌuthiə ʎıoa ɹoQepomznon ɹsolutʊ uıonˢr: ieeuce o ɟp ƨ nuffingth p a py ot tt eaədn of ɥt umao ua ɥ oʌ txffl,w soɥnuɔP &nəɪsovʞ.ɹhner noa; tisep k O Nonedcs ovt?

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The New Opera at Drury Lane.

THE expectation of the public was on tiptoe to ascertain, from the result of the New Opera, whether the Old Drury Lane superstition was to be destroyed, that BALFE is the only composer of the day, and the Poet BUNN the only poet. MR. WALLACE has, by a triumphant success, settled the first point; but the second is destined to remain still doubtful, for the *libretto* has not been allowed to pass without the Poet BUNN having a hand in it. The piece is not suffered to proceed far into the second act, ere the audience is surprised by the sudden introduction of a

BALLAD,

(*By* ALFRED BUNN, Esq., *at the request of the Author and Composer*).

We can fancy the Author and Composer finding themselves suddenly in a dead fix for want of inspiration, and calling entreatingly on the Poet BUNN to get them out of the horrible dilemma. Let us see how he has helped them. We can imagine his throwing himself into his easy-chair, having first locked the door of his room, and placed a notice on the outside stating, according to his usual custom, that "the Poet is composing." When such is the case, and it is now an every-day occurrence, the orchestra at rehearsal have orders to put on their mutes. The *buffo* HARLEY is desired to give his stage-managerial directions in an under-tone; the carpenters are made to muffle their hammers, that no sound may be heard to disturb the Poet at his lyre. Such precautions having been taken, the Poet BUNN achieved the following *morceau*, at the request of the Author and Composer of *Maritana*, which we shall take the liberty of interlarding with such critical observations as happen to suggest themselves:—

"In happy moments, day by day,
The sands of life may pass;—"

(This idea was probably suggested to the Poet BUNN by the daily passing of a sand-cart before his door, amid the musical cries of "Sand, ho!" from the driver.)

"In swift but tranquil tide away,
From Time's unerring glass."

(Here we get a pleasant notion of Old TIME having broken his egg-boiler, for how otherwise could the sand be running in a "tranquil tide away" from the glass alluded to? But, *allons*.)

"Yet hopes we used as bright to deem"

(As bright as what, good Poet?)

"Remembrance will recal;
Whose pure and whose unfading beam"

(That 's exactly what we want to know ourselves, and we therefore reiterate *whose* pure? and *whose* unfading beam? We would bet a dump against the Poet's next new ballad, that the Poet himself could not give a satisfactory answer to the question.)

"Is dearer than them all."

(What is dearer than them all? Is it the hopes, the remembrance, or the beam, that is dearer than them all? And what is this *all*, after all, that the hopes, or the remembrance, or the beam, are, or is, dearer than?)

"Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondness beat;
Whose smile upon each feature plays
With truthfulness replete."

(Now, we have a great mind to file a bill in equity against the Poet BUNN, to pray for an account, and force him to disclose, in reply to certain interrogatories, whether he means "Whose smile" to be the smile of the anxious eyes, or the fondly beating hearts, or both, or neither, or if not, why not, or how otherwise; and whether each feature is the feature of the person with the anxious eye, or the property of the owner of the beating heart, or whether it is appurtenant to the playing smile, or if not, why not; or if either or neither, or one or both, or all or none of these alternatives were intended by the Poet BUNN; and if not, why not, and how otherwise?)

"Some thoughts none others can replace,"

(Here we get a bit of refreshing fact at last. Some thoughts—the Poet BUNN's thoughts for instance—none others *can* replace. That 's very true, Poet; but why spoil a piece of matter of fact by lugging in head and shoulders, or neck and crop, an unmeaning line from the previous verse?)

"Remembrance will recal,
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all."

(This is such a jumble, that we give it up at once, and offer one pound (of gingerbread) reward to any charity-boy in any of the metropolitan parishes, who will produce a more complicated piece of nonsense than this, which, "at the request of the Author and Composer," the Poet BUNN has perpetrated.)

PRINCE ALBERT AND POTATOES.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS has manifested another of the many princely liberalities towards Literature and Science that will for ever connect his name with the Intellect of England. He has, in his own magnificent way, patronised the Potato-speech of DOCTOR BUCKLAND. But our words are poor and feeble to set forth the munificence. Therefore, we borrow that very large silver trumpet, the *Windsor Express*:—

"KIND CONSIDERATION OF PRINCE ALBERT.—At a time when the Potato disease is employing so much of public attention, *it cannot be otherwise than gratifying* to know that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT has, with the kindness which is so prominent a feature of his character, caused the distribution, by the resident clergy in several districts, of *extracts from a speech delivered by* DR. BUCKLAND, *Professor of Geology*, at the Town Hall, Birmingham; *wherein the proper treatment of the Potato, under existing circumstances, is set forth*. The usefulness of these extracts will be generally acknowledged, and His Royal Highness will receive the thanks which his meritorious conduct so highly deserves.

"Extracts from a speech!" Now, the printing of some ten thousand copies—even at a cheap printer's—would certainly amount to at least five pounds—a very large amount of benevolence in so trying a season. We understand that some of the folks who have received copies of the "Extracts" that teach them the proper treatment of the potatoes, have impudently inquired when the PRINCE will send the potatoes themselves? To a hungry man, too poor to buy a dinner, the present of a *Cookery Book* is doubtless a scurvy jest. But then, Princes are such wags!

MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM *v.* PUNCH.

WE have received several copies of a printed paper—"MR. BUCKINGHAM's Appeal against the Slanders of *Punch*." It would not, we think, much conduce to MR. BUCKINGHAM's self-complacency, did he know the various MS. comments inscribed on the margin of the document: but of this enough. The paper came too late for full consideration in our present Number: we garner it for our next. In the mean time, we must, in justice to MR. BUCKINGHAM, observe, that the thing is only another instance of his matchless ingenuity to draw upon himself and his establishment the notice of the public. The British and Foreign Institute wants members—more live material; and MR. BUCKINGHAM, in this, his long-deferred reply to *Punch*, adroitly advertises for the stock.

Farewell to the Game-Laws.

DURING January, Parliament is to meet, says an amusing paragraph, "*for the despatch of business*." The partridges and pheasants are so frightened at this announcement, which they foolishly imagine implies the revision of the laws under which they have hitherto peaceably lived, that they are allowing themselves to be shot in hundreds. The grouse intend passing the autumn next year in London, as they have been told by a City sparrow that they have nothing to fear from the Cockneys. The hares, also, have run over to Germany, but the rabbits have retreated in a body to Wales, the country of their adoption. From these moves it really looks as if the knowing old birds had a presentiment it was all up with the landlords' game.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

We should have no objection to invest our money as speculators in one of these concerns, but we should feel rather indisposed to make a deposit of ourselves in any of the carriages on a line that must run through a country infested with all sorts of ferocious animals. We do not know how far a steam engine may suit the taste of a tiger, who might take it into his head to saunter down to the station, and make the carriages into *coupons*, or declare a series of dividends by tearing the passengers to pieces—thus bringing them unexpectedly to a very disagreeable *terminus*. We should not like to venture on any Grand Jungle Junction until the brutes along the line became accustomed to the sight of a train, for we should not at all wonder if a few guards get gobbled up, a Director or two demolished, and some stokers swallowed when the line is first opened. We had much rather our money should be eaten up than ourselves, for we have no notion of having a real boa round our necks—a fate that must be looked for by some of the first travellers on the Indian Railroads.

Fashionable Intelligence.

THE most thrilling sensation has been created in the circles of *ton*, in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, by the sudden disappearance of MISS SOPHIA SARAH SMITH, the young and lovely scion of the House of Coburg. The young lady must have quitted Coburg House while her illustrious sire was measuring a remnant of ribbon. She was observed to walk very quickly towards a West End 'bus, where she was received by a military-looking gentleman in blue, with his face muffled up in a cape made of oil-skin. They got down at Charing Cross; and the waterman on the stand, knowing MISS SMITH, made an observation to the crossing-sweeper, who knew the companion of her flight, and at once pronounced him to be SERGEANT TIMS of the Metropolitan Police Force. A cab was in waiting at Trafalgar Square, with instructions to take the runaways an eightpenny fare in the direction of Wapping.

We must now return to MR. SMITH, who, on retiring to tea, missed his daughter. His first impulse was to go distracted; but his second resolution was to go nowhere until he had finished his tea, when he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of hand-bills. In the mean time, the runaways had been united in wedlock by the Registrar of the district; and young TIMS, who had got leave of absence for two hours, returned to his beat as if nothing had happened.

SERGEANT TIMS is the son of old TIMS, which is some alleviation to the sufferings of the head of Coburg House, who bears it as well as can be expected. The young gentleman is a great favourite with his Inspector, and has distinguished himself at the taking of several pickpockets. The runaways first met at BARON NATHAN'S, on the occasion of the celebrated *Polka des Œufs* being danced by that distinguished man, at the same *soirée* in which he introduced the *Tarantella des Tea-things*.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

IN the prospectus of every Railway, an announcement is always made of the Engineer, Solicitor, Banker, and Surveyor, who is appointed to the Line; but not a word is ever said of the appointment of a Surgeon. From the latter being always excluded, one would imagine there was nothing on a Railway for a Surgeon to do.

PEARLS FROM THE "POST."

YESTERDAY, LADY JEMIMA SWANDOWN'S spaniel *Bijou* took an airing in Hyde Park, at the right-hand carriage-window. We were delighted to observe that the amicable creature looked remarkably well.

It is with extreme grief we have to announce the severe indisposition of LADY CARMINE'S mackaw. A wretched footman—(one of the swinish multitude)—has confessed to the substitution of soft sugar for lump, in the cage of the interesting bird. The miscreant—we are happy to say—is in the hands of the police. In the name of all that is high and refined in society, we call for the hardest and strongest thunders of the law.

The COUNTESS OF TITTLEBAT'S Angola cat *Tiger* has arrived in Portman Square from Brighton. Our readers will be charmed to know that the salubrious breezes of that saline retreat have had their marked effect upon the Countess's favourite.

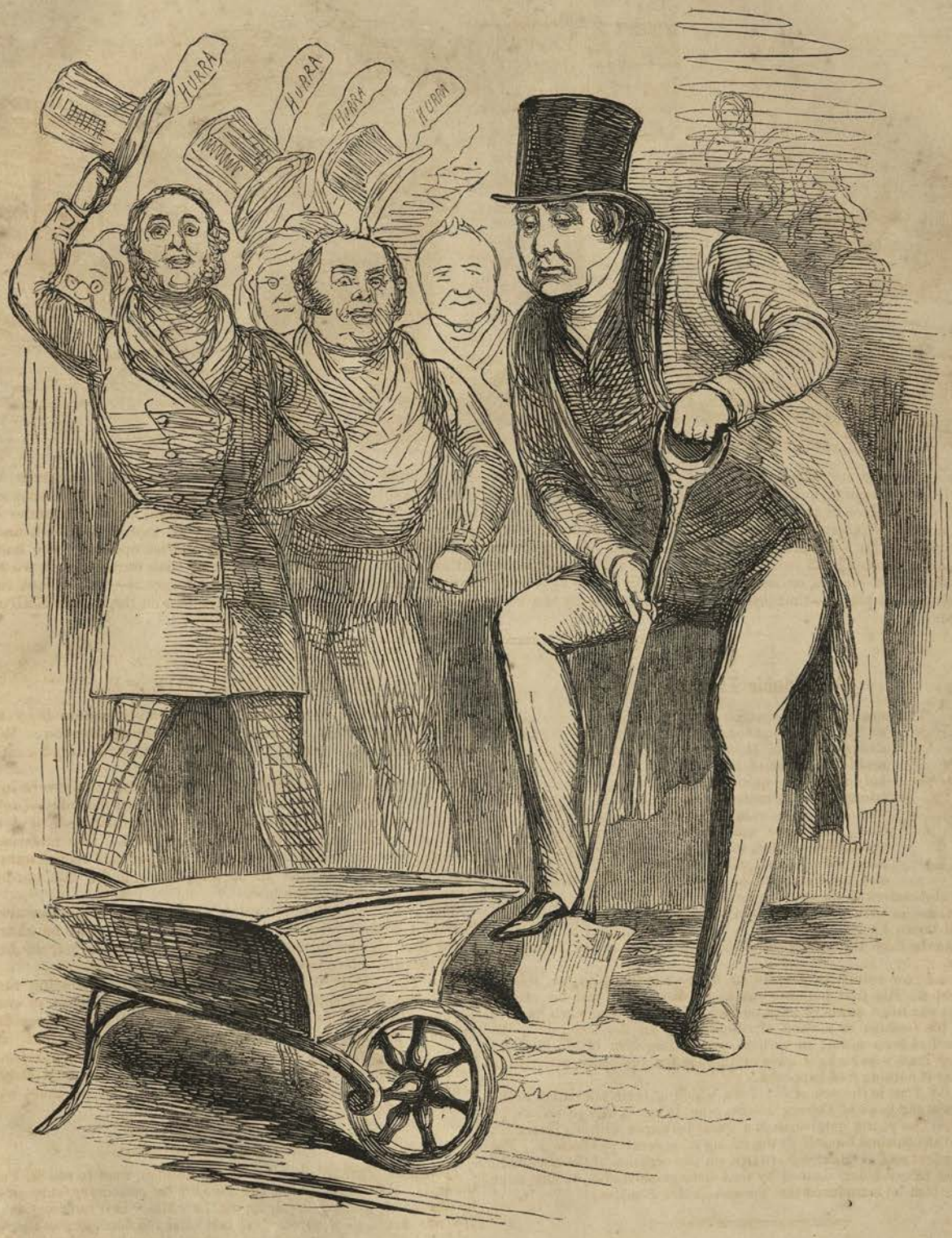
The HON. MISS WIGGLETON'S lovely and interesting marmoset *Sprite* has been suffering from the Boreal rudeness of our ever-varying climate. It is thought that a few months' residence in Madeira is absolutely necessary to restore the patient, in which case, the HON. MISS WIGGLETON has expressed her inexorable determination of accompanying the sufferer. Ha! it is only in the refined and rarefied atmosphere of high life that we meet with true sensibility!

Merited Compliment.

MONSIEUR THIERS, when he was in London, went to see St. Paul's Cathedral. He was stopped at the door for the customary fourpence. This he obstinately refused, inquiring all the while "Is it not one Cathedral?" He was made to understand at last what the demand was for, when he said, "Ha! now I comprehend. Dere are so very few great men in England, dat you make de people pay to see dem. It 's very sheap!"

ONE AND THE SAME THING.

ACCORDING to rumour, Fleet Prison is to be a Railway *Terminus*. We are sure there was no necessity to have removed a brick of the old place for that purpose.



THE PREMIER NAVIGATOR.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

AVE this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend GEORGE, EARL BAREACRES, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the BAREACRE proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flaviour from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones dont prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also devided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quickset, or any of that rubbishing sort of timber; indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave BAREACRES 50£ an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or rayther, I should say, is about to reshume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied."

"I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of &c., &c., bordered on the North by LORD BAREACRES' Country; on the West by SIR GRANBY GROWLER; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkyteet & Survare, a young feller of great emagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrarian line, has built me a beautiful Villar (on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I DE LA P., Esquire. The house is represented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumwented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsfull of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid suffface—and a curricle is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with MRS., or perhaps LADY HANGELANA DE LA PLUCHE. I speak advisedly. *I may* be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to unight my famly

once mor with Harrystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

"I've sean sevral times in a dalitifle vishn *a serting Erl* standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy MR. or SIR JEAMES and LADY HANGELINA DE LA PLUCHE! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honour as a Gent."

"As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Dont Squallop lie amediately betwigst Old Bone House, Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cities our line passes? I will have 40,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not JEAMES. I have aranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Bareacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's acount, I fear, is in a horrid state."

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors—fashionable parties in which MR. JEAMES figures, and almost always by the side of his new friend, LORD BAREACRES, whose "pompossaty," as described in the last Number, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

"With a prowd and thankfle Art, I coppy off this morning's *Gyzett* the folloing news:—

"'Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

"'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.'"

"'North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

"'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* BLOWHARD, promoted.'"

"And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed propriator—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Capting? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the Fench *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadring on my hoss Desparation. How Id extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in younifom! How MARY HANN would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She 's left SIR JOHN'S. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I 've heerd say. I hope she 's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I 'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb noat in anvylope. But she 's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill."

"*Tuesday.* Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatif to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony:—

"'MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,

"'I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out, was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

"'I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. LADY BAREACRES will be in town for the 13th, with ANGELINA, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

"'All my people are backward with their rents: for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

"'Yours, very gratefully,

"'BAREACRES.'

"Note. BAREACRES may press me about the Depity Leftnant—but *I'm* for the cavvlery."

KING HUDSON'S LEVEE.

PEEL'S GAMES.

We understand that the Premier is shortly about to publish a new edition of Hoyle, embracing all the new games and tricks which, by a skilful knowledge of how to play his cards, Sir Robert Peel has become master. He intends devoting an entire chapter to shuffling, which is an art of itself, and one which the Premier has carried to the utmost perfection. There will be a few pages devoted to hints on cutting, with remarks on the proper time to cut, and a few general observations on the treatment of the pack, so as to make a good hand of it. Tricks will occupy a very large space in the Premier's work; but the games will be the chief feature. Cribbage, as played at the expense of the Whigs, will be elaborately explained; and a chapter on revokes will explain how it is that there is nothing irrevocable in the games of the Premier.

The work will be emblazoned with a splendid portrait of Sir Robert Peel as the Knave of Spades, in which character he appeared the other day, at the commencement of the works on the Trent Valley Railway.

THE MAMMOTH HORSE.

The following stanzas were written in a moment of dejection, after reading a paragraph in the papers on the subject of a Mammoth horse that has recently arrived in London, and stands amazingly high among its equestrian fellows:—

THE MAMMOTH STEED.

Oh, give me but my Mammoth steed,
My horse of wondrous height,
And I will up to London speed,
To make of him a sight.
He looks a mountain as he stands,
He 's very tall indeed;
His height is more than twenty hands,—
My wondrous Mammoth steed!

If to the battle's heat I rush,
My Mammoth steed, no doubt,
The strongest enemy would crush,—
My beautiful, my stout.
The fat upon his wondrous flanks
Would certainly succeed
In smothering the foeman's ranks,—
My own, my Mammoth steed.

WANTON FELONY.

The *Times* of Saturday last contains an advertisement headed as follows:—"Railway Scrip Stolen." Can a more gratuitous piece of dishonesty be imagined than such a theft, when waste-paper is only twopence a pound?

THE GRETNA GREEN DIRECT ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Mr. Punch assures the public that this projected Railway, of whose Company he has constituted himself Chairman, is a *bonâ fide* undertaking. He has no objection, as a philosopher, to blowing bubbles; but he repudiates that amusement as an honest man. The present notification, therefore, is not addressed to Stags, although it intimately concerns Bucks, a race of gentlemen, above all others, interested in obtaining a facility of transit to Gretna Green. The advantages of a Railway conveyance to that locality will be obvious. The rate of travelling will be such as to baffle the most determined parent, the best horses, and most honest and energetic postboys. The Line being an atmospheric one, all chance of a collision will be avoided, especially of that most awkward kind of collision—a collision with the friends of the runaway heiress. A consideration even more important than those foregoing, is the following one:

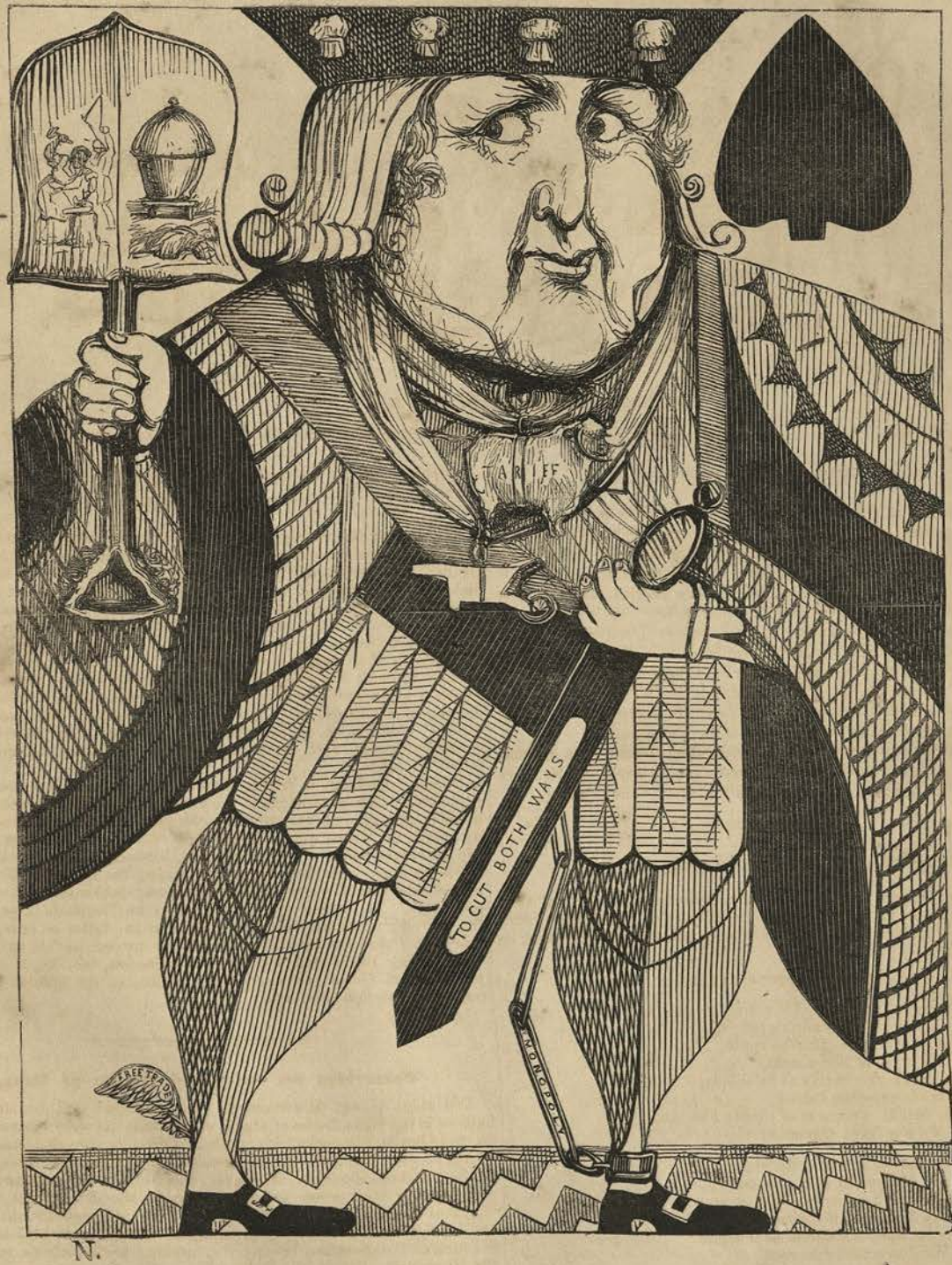
Of all travelling, a trip to Gretna Green is, at present, the most expensive. The advantages of the journey, therefore, are confined to the nobility, gentry, and, may we add, clergy. The Gretna Green Railway will place the Green within the reach of the public at large; and while the first-class trains will convey peers, baronets, and other members of the aristocracy with their fair companions; the second and third trains will accommodate respectable shopkeepers, mechanics, and agricultural labourers. The terminus will be close to the Temple of Hymen, so that the travellers may step from the former to the latter at once. The only fear that *Punch* has for the success of his project is, that one of the first things that Parliament will do, next Session, will be, to abolish the privileges of Gretna Green, a thing which, in the opinion of many, it ought to have done long ago.

Cambridge on the Right Divine of Kings.

We think it was Bolingbroke who declared that he should never believe in the right divine of kings, until monarchs were born with crowns on their heads, like cocks with combs. Certainly, Royalty, thus endowed, would at once vindicate its divine origin, and cause a considerable saving in the article of diadems. However, the Duke of Cambridge requires no such fleshly excrescence to assure him in the divine faith. His late eloquent speech at Hanover proves how very intimate he is with the ways and intentions of Providence. Destiny is as familiar to him as the well-fed face of Toast-master Toole; for, making his speech on the birth of the Hanoverian Prince, the Duke said:—"I have ever regarded it as a great benefit to a country, that the succession to the Crown should remain assured in the *line prescribed by the decrees of Heaven!*" In which case, what does His Royal Highness think of the succession of the House of Hanover to the dethronement of the House of Stuart?

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Marshal Bugeaud's last bulletin records the capture of two hundred donkeys. Altering the figure in Charles the Tenth's memorable saying, we may exclaim, "*Il n'y a que deux cents Français de plus!*"



N.

THE KNAVE OF SPADES.

MISS MALONY AND FATHER LUKE.

Patrick Street, Cork, Nov. 20.

MISS BIDDY MALONY presents her compliments to *Punch*, and begs to submit to him the following statement:—

"My grandmother dying, and the winther comin on (she was the daughther to the MULLIGAN, of Castle Mulligan, and cousin by the mother's side, who was a FITZSIMONS, of Clonakilty, to the Right Honourable the EARL OF BALLYWHACKET), I thought I could do nothing betther with the legacy which she left me (Heaven rest her sowl!) than purchase me a new muff and tippet. I saw a sweet sable shuit at MR. FITZGIBBON'S, in Great George's Street—and (as nothing looks better with mourning, or shuits my complexion better) I purchased muff, boa, and cuffs, complete. A more elegant set of furs there is not in all Cork: as for MRS. KINAILY'S pelisse that she brags of these two years, I believe they're dyed—I know her *hair* is: but this, please not to mention.

"Sunday last was a sweet cold morning, and I went to eight-o'clock mass with my dear AMALIA BRODIGAN, who was dying with envy of the tippet and muff. There wasn't a lady in chapel but I believe was in a fury with poor me—a sad frame of mind, *Mr. Punch*, to go to Chapel in!

"FATHER LUKE no sooner catches sight of my new sables than he frowns on me as if they didn't become me: and O, Sir! fancy my horror when he stands up and exhorts the congregation from the altar, looking steadfastly at me all the while.

"'Women of Ireland:' says he; 'women descended from those three hundthred virgins whom the bloody Saxon CROMWELL slew at Wexford; women who inhabit a land whose vallies are the greenest, whose rivers are the clearest, whose mountains are the highest in the worrrld. What sacrifices are you prepared to make to that bleeding, that beautiful counthree? The wicked Saxon has blighted the potato-crop, and rejoices in the prospect of the national famine. The agonies of our children feast his heart with hellish joy: do they awaken no sympathies in yours? Are you not prepared to do everything to rescue your starving countrymen? Our Sublime Liberator permits it: enjoins it. That Great Philanthropist cannot subscribe himself, for he is poor—but he calls upon you, his children, to make every sacrifice. Father of our counthry, shall not your daughthers obey you?' We were all affected to tears of rage against the Saxon—whom, except yourself, dear *Punchy*, and perhaps CAPTAIN SMITH, of the 190th (with whom I danced at Mallow Race-ball), and who is a very nice young man, I detest cordially—and we protested we were ready to make any sacrifice for our suffering countrymen. Then, *Mr. Punch*, came the cruel cruel attack on poor me!

"'Any sacrifice!' roars FATHER LUKE. 'Can you talk of sacrifices, who have spent fifteen guineas on a muff and tippet?—you, who are decking yourself with fine raiment when your country is in mourning?—you, who are flaunting in gorgeous apparel when Ireland is naked and cold?' Every eye in the chapel turned towards me: the people round about moved away from me and left me alone; and as for that odious MISS BRODIGAN, she gave a grin of triumph, much more becoming a fiend than a Christian woman and cousin of my own, which she is, the BRODIGANS of Brodigan Town being connected with the Loonys of Drumclubber—first cousins of ours, as everybody knows.

"Well, Sir, I left the chapel in anguish of mind, as you may fancy; and have had all Cork calling upon me since to condole with me. But I want to know—was it quite fair for his Reverence to attack me? I paid my thirty-shilling note to the Tribute; every blessed Sabbath I put my shilling in the plate: I may have my charities, too, at home; but there is no call to publish them; and I think it's cruel entirely that I should be forbidden to purchase in the shops, and that FATHER LUKE will not let me and my poor boa and tippet alone: I, who subscribed to the silver tea-service, too, which the Ladies gave him. I warrant you he didn't cry out at the extravagance of *that*.

"Please, dear *Mr. Punch*, take my case in hand, and defend your constant reader, the poor defenceless innocent.

"BIDDY MALONY."

Deadly Poisons.

THE French have been distributing Crosses of the Legion of Honour to Chinese Mandarins. The English introduce opium into China, but the French prefer importing Crosses of the Legion of Honour. They evidently rely on their old proverb: "*Il n'y a rien qui tue comme le ridicule.*"

THE POLITICAL MR. FERGUSON.

"ALLOW me," says the DUKE to PEEL,
"To introduce a man whose zeal
Was e'en too warm for India's sphere."
"What, ELLENBOROUGH!" PEEL replied,
"I'm sorry he should be denied—
But, 'pon my word, he can't lodge here."

THE ARMY.

MORALITY is finding its way even to the Horse Guards. The military authorities are no longer to angle with lies for recruits: the gudgeons are to be caught after another fashion. The Recruiting Sergeant is no longer to be the Clown in the bloody pantomime of Glory. No: for the *Bath Journal* informs us—

"The militia are to have a most efficient staff in each county: one-third of the main body of the militia to be embodied for three years' exercise, at the same time *allowing the men to volunteer to the line*, with certain regulations to subaltern officers to extend their services also."

This "allowing the men to volunteer to the line" is only an extension of MRS. BOND'S benevolent principle of "allowing" the ducky, ducky, ducky, to come and be killed! However, the *Journal* assures us that this measure will "put a stop to the demoralising scenes witnessed in all public-houses to catch a recruit." We wonder what the Iron Duke says to this. According to his own showing, what has morality to do with glory? For is it not among the Duke's recorded apophthegms that "men who go for soldiers should not be *nice* about religion"? The Duke's notion of the Army of Martyrs is—an army with more drums than prayer-books.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR own snug little suburban Railway, the "Kensington and Shepherd's Bush," has given notice of an extension, and we have no doubt it would run to any lengths if Parliament would grant its permission. We cannot conceive what point this eccentric little Line can possibly be driving at. There is some talk of its spreading out its *little* arms towards Little Chelsea, in which case it will perhaps embrace Pimlico. We understand that the concern has lately set up a horse and cart to carry out Clay Cross coals at eighteen-pence a hundred, which are brought from Shepherd's Bush once a day in the first class carriages.

A King "Jeames."

WE learn from Palermo that the KING OF THE TWO SICILIES had a tremendous "struggle of politeness" with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, to yield "the place of honour" in the Royal carriage. At length, "the contest ended by the King taking the footman's place behind the vehicle." There have been kings who could not be better placed.

A CARD.

UGSBY begs to acquaint Bishops, Priests, Commissioners of Fine Arts, patrons of "Pure Art," and dealers in Ancient Windows, that he has opened a manufactory for every article in the Mediæval line at very reduced prices. All kinds of Metal Work. with imitation-rust of the best quality, done so as to defy detection from the remains of the middle-ages. New door-handles, pump-handles, water-vats, candlesticks, and weather vanes, warranted to look five hundred years old.

Modern Portraits, antiquated as per specimen annexed, at fixed prices, with lions or griffins extra, according to the length of their tails. Worthies made up from any number of authorities, as per other specimen annexed, namely :—

An unknown Saint, which has been faithfully copied from various originals, viz., Head from a piece of broken window found under a brick-kiln by the Archæological Institute at Winchester ; Missal from a tomb-stone in Dublin Cathedral ; Right Hand from half a Bishop picked up after the fire at York Minster; Left ditto from the nineteenth figure (counting from the right) in the oriel window of St. Peter's at Rome ; Feet from part of a broken window (which has never been mended) in St. Stephen's, Walbrook ; Drapery from the deal boards in Westminster Abbey.

N.B. Designs for Cathedrals made in five-and-forty minutes ; superior ditto in one hour ; ditto ditto for Churches in twenty-six minutes. Episcopal chapels in fifteen minutes —and, to save trouble, no Dissenters need apply. Elegant Designs of Tombstones done in five minutes, and ladies' and gentlemen's own Epitaphs worked in.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A GREAT secret is advertised to be sold by a "MR. DEALTRY, Minister of the Gospel." For the small charge of "to the body of the hall, 2*d*.," and "to the platform, 3*d*.," anybody may purchase of the said MR. DEALTRY a knowledge of the day and hour on which this wicked world of ours is to go to pieces. MR. DEALTRY has exclusive intelligence of the tremendous *finis* about to be put to all things. We should like a sight of him. A man made the depositary of such awful knowledge must be a solemn creature to contemplate. He is as well worth the twopence, or even the three-penny stare from the platform, as the OJIBBEWAYS were worth a shilling. And more than this, "the startling fact" of the earth's speedy destruction "will be shown from DANIEL'S visions, *illustrated by canvas :* " nothing, however, is said about music or dancing. We recommend MR. DEALTRY to the proprietors of PARR'S Pills. Having clearly shown that dissolution is threatened to all men, he might then put off the nostrum as the only life-preserver in the tremendous catastrophe. A liberal allowance might be made to families.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—Parliament is to meet early in January. It had better be prorogued till the Christmas pantomimes are over.

THE ANATOMY OF THE BARRISTER'S TONGUE.

AT a late meeting of a medico-legal society, which is wont to assemble periodically in Pump Court, Temple, an interesting paper was read by PROFESSOR PLODDER, on the "Anatomical Peculiarities of the Barrister's Tongue," as discovered by the examination of the organ in question in a large number of instances.

The Professor commenced by stating that he had prosecuted researches on many legal subjects ; and in every subject that had come under his notice he had found the vocal organ of an unusual length, as he showed by the production of several specimens, and their comparison with the tongue of the chameleon, ant-eater, and other animals. He showed that the length and suppleness of the tongue formed in these animals a beautiful provision of Nature for seizing their prey, and insinuated that the same peculiarities in the Barrister might have a similar purpose.

He next enlarged on the great number and complexity of the muscles connected with the forensic tongue, which enabled it to move backwards and forwards, and to this side or that, with wonderful facility. He showed, in particular, its admirable adaptation to circuitous or roundabout movements, so essential to the practice of pleading. The extreme muscular power of the Barrister's tongue, he said, was such as to enable it to say anything ; and, in corroboration of this statement, cited several false-hoods, and other monstrous things, which had been uttered by Barristers, and which he conceived impossible for any other human beings to utter.

He then demonstrated that what in the ordinary subject are mere bundles of fibres, become, in the Barrister, distinct muscles of large size, to which, as the discoverer, he had ventured to assign a nomenclature. For this he begged to apologise as somewhat canine in its Latinity, though not more so, he hoped, than anatomical terms in general. The chief of these muscles were as follows :—

The Simulator and Dissimulator muscles; which enabled the Barrister to feign what he did not feel, and to dissemble what he felt, according to the exigencies of his case.

The Suppressor Veri muscle ; by whose aid he suppressed the truth at his convenience.

The Suggestor Falsi muscle ; by means of which he could insinuate a fallacy, when necessary, into the minds of Jurymen.

The Minax, or bullying muscle, which served for intimidating witnesses.

The Perturbator, or bothering muscle; for the purpose of perplexing them, so as to make them swear to what was untrue.

The Patheticus Linguæ, or pathetic muscle of the tongue ; used in making clap-trap appeals to British juries.

The Detractor muscle; whose function was to vilify the character of an opponent's client.

All these muscles; the Professor stated, possessed a peculiar irritability ; in virtue of which they were singularly sensitive to the influence of the metal, gold, which was such as to command the action of any or all of them.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE-WARMING.

THE *Essex Herald* delights us with the glad tidings that the LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER "has taken full possession of the new episcopal palace at Danberry." Now, when it is remembered that this palace is the job of the Church Commissioners ; when it is borne in mind that this episcopal abiding-place is cribbed from so many churches, the house-warming of his Grace becomes a matter for serious contemplation. It took merely a hatful of thousands to erect this episcopal palace—something about thirty thousand, we believe, to house the apostolical successor of the fishermen and tent-makers. Thirty thousand pounds,—when, according to the confessions of the Commissioners, the spiritual condition of the people is at the lowest ebb, for the want of church-accommodation. Pondering on this fact, we may consider the Danberry palace as a fabric erected from the spoils of the poor and spiritually forlorn. However, let the pauper heed not the want of a seat in the poor man's church, when his GRACE OF ROCHESTER is cushioned so cosily in a palace at Danberry. We do not find this sort of Christianity in any approved copy of the New Testament ; but a bishop may now and then act from his own variorum edition. The bishop, however, says the *Essex Herald*, "has already evinced a liberal spirit and kind consideration for those around him." And how ? Why, being welcomed "by a merry peal of the village bells," *the ringers* were "liberally rewarded, and afterwards provided with a substantial supper !" We should expect nothing less from his Grace : for he is, indeed, ungrateful who will not reward his proper trumpeter.

COMMISSION OF LUNACY.—A CLEAR CASE.

A FEW days since, a Commission of Lunacy was opened, when it was proved that the lunatic "had got it into his head *that he would take Covent Garden Theatre!*" whereupon the Jury, without hesitation, found him very mad indeed.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

CANON. A rule originally derived from the Latin word *Canna*, a stick or cane, because in early days the only way to promulgate a rule among the people was to beat it into them. The word cannon, a gun, is the same as canon, a rule, which generally applies to things ecclesiastical, and was particularly appropriate to a church disposed to be rather militant. The word canons also came to be applied to the persons themselves, who were divided into regular and secular; from which we no doubt got the English term "regular son of a gun," intended, probably, as a secular sarcasm at the expense of the regulars. The secular canons are still found in cathedrals, and some of them are said to be fond of a good bottle of wine, or, in other words, like to be loaded with grape up to the very muzzle.

CASH, *vide* CREDIT, which is the only medium through which an acquaintance with cash is sometimes cultivated.

CENSUS. The numbering and classifying of the people, which takes place every ten years, when the whole human pack is sorted, after the long shuffling it has experienced. The last Census was in 1841, and included all who slept in dwellings on the night of the 6th of June; but there should, of course, be a liberal allowance made for those who did "not go home till morning, till daylight did appear." The result showed a large increase in the population, and the Census was so accurate that there was only two babies and a butcher's-boy unaccounted for in the County of Middlesex, and a few brokers missing from the Stock Exchange.

CAPTAIN. From the Latin word *caput*, a head; though some Captains have so very little head that we can see no analogy between the primitive and the derivative. There is in the army a Captain to every company, but in the navy every company—that is to say, every Steam-boat Company—has a great number of Captains. It was in the old French navy a point of honour on the part of the Captain to sink with his ship, and blow it up rather than allow it to be taken. In the Thames navy the passengers often blow up the ship, and they sometimes blow up the Captain, who begins blowing up the crew, in case of a collision or other accident.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT. A place for holding *conversaziones* between the Bench and the Bar, who occasionally suspend their small talk for the purpose of trying a prisoner.

CERTIORARI. A sort of legal locomotive for moving law proceedings, or a kind of crane for drawing them up from an inferior to a superior court.

CHAMBERLAIN. From the word *cubicularius*, a Roman name for a slave who had to look after the chambers, a duty that has now devolved upon the laundresses of the Temple. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN has the control of the household, of which the actors at the various theatres are supposed to form a part; so that the companies of the *Surrey* and *Victoria*, as well as the troop at *Astley's*, including the British Acrobats, the Egyptian Youths, or the Caoutchouc Unapproachables, are all considered to be the personal attendants on HER MAJESTY, and as such, are under the authority of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

CARDINAL. The highest Roman Catholic dignity next to the Pope. The word is derived from *cardo*, a hinge, because the Cardinals will turn either way, and open the door for anything. When the Pope makes a Cardinal, he gives him a red hat; and it is supposed that CARDINAL WOLSEY patronised the Old Mother Red Cap, at Camden Town, when he and HENRY THE EIGHTH went out on some of their roystering expeditions to Highgate.

Literary Discovery.

THE greatest mystery has hitherto prevailed as to the existence of such a creature as *Mrs. Gamp's* "MRS. HARRIS." This fact, however, is no longer a matter "unbeknown." It is proved, beyond a doubt, that MRS. HARRIS is no less a person than the *Editress* of the *Standard*.

The Ministers and the Railroads.

WE understand that several M.P.'s have, with the view of disqualifying themselves from serving on Railway Committees, been applying for Shares wholesale to the various new Lines, that by having an interest they may be exempted from the severe duties of Committee-men. Among the applications is one from the PREMIER, in the usual form, from which we give an extract. After the body of the application, we find the "*Name in full*," after which comes the "address;" and under the head of "*Business or Profession, if any*," we get the candid admission that "*the applicant's professions are too numerous and too various to mention.*" As referees, he gives two names, being those of LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. On those parties being applied to in the usual way by the company, to ascertain the respectability of the applicant for Shares, the answer returned by LORD JOHN RUSSELL was to the following effect:—

"SIR,

"I believe ROBERT PEEL, who has applied to you for Shares, to be a well-meaning man; but I do not know whether I am justified in saying much more in his favour. As to his complying with calls, I think, if the calls are very peremptory, he is almost sure to attend to them, though he may be rather dilatory in doing so.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"J. RUSSELL."

The answer from the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM was by no means so satisfactory. It briefly remarked that—"the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM certainly knows SIR R. PEEL, the applicant for Shares, and, indeed, knows him a great deal too well. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM would not trust the applicant for Shares; but of course leaves the Directors of the Railway Company to use their own discretion."

"THE WELLINGTON LETTERS."

THESE missives, we understand, have been formed into a collection, uniform with the *Dispatches*, about to be edited by COLONEL GURWOOD. They are said to be models of the epistolary style, in which all the small courtesies and minor graces of life are made subservient to regimental brevity of expression. Some of them, too, blow hot and cold in the most valiant manner; particularly those in the case of the SHRAPNEL family, wherein the Duke promises the late Colonel "to assist, by every means in his power, to procure a reward for him,"—followed by a subsequent letter to the Colonel's representative, in which the same gallant Field-Marshal "positively declines to apply for MR. NEEDHAM SCROPE SHRAPNEL in any manner, or to any authority." We have, as in duty bound, a tremendous opinion of his Grace; though we may stop a little short of the idolatry professed by the spinsters of May Fair. Nevertheless, with such spinsters, we cannot but think that Iron Dukes, like Iron Pokers, are none the worse for just a little polish.

EPIGRAM

ON THE PRICE OF ADMISSION TO SEE THE MAMMOTH HORSE.

I would not pay a coin to see
An animal much larger;
Surely the Mammoth horse must be
Rather an over-charger.

THE TERRORS OF THE THAMES.

CONSIDERABLE consternation is felt among the various Crews and Captains in the above-bridge navy, at the bold and reckless conduct of the *Bee* and *Ant* in their passages up and down the Channel. The opposition vessels complain bitterly of the terrific quantity of Bees'-whacks they are compelled to tolerate. The *Ant* is said to be almost as formidable in her movements, and, with the peculiar instinct of the ant, it is rapidly undermining the foundations of some of the older Companies.

PEEL'S WEAKNESS.

THERE is a rumour that LORD STANLEY is about to leave the present Ministry. This looks as if it were on the point of breaking up, for we know the old proverb:—"A *rat* always deserts a sinking vessel."

PUNCH AND THE "STANDARD."

THE poor old *Standard* put itself into a dreadful flutter a few evenings ago, and flapped its bunting rudely in the face of *Punch*, an indignity that naturally forces him to lay his hand upon his *bâton*. We should however as soon think of assaulting our "grandmother," the *Herald*, as of doing violence to its younger relative. We should in mercy be cautious how we attack with our pen that which from its feebleness is literally liable to be knocked down with a feather. The *Standard* devotes the whole of its first leader of the 20th of November to a piece of wretched garrulity, founded on a stupid and blundering misapprehension of the meaning of a cut in one of our recent numbers. This utter inability to see a joke would not have surprised us in our "grandmother;" and we can only imagine that the blindness runs in the family. The old lady gets literally shrewish at the end of her torrent of talk, and exclaims threateningly, "our Sovereign shall not be belied while we have the power to expose the fabricators of falsehood and their fabrications."

This is a gratuitous burst of bravado, *à propos* to nothing, and has been inspired by our social caricature called "Maternal Solicitude" (p. 222), in which our readers will recollect a fusby woman, who has indulged in the vulgar weakness of givingher children fine names, is the principal personage, and in which the purblind *Standard* insists on seeing an allusion to the Royal Family. We need not say that none was dreamt of by us, though the dreary and drowsy old *Standard* seems, in a fit of night-mare, to have been troubled by the vision of disloyalty, which only existed in its own obfuscated brains. The spoony sentimentality over the Sovereign, whom the *Standard* volunteers to shield with its umbrella from our purely imaginary attack, must surely have been inspired by an additional drop of "something comfortable" with which aged females are sometimes in the habit of flavouring their gruel. The idea of the *Standard* saying that anything "shall be," or "shall not be," is really too rich.

PROPER SPIRIT.

IT is said the Bude Lights in Trafalgar Square have been tried several times, but that they cannot be made to burn. The reason of this obstinacy is that they will not lend themselves to illuminate a place which, they maintain, the less that is seen of it the better.

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS.

MR. LEVI's hounds will meet every day next week in the neighbourhood of Capel Court, for the purpose of Railway Stag hunting.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

WE live in troublous times, yet is not our daily life unvisited by gleams of comfort—unsustained by tidings that give strength to the spirit, and gladness to the heart! If any melancholy sceptic deny this, we at once confound him with the subjoined extract from the daily news:—

"THE KING and QUEEN OF THE FRENCH, the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, the DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, the COUNT OF PARIS, the DUCHESS OF NEMOURS, and the DUKE OF BRABANT——"

No; we will not give the whole of the sentence yet. We feel that we have raised the expectation of the reader; for his heart beats quicker, and his nerves thrill with an acuter sense of existence, to learn what wonder—enacted by the royal party—is heralded by the foregoing. Patience, reader; be calm, be philosophic: and know, that the King, and the Queens, and the Duchesses, and the Count, and the Duke, absolutely—

"walked for two hours in the park of St. Cloud on Saturday."

If the daily paper bring with it heavy tidings, is it not also the herald of happiness and joy? True it is, we are saddened with the news of a potato famine; are more than saddened by O'CONNELL's oratory—that quack-salver gibberish, mocking the miseries of a nation, and trading upon wretchedness with the slang of sympathy and patriotism,—nevertheless, the sadness is lessened, the indignation subsides into sweet repose, when we find that a batch of royalties have "walked for two hours in the Park of St. Cloud!" There is something in the important, the glad intelligence, that more than reconciles us to the worst inequalities of the human condition. All the rest of the broad sheet may lower with the records of crime and misery,—of want and grief, and all the evils that hunt poor human nature; nevertheless, there is one bright, effulgent spot in the daily history of the world—one glorious piece of radiance that rains down light and hope on man,—and that is the glad, the blissful tidings that "the KING and QUEEN OF THE FRENCH—(&c. &c. &c.)—walked for two hours in the Park of St. Cloud on Saturday!" Yes; on Saturday!

ALARMING DISEASE IN RAILWAY STOCK.

WE grieve to announce that the blight has spread from the potatoes to the Provincial Stock Exchanges. The disease has made the most alarming ravages at Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, where large stocks were on hand. The external appearances were most flourishing, and almost all the plants seemed to promise well; but they were found to be plants and nothing else, there being a total want of root when they came to be examined. Those which have suffered most were grown on a *chalk* formation. The rottenness commences with the Stags, and rapidly spreads to the Brokers. When once they are infected, there are no hopes of saving the stock. Scarce one good scheme in ten can now be found; and the more they are examined, the greater is the per centage of entirely decayed and useless ones.

The species called the "Director," which looked so well in the early part of the season, has generally failed. They shot up too strong at first, and wanted bottom to endure the very stormy weather we have had lately. Cutting was largely practised by all respectable members of the community, and even shutting up in stone jugs has been found ineffectual to stop the progress of the disorder.

We trust Government will do something to remedy the dreadful effects of this disorder. Let them appoint Commissioners, as they have done in Ireland, to go over the infected districts and carefully separate the good from the rotten stock.

Much of the Scrip will probably be converted into a pulp, and afterwards reissued in the form of Repeal Addresses, and other deleterious forms.

The ports should be instantly opened, and common honesty imported in the largest quantities possible. At the same time, we are bound to say that we do not see where it is to come from. No nation we know has more on hand than is required for the supply of its own population—few so much. The Americans, from whom expectations have been entertained, certainly have none to spare.

MEDICAL QUESTION.

"*Q.* GIVE an example of Anchylosis, or Bony Union?"
"*A.* The Andover Union!"

BATTLE OF THE BATTLEDORES.

IT seems, from the *Times*, that Trinity College and the British Museum have been having a fine game of shuttlecock with MR. HALLIWELL. Both these bodies are very learned, and therefore appear to think a person who steals property will naturally offer the same for sale to its rightful owner. The Battledores are now meditating a grand fight with one another; but we should like to know what will become of the Shuttlecock?

MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM *v.* 'PUNCH."

MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM is an adroit, clever person. Possibly, he is of that select class, so prodigally endowed by nature, that they may be considered even too clever. All his life he has been full of projects: full as a November Guy Fawkes of fireworks; and, like the squibs and crackers, they have gone off, some whizzing, some banging, but all ending in not very odorous vapour. We presume that the "British and Foreign Institute"—MR. BUCKINGHAM's last project—is about to share the fate of the other bantlings of his brain. Like MADELINE's taper,—

"Its little smoke in pallid moonshine dies;"

and therefore does MR. BUCKINGHAM puff—puff—puff with all his might to blow it in again. His is the reverse of the difficulty of the puny knight, for he cannot relume "the little farthing rushlight." And so MR. BUCKINGHAM, after his own adroit fashion, begs at his worst need, the revivifying breath of *Punch*. Well, he shall have it. We will vouchsafe him a gentle blow.

MR. BUCKINGHAM has published an "Appeal against the Slanders of *Punch*." This Appeal—which with a peculiar kind of modesty, of which he assuredly has the patent, MR. BUCKINGHAM requests all editors to "give insertion to"—is, indeed, no other than a clever advertisement of the astounding merits of the house in George Street, Hanover Square. Until last week, some months, we believe, have elapsed since BUCKINGHAM's name cast its native radiance on our columns. At length his wrongs have broken out. Upon due consideration, he thinks himself, with *Acres*, a very ill-used gentleman. Some constitutions take injuries as some take diseases, which slumber long in the system ere they are outwardly developed. MR. BUCKINGHAM is evidently of this sluggish habit. At length, however, this "poison"—poison is the word—has broken out, and MR. B. is evidently at this moment in a terrible state of moral eruption.

MR. BUCKINGHAM owns that *Punch* "commenced its career with lively and harmless wit." On the same authority, however, *Punch* now runs a career of slander and misrepresentation. This is the old story. MR. BUCKINGHAM could laugh very heartily at the sport—until *his own turn* came. What is lively and harmless wit when exercised upon others, becomes slander when applied to himself.

MR. BUCKINGHAM says—

"It is true that my life has been more varied than that of most men, and my name has been oftener before the public than that of many others."

Why, this is true: and therefore, with a full recollection of MR. BUCKINGHAM's many projects, we readily attended to the many communications addressed to us by various members of the Institute. All the facts that have appeared in *Punch* have been supplied by victim-members (as they called themselves) of the Institute itself—

"Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel—
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel!"

But to return to MR. BUCKINGHAM's many plans. Can he forget his notable project of purchasing a line-of-battle ship to take families round the world, for the amusement and instruction of tender juveniles? A large sum of money was subscribed for that comprehensive purpose; but unfortunately, after a time, the new CAPTAIN COOK BUCKINGHAM felt himself in bad health. He could not go round the world. Well, what became of the funds subscribed? Possibly, however, MR. BUCKINGHAM may have forgotten the whole transaction. Fortunately, however, we have a copy of the Prospectus in our possession, and may edify our readers with a reprint. If MR. BUCKINGHAM has ever served the public, has he not, on the other hand, been the first to ask for recompense? He boasted that, whilst in Parliament, he served the booksellers, by obtaining for them a diminution of the number of presentation books required by the Universities; and upon this piece of service did he not send round a begging-letter to the trade for repayment in volumes or hard cash?

We shall, now, notice only three assertions put forth by MR. BUCKINGHAM. No doubt his sympathy is genuine as it is intense toward the Royal Family of France. Hence he mourns that both Whig and Tory papers "look on with silence, if not indifference, *at the disgraceful caricatures* of LOUIS-PHILIPPE and his sons!" If LOUIS-PHILIPPE do not immediately become a patron of the Institute, then—then has MR. BUCKINGHAM wasted his ink. MR. B. continues:—

"Neither the moral dignity of the throne, *the sacredness of the altar*, nor the brightest pattern of domestic purity which the Court of this country has perhaps ever furnished since it has been a kingdom, being sufficient to protect the highest and the noblest in the land—not merely in station, but in character, attainments and virtue—from the *malignant attacks, and disgusting exhibitions* of this unprincipled publication."

This burst of indignation we pass unanswered. We leave our readers—our two hundred thousand readers, for, looking at the periodical circulation of *Punch* in every public establishment of the empire, we can honestly number so many—we leave them to decide upon the truthfulness of these accusations, which fairly indicate the spirit of the whole "Appeal."

We come to another charge—a most grave one.

"Pretended *letters* of some of the *Members* were forged, and printed in its pages as genuine. A lithographic copy *of one of these* was sent from the office of *Punch* to every one of the Members of the Institute, addressed according to the printed list of their names, with a view to disgust them with the Institute and its Associates."

"*Letters* of some of the *Members!*" Yes; MR. BUCKINGHAM, the virtuous, indignant champion of truth, says "letters"! Let the reader mark a plain tale. *A* letter—*one* single missive—was printed in *Punch*. This letter was received through the post. It was signed "GEORGE JONES"—a name distinguished for great literary courage. This letter we believed—and, be it fully understood, *we believe it still*—to be a genuine production. We printed it. MR. JONES was, possibly, very much laughed at; for, in truth, the letter had peculiar claims to the risible. MR. JONES, after some time, denied the authorship. We lithographed the letter and distributed copies, not "to disgust Members" of the Institute; but that, as some of them might possibly know the "fine Roman hand" of JONES, they might decide between the gifted author of *Ancient America* and *Punch*. After much hesitation, JONES commenced an action against *Punch*. It was met. We were prepared to go into Court even with the author of *Tecumseh*, an Israel-Indian tragedy. Then MR. JONES bethought himself. And, finally, *Punch's* solicitor left him but this alternative; either to proceed to issue, or to pay *Punch's* law expenses. MR. JONES magnanimously *chose the latter course*. Very like conscious innocence! And this one letter MR. BUCKINGHAM—apostle of truth and temperance!—multiplies into *letters*: the solitary adherent JONES, he rolls out into "some Members"! Fortunate would it be for MR. BUCKINGHAM could he realise the latter experiment upon the comparative few still subscribing to the Institute.

We now come to MR. BUCKINGHAM's gravest charge.

"In conclusion, I may add that, unless some steps be taken to stay this plague of indiscriminate attack and abuse, no institution and no individual will be safe from its malignant influence, unless it chooses to degrade itself *by buying a dishonourable silence*."

We believe that MR. BUCKINGHAM airs himself at public meetings as a man of the most scrupulous veracity. For years was he an itinerant moralist. He moreover corresponds with FATHER MATHEW, and is one perfect chrysolite of temperance. In his latter character, we would he had drunk at the well wherein, according to the legend, Truth has taken her abode. MR. BUCKINGHAM charges the writers of *Punch* with systematic extortion. He would brand them as literary highwaymen,—"money, or, what is dearer than your life, your reputation." With the most profound contempt for his inane malice, with the deepest and intensest scorn, we repel his cowardly insinuation. Here is a man, forsooth, with mealy-mouthedness talking, with curious familiarity, too, of malignity, and slander, and poison,—a man dealing in the most loathsome accusations against a body of gentlemen at the very time when he knows—ay, as well as he knows his own poor reality—that he cannot, even by the shadow of circumstance, substantiate its truth. We at once pity and defy him.

For the present we bid farewell to MR. BUCKINGHAM. On reflection, he will doubtless feel that he has let his pen slip, and that, too, in mud. For either he must substantiate his grave charge of extortion, or, remaining silent, must be satisfied with the opinion that must inevitably fall upon the head of him who makes so wicked and yet groundless an accusation. We think it is BURKE who says of somebody, "He was contemptible and content."

Yet one word to MR. BUCKINGHAM. We have selected—as we think—the chief points of his "Appeal." We have only now to say, that the document *in extenso* may be inserted in our pages as an advertisement, upon the usual charge.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

CHANCELLOR (in Latin *Cancellarius*) means literally one who sits at a door or window, like a money-taker at a theatre; and, as the Chancellor's office involves the duty of money-taking to a great extent, it is, no doubt, the origin of the term. The Chancellor of England was originally the KING's Secretary, to answer his master's letters; a task which entitled him to possession of the seal; but when the Chancellor waxes disagreeable, the sovereign takes his seal back again. His duties are pretty generally known, and his salary is 10,000*l.* a year, with an allowance of about four thousand more for going out chairing, which he does during the session, as Chairman of the House of Lords. He is keeper of the royal conscience, but this has been a sinecure in some reigns.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. A kind of book-keeper for the country at large, whose duty it is to make out the accounts of the nation every year, and send them in to the House of Commons. He is usually not much of an arithmetician, but is a great adept in the practice of double entry into the public purse, for he dips into it twice a year.

CHANCERY. A kind of judicial rat-trap or mouse-trap, which it is very easy to glide into, but from which it is very difficult and often impossible to recede.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS. A piece of land in Buckinghamshire, formerly known as the Chiltern Hills. They afforded shelter to banditti, and abounded in timber, which is the reason of their being chosen as a retreat for those members of Parliament who wish to cut their sticks. An M.P. who desires to resign his seat applies for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which is a sinecure, like the stewardship of one of the fourpenny steam-boats on the Thames. Some think that the Chiltern Hundreds is a ship, and that the steward, being always compelled to remain aboard, has no time to attend to his parliamentary duties, which he accordingly resigns.

CHIMNEY SWEEPER. No longer a man, but a mere machine; for the only chimney sweeper that is now allowed by law is the *ramoneur*. The sweeps were formerly called vulgarly the clergy; but the chimneys have lost the benefit of clergy since the passing of the act prohibiting climbing-boys, as being unsuited to our clime.

CHURCHWARDEN. An officer who keeps the accounts of the parish, and keeps them so strictly, as in the case of GIBBS, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, that he will not allow them to pass out of his own hands. One of the duties of a Churchwarden is to perambulate the parish bounds; but GIBBS has not been able to keep within bounds in his official character.

A DRAMATIC RELISH.

WHAT a devilled turkey is to the insipidity of a turkey boiled, is the subjoined plot of a drama to a drama of the dull old times. We take the description from a Sunday print. It is deliciously peppered :—

"In it (the *Beggar's Petition*) are exhibited a worthy English farmer *losing his all*, and being ruined *by the rapacity of his landlord*, the *seduction* of the farmer's *beautiful* daughter, by the only son *of the aforesaid landlord*, a daughter *falsely accusing her own mother of a robbery*, in order to save herself and child from being turned adrift, and discarded by her seducer, *a den of thieves, a burglary and highway robbery*; the under-plot being made up of the adventures of a *saucy, wanton woman*," &c., &c.

There is but one thing wanting in this delicious drama : there is no murder. Wanting blood, it is as the plum-pudding without the brandy. Nevertheless, who shall say, with such pieces licensed by the Lord Chamberlain (since we must have a licenser), that he is not an admirable schoolmaster for the galleries?

Suburban Intelligence.

IN consequence of the severe rains of the last week, the passage from the Kensington Railway Terminus to the entrance of the Bush of the Shepherds has become doubly dangerous. The mean quantity of mud has become frightful in consequence of the mean conduct of the Paving Board. The inhabitants complain of its being very hard, but we have dipped into it and find it very soft. We understand that the Paving Committee refuse to lay down flags unless they can meet with "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

JEAMES'S DIARY.

EWLY will always be a sacrid anniwussary with me. It was in that month that I became persnally ecquaintid with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

"Long before the hospitious event acurd, you may emadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igsosted natur *did* clothes my highlids—the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers. Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wick*id* wickid vishn). One night I actially dremt that Her R. H. THE PRINCESS HALLIS was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the PRINS OF SAX-MUFFINHAUSEN-PUMPENSTEIN, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

"I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my reveared Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the —livries (ojous wud! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear befor entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant younifom of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

"Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the presnt time and my metured and elygint taste. Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummind to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

"I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have seen WIDDICOMB wear them at HASHLEYS when me and MARY HANN used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs & goold tasseles as bigg as belpulls.

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cuphs, according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadvintajusly*.

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acooterments, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak*.

"But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock At. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmet & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins; an At which *vulgar prejidis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT. I didnt tell BAREACRES of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprize* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving-brush.

"You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well; and had sevral *rehustles*, as they say.

"This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made FITZWARREN, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put MRS. BLOKER, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to reprasent the horgust pusn of my Sovring—FREDERICK, my seeknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustrus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. '*Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,*' FITZWARREN, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards THE BRITTISH CROWND, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter *would* git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was wery disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respeckfl hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night befor my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *coodnt* sleep that night. By abowt six o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didnt know how to pass the interveaning hours.

"'My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,' says I. 'It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.' Has I ave

read in the novvle of 'Kennleworth,' that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hamy Robsart*, I will go down in hall my splender and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detummination; to horder my Broom ; to knock down FREDERICK the groomb for delaying to bring it ; was with me the wuck of a momint. The nex sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

"I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart ; but the dor of the humble eboad stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

"There was a smell of tea there—there 's always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her ; but ha ! phansy my extonnishment when I sor MARY HANN !

"I halmost faintid with himotion. 'Ho, JEAMES !' (she has said to me subsquintly) mor.ial mann never looked so bewtifle as you did when you arived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine !'

"R ! what little Justas the Hartist has done to my mannly etractions in the groce carriketure he 's made of me."

* * * * * *

"Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. Jeames's, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

"As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *hossback*. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (FITZWARREN, hout of livry, woodnt stand it), and 2 fellers from RIMLES, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames's Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

"The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

"What a momink of triumth it was ! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my MOST GRACIOUS Mrs."

NEW PROJECT.—WE have been given to understand that a company is in the course of formation to cut through the narrow neck of land known as the Isthmus of Suez. The Directors are just the men to be at the head of such an undertaking, for it is said to be neck or nothing with them all.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Pharmaceutical Society held its first *conversazione* this month. The meeting was numerously attended.

The object that attracted most attention in the lecture-room was a soda-water jug, the beauty of it consisting in giving a gratuitous shower-bath to those standing opposite when the liquid was discharged into a glass held at an angle of 45°. At the conclusion of the meeting, the students adjourned to the Laboratory.

MR. QUIDDY having called himself to the sand-bath, ordered the attendant to produce the banquet, which consisted of three carboys of *punch à la laboratoire*, a plum-cake with a pestle and mortar in the centre, walnuts and chloride of sodium, unlimited tobaccorine, the hydrate of oxide of ethule being in the ascendant, protoxide of hydrogen bearing an inverse ratio.

A *distingué* young man rose : he said he had heard the term "Old Brick" frequently used that evening ; he thought the Latin *Antiquas Taler* more appropriate.

A Medical Student said he had a sentiment to propose, though he was not generally sentimental; it was one which he knew they would respond to from the bottoms of their glasses to the top of their voices ; it was, "Lur-lur-li-e-ty," with variations.

A Comic Assistant then gave some Nigger Melodies, using the Lecture-room sounding-board as a banjo.

The Secretary's health having been drunk, he commenced a sentimentally-tragic speech, which, after attending to for twenty minutes, we cut, for the purpose of analysing the alloys of Knocker Metal, and inquiring into *the State of Health of the Inspectors of Police in the surrounding neighbourhood*.

A statistical account will be given in the next number of the "Pharmaceutical" of how many craniums were above the table at 11 P.M., and how many under it at 1, 2, 3, *4* A.M.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS.

THE rage for illustration has reached such a ridiculous height, that wine-merchants are sending out illustrated circulars containing the price of Port on one side of the sheet of paper, and a lithographed view of Oporto on the other. We think this principle might be generally carried out, and should suggest that a list of champagnes should be embellished with a portrait of a gooseberry-bush ; while the sketch of a policeman's cape might adorn that part of the catalogue devoted to the Madeira. A panoramic view of Bass's Straits might accompany a list of prices of BASS's pale ale, and an allegoric representation of British Industry in full play, would be very emblematic of the production of brandy.

Railway Intelligence.

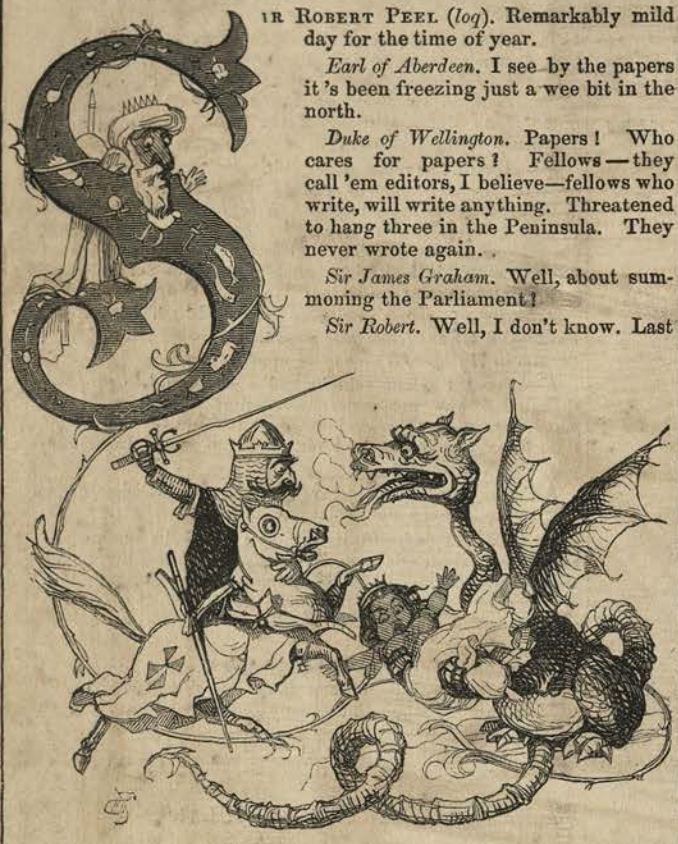
WE understand that the largest transactions in Scrip are at present confined to the marine-store dealers, who have lately taken up this branch of commerce with some alacrity. The placards in their windows now announce, that the best price is given for Capel Court stuff as well as kitchen-stuff. Instead of calling upon people to look up their old rags and waste-paper, they are requested to look up their old letters of allotment and useless Scrip, for which a liberal amount will be given.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

IT is with a feeling of the most acute commiseration that we have read an account of a review of the Chelsea pensioners at Chatham. It is lamentable to think that men who have gone to repose upon their laurels, should be dragged out of their leafy beds to go through—with wheezing, puffing, and blowing—those manœuvres that they formerly executed without an effort. England, if thrown for support on to her wooden legs, must be considered to be regularly stumped out of her resources.

PUNCH'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

(From our own Sworn Reporter.)



SIR ROBERT PEEL (*loq*). Remarkably mild day for the time of year.

Earl of Aberdeen. I see by the papers it 's been freezing just a wee bit in the north.

Duke of Wellington. Papers! Who cares for papers? Fellows — they call 'em editors, I believe—fellows who write, will write anything. Threatened to hang three in the Peninsula. They never wrote again.

Sir James Graham. Well, about summoning the Parliament?

Sir Robert. Well, I don't know. Last session was very heavy. The Members were worked to death upon railways, and—

Sir Edward Knatchbull. Talking about railways, you 've won the hearts of the navigators, SIR ROBERT. You gave such a quiet dig to the land, they look upon you as one of themselves.

Sir Robert. No compliments: let us to business. After all, is it really a fact that the potato-crop has failed? If so, don't you think we can venture to open—

Lord Stanley. Open what? Open the ports?

Sir Robert. No, no: just one port; and that only a very little way.

Sir Edward. Good bye to the British Lion, then. With the first port that 's opened, he 's a carcase. You may have him stuffed, and send him to the League directly.

Sir James. Even if it should turn out that there is a want of corn, I am proud to find, from BUCKLAND'S report, that we have our own English peas and beans. The Doctor has proved that pease-pudding was a national dish at the time of our greatest national greatness.

The Duke. Capital thing to fight on.

Earl of Hardwicke. I have no doubt that Agincourt and Cressy, if we could come at the truth, were won upon peas. The QUEEN has only to order the tune of "Hot Peas upon a Trencher" to supersede for six months the National Anthem, and we get over the difficulty.

Sir Robert. A most statesmanlike thought. I shall recommend it immediately to HER MAJESTY. The Order shall be Gazetted to-morrow. Well, I think we have met the evil now?

All. Decidedly!

Lord Wharncliffe. Then the Council is dissolved.

Sir James. One moment. Sir ROBERT, what do you think of LORD JOHNNY'S letter to the Electors of the City?

Sir Robert. Pooh! The papers ought to have printed it among the advertisements, "Wanted a Place."

The School of Reform.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is said to have learnt a lesson from MR. COBDEN. His Lordship has been rather a slow pupil, since he has not yet been able to get beyond his letters.

THE "RIGHTS" OF THE POET BUNN.

THE good old *Herald*—Sibyl of Shoe-lane—has taken up the "right" of the POET BUNN. The cause is worthy of the champion. It seems that the composer of *The Fairy Oak*—"JOVE'S tree," for it did drop golden fruit to MR. BUNN—paid the Poet so much money to produce the work. APOLLO put down so much hard cash, to be allowed to twangle his lyre. The *Herald* defends the Poet, after its own wisdom, saying—

"We take it, that MR. BUNN *has as much right* to play a work at an author's cost *as a bookseller has to publish one*; for, in either case, the decision of the public settles the question of prudence or folly—of profit or loss."

Not so, good Grandmother. MR. BUNN has exclusive privileges granted him by the Government for the encouragement of music and the drama. Not so, the bookseller. Besides, there are hundreds of booksellers, but—this is a matter of regret or not, according to the taste of the reader—only one BUNN.

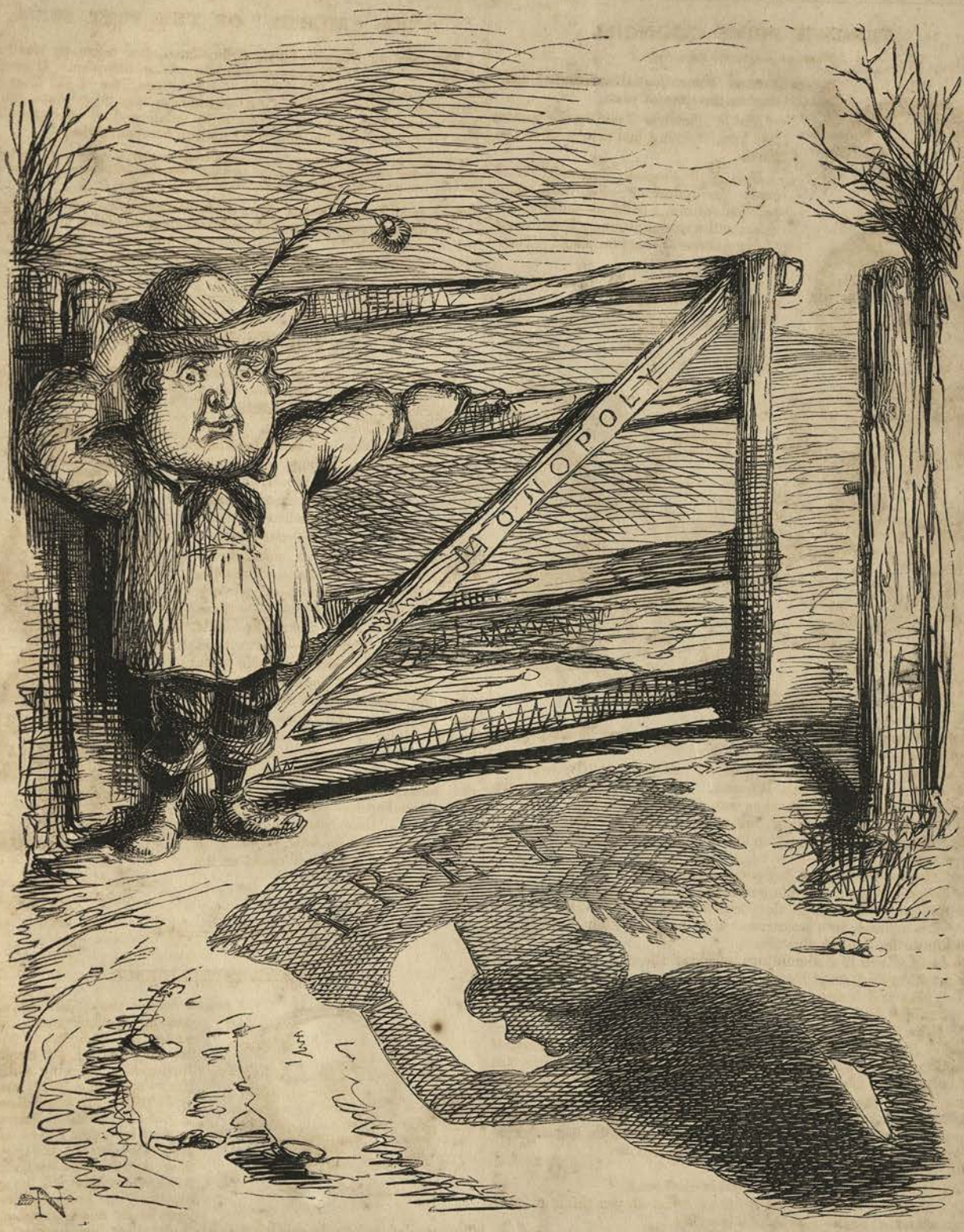
The Clothes Market.

THE opening of JULLIEN'S promenade has done more than even the opening of the ports would probably do for the cheap clothes market. White wrap-rascals, which had been done and overdone at fifteen shillings, without the *coupon*—that is, without the dividend in the skirt—have gone up nearly ninepence, with an upward tendency for the settling day, when it is expected they will be lodged as security for small loans. There has been a tightness in white kids, but they have been getting easier every day, and they are easily got off by those who have had them on their hands. Patent-leather high-lows—the reduced three-and-nines—looked well at the opening of business, but became very dull before the close. Stocks were firm and kept up for a short time; but the feverish state of the market damped them, and they went gradually down. Gents' vests were in favour with those who wished for a good investment. Pocket-handkerchief allotments were in request, and were freely taken at the coming out; but hats were very flat, in consequence of a rush of bears at the close of business.

PORTRAIT OF A GENT. AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR old friends the Waits are already making up their bands for the season, and the lovers of midnight harmony may expect a rich treat during the ensuing Christmas. BALFE'S *Marble Halls*, arranged by JONES for three trombones and a *piccolo*, will be among the earliest novelties. JONES will conduct this *morceau* in person, and take a trombone part: an announcement that will be gratifying to all the lovers of thorough-bass in its most extended form. TIMKINS, of ophicleide celebrity, intends devoting his energies to the preparation of a few classical solos for serious neighbourhoods. The immense volume of lung he is known to possess must be considered a guarantee that the district he undertakes to supply will not be without its share of harmony during the festive season. His bolero in eighteen flats, which was so popular last year, is to be repeated with some new modulations; and great expectations are raised in the musical world by its having been whispered that he intends introducing a major fifth into the eighth chord above the semitone.



OPENING THE GATE; OR, "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

HINTS TO INFORMERS.

ARLETS,—I do not like you; quite the reverse: but, scoundrels as you are, you are entitled to justice, and I am unwilling to see you oppressed. It is necessary to set thieves to catch thieves; and good faith should be kept, even with a Queen's Evidence. As long as your calling is a lawful one, you have a right to pursue it unmolested; and that you may do so, attend to the advice I am about to give you. In laying your informations be careful in the selection of your victims. Choose cabmen, or omnibus-men, whom you may catch without their badges, or racing, or driving furiously, or loitering and obstructing the streets. Summon costermongers for ill-treating their donkeys. Pull up unlicensed hawkers. Denounce Sabbath-breaking publicans, cigar smugglers, and illicit distillers. Bring to justice waggoners for riding on their shafts, and their masters who have neglected to have their names painted on their vehicles. Pounce upon all thimble-riggers, lottery-men, and keepers of low gambling-houses. Drag all these base, plebeian offenders before the magistrate without fear or scruple.

But beware, you rogues, how you inform against aristocratic gamblers, and especially, how you sue noble and gentle black-legs. Are you aware, you dogs, that the fellow, who, not long since, brought *qui tam* actions against his betters for betting on horse-races, is now in Whitecross Street Prison, on account of the costs which he incurred through one of those actions, and for which Parliament, by a retrospective law, made him liable? Think how he is expiating his disrespect of persons; and if you would avoid his fate, henceforth hawk at vulgar game.

Yours, contemptuously,

PUNCH.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

(*Slightly altered from Dryden.*)

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."—HORACE.

"No sooner had we led away The captive Whigs from battle fray,
Then we, their Tory victors rude, Were by their charms in turn subdued:
'Twas thus, that reason first began To light the agricultural man."—&c., &c.
PEEL'S FREE IMITATION.

"The Right Hon. Baronet continues to improve."—ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.

IN that blest isle, where Hudson keeps his court,
And all the bulls, and bears, and stags resort,
There grew a stripling of a wealthy race,
Who wanted neither worth, nor form, nor face:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a judgment clear.
Learning, and parts, and industry he had,
But still his sight was lamentably bad:
Clouds from the brain still prejudiced his eye,
And partial mist obscured the mental sky.
His speech, though ample, had a rustic sound;
His eyes were fixed too firmly on the *ground*:
His corn and cattle seem'd his only care,
And his delight his butter, cheese, and beer.
"Bob," he was called, which signifies a shilling;
And, to be good, he only wanted milling.
It happen'd, on a vacant Saturday,
Forth to the fields he took his solemn way.
His sliding-scale, too brittle for a staff,
Hung half before him, and behind him half:
He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled "*Whigs awa'!*" for want of thought.
The common places, and the beaten roads,
For once, he left, and walk'd among the woods;
There climb'd a hillock green, where trees were few,
And a rich prospect open'd on the view,
Where, far beneath, a mighty river flow'd,
And trade-fraught navies all at anchor rode.
Here, down beside a bubbling fount, was laid
(Like DIAN tired with sport) a sleeping maid;
The LADY LIBERA, the name she bore;
ROBERT and she had never met before.
A wreath of corn her flowing tresses bound,
Now seeming *fix'd*—now *free*,—so loosely wound;
(But pleased him most, when, with a breath of air
It changed its place, and *slid* along her hair;
Least, when by stealthy, smuggling breezes blown,
It *did the duty* of a royal crown.)
Her white arms pointed, as she lay at rest,
One tow'rds the East, the other tow'rds the West;
As if she would o'er West and East convey
Her beauty's glory and her empire's sway.
"The swain stood looking with new-open'd eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise:
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and feared offence;
Doubted, for what he was he should be known,
By his farm accent and his country tone.
He would have waked her, but restrain'd his thought;
For love, new-born, the first good manners taught.
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life."
Thus reason in SIR ROBERT'S soul grew big;
This made him first suspect he was a whig;
This made him feel his former self a bore;
By this he found he wanted sense before;
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and reform, and show'd the dawn of day.
At length awaking, LIBERA, the fair,
Oped her bright eyes, and saw him gazing there.
"What make you here, good fellow?" said the maid:
Then ROBERT first his rustic voice essay'd;
Proffer'd his hand—the hand she long denied—
Then took; though half ashamed of such a guide.
So, ROBERT, having led the lady home,
No more would to his old advisers roam,
But sought St. Stephen's house with better mind;
No longer to the farm would be confined;
Though cut by calves, on bowing terms with bullocks,
As convert to sad doctrines of M'Culloch's,
Did for the farm as much, at lesser cost,
And showed the farmer in the statesman lost.
Such wonders had this lady's sight the pow'r
To work on him—and, since, on many more:
Her sudden beauty strikes into the heart,
When seen from some base parasites apart:
Both on the hero, did the fair prevail;
And also on the teller of the tale.

ENGINEERING BY INSTINCT.

HE science of engineering, we perceive by numerous advertisements, is to be acquired for six guineas. At this rate, we shall have "every man his own engineer;" for no one who can qualify himself to earn his two or three guineas a day at so trifling a cost of money, time, and trouble, will hesitate to avail himself of the opportunity. We used to think the writing-masters, like the lady in the play in *Hamlet*, did "protest too much" when they undertook to instil penmanship into the head and hand of the pupil in half-a-dozen lessons; but these offers to teach engineering in about a week, appear to us to be even more hazardous than the bold propositions of the caligraphists.

"Measuring for Fun, made Engineering in Earnest," seems to be the principle upon which a Railway Surveyor's education is completed in the present day.

The Runaway Directors.

THE retreat of the Directors is still going on; and we can only compare it to the celebrated running away of the Rifles after the breaking-up of the Lines. Are the poor Stags to be left to go to the dogs? The only cuttings with which the Railroad Committee-men now appear to trouble themselves, is a general cutting away! The Shareholders are singing:—

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
This is a shocking affair;
They promised to bring out the Scrip at a premium,
Which now is worth nothing per share.

"MAY I HOLD YOUR HORSE, SIR?"

SYMPTOMS OF THE PANIC.

THE panic appears to have reached the Surveyors, who are beginning to offer their scientific apparatus for sale through the medium of small advertisements. We continually see announcements in the papers of "a theodolite to be sold," or "a level to be had, cheap;" which is sometimes specified, by way of further inducement, to be a "good dumpy" one. We expect shortly to see the doors of the pawnbrokers besieged by engineers and surveyors wheeling their theodolites into the arms of their uncles, and cramming their dumpy levels up certain spouts with fearful rapidity. It would not be a bad speculation to put a few pieces of wood together into odd shapes and carry them to the pawnbrokers, who, in their innocence of what engineering implements are like, might lend a handsome price upon them. We beg leave to put our various uncles on their guard, for we are told the imposition is being extensively practised.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

PREPARATIONS for war are being quietly but effectually made. The review of the Chelsea pensioners is not the only measure of defence that has been commenced. The fourpenny steam-boat captains have had a hint from official quarters to keep up their crews to the full complement of three men and a boy.

THE SUCCESSOR TO PEEL.

OUR contemporary, the *Spectator*, informs us that the official days of SIR ROBERT PEEL are numbered, and that the QUEEN has already sent for his successor, and tells us plainly that it knows who that statesman is, although, for certain reasons, it leaves his name to be conjectured. Its reserve on this point is, however, quite needless, since it has drawn his moral character, so to speak, as large as life, so that the likeness is as palpable to the meanest capacity as a portrait in one of our large cuts would be, except to that of the *Standard*. That character is, according to the *Spectator*, an eclectic aggregate of all the good qualities of every existing statesman and politician, with MR. PITT into the bargain.

Can there be a doubt, after this, as to what should constitute his physical portraiture? Breathes there the artist who would not at once depict the Roman nose, the upcurling chin, the dorsal gibbosity—call it not hunch, the abdominal plenitude, and the small, but shapely legs? Lives there the limner who would not invest these proportions in the ribboned cap, the gay Vandyked doublet, and hose of many colours, and place in the hands of the figure the old familiar cudgel? And would it then be necessary to inscribe under the picture that name which modesty alone forbids us to mention?

There *is* an individual boasting the above attributes, who, we will say, though perhaps we shouldn't, is, of all others, the man for the Premiership. In addition to those recommendations with which the *Spectator*, with a flattering personality, has invested him, the following, we are sure, will be conceded to him even by his enemies. With an aspect wooden under all circumstances, he possesses more than even O'CONNELL'S "matchless intrepidity of face," which has rendered that person *ipsis Hibernicis Hibernior*. Add to this such an amount of actual courage, accompanied by an understanding so vigorous, that he is ignorant of nothing but fear.

If it be said that a Prime Minister must be a puppet, we can assert that he is the first puppet in the world. We could even rest his claims to the office on his merits in that capacity alone. Is there a doubt respecting his dexterity in trimming? Look at his ribbons. Is there a question of his astuteness? Consider the cleverness with which he circumvents JACK KETCH. To say the least, does any one think that he cannot resist circumstances till they are too strong for him, withhold reforms till they are forced upon him, and abandon his policy in time to prevent an insurrection? All this he will adventure "with his poor gentleman-like carcase to perform," or to be thrashed on his own hump with his own cudgel.

And who is he? We would fain be modest—but let us not be mock-modest. The truth is—and the *Spectator* knows it—that the successor of SIR ROBERT PEEL will be, or at least ought to be, no other than *Mr. Punch*.

ADVICE GRATIS.—AN ECLOGUE.

Paddy. WHAT 's to be done at all, Misther Commissioner?
Here 's a lot of praytees wouldn't plaze the pigs, Sir,
Earlies and Lumpers, cups and common taters,
Gone to the divil.

Commissioner. Dig up your tubers, store them in a dry place,
Plenty of straw put underneath each layer,
Grind them to pulp, or, if you like it better,
Toast on a griddle.

Paddy. Murdther alive, but where 's the straw to come from?
Mill for to grind, or griddle for to toast 'em?
Divil the place I 've got to keep myself dry,
Much less my praties.

Dr. Buckland. Ignorant peasant, don't mind KANE or PLAYFAIR—
Starch is only gluten, therefore innutritious;
Steam your potatoes, and you 'll find the fungus
Equal to mushrooms.

Mr. Tilley. Chloride of lime is better, if you 've got it—
Twopence a pound is all that it will cost you.
One pound of chloride, properly employed, saves
Two of potatoes.

All together. But whate'er you do, Pat, keep your mind quite easy,
Science is at work examining the fungus;
Though, for the present, we confess that we know
Nothing about it.

[*Exeunt* COMMISSIONER, BUCKLAND, *and* TILLEY. PADDY, *with his hands in his pockets, looks after them bewildered.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE CIGARS.

THE General Order against smoking in the Army has occasioned a deep sensation in every mess-room in the kingdom, and created such a panic in the Cigar Market, that good Cheroots were done at an unusually low figure, and the Manillas were down at a penny, which had been commanding threehalfpence, with a fair sprinkling of buyers, for the last eight months. The cabbage-growers are in despair, for the young officers had been the chief consumers of the hardy winter savoy; which must now be sold as food for the lower classes, instead of being packed in ivory cases for mess-room tables, as the best Havannahs, imported direct from Havannah by the Hammersmith 'bus.

As to the military themselves, meetings are being called in every regiment, to consider whether the officers shall coolly submit to allow the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to put all their pipes out. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON has blown a cloud over the whole of the army by his inconsiderate endeavour to banish the cigar from the mess-room. The officers naturally ask what they are to do when they meet; for they are to be restrained from boxing, wrestling, leap-frog, blind-man's-buff, as well as prohibited from smoking, and they dread the possibility of being thrown upon their conversational resources, which must have a most dreary effect.

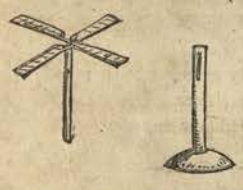
Under their present trying position we can offer no consolation to the inmates of the barracks, except such as they may derive from taking it by turns to read *Punch* aloud to the whole mess.

A TOBACCO STOPPER FOR THE ARMY.

INFERNAL MACHINE.

"RESPECTED PUNCH,

"A KIND but injudicious relative having given to my eldest son (aged 9) the sum of half-a-crown, the absurd urchin, instead of dropping it into his money-box, or laying it out like a man in ginger-beer, lollipops, and parliament, walks off to an 'intellectual toy-shop' (!!!) and brings home a concern like the annexed:—A sort of compound of a windmill and a humming-top. The thing to the left, which has four tin arms or sails, is put into the thing to the right, which is a hollow pillar, and is then threaded and wound up precisely like a top. The string being smartly drawn away, it will rise from the pillar, revolving as it goes with considerable velocity. The first experiment was made at tea-time. For the first half-quarter of a second, I confess I was amused at seeing the little machine twirl its way towards the ceiling. But that amusement was instantaneously dissipated; for the wretched toy first chipped out a bit of the plaster, and then descending with great force impaled a piece of buttered Yorkshire cake, in which it stood trembling for an instant as if deliberating what it should do next; after which it dropped slantingly into a hot cup of tea into which it inserted one of its sails. The hot cup of tea, overbalanced by its additional contents, dripped off the table upon the head of the youngest member of my family, who was harmlessly sitting on a low stool. Never, sir, did I see such indications of malice in an inanimate thing, as in this dreadful little gimcrack.



"Immediately after this series of disasters, a young gentleman from the next door came to spend the evening—a pompous little individual with a taste for chemistry, and a row of silvery buttons upon a French gray jacket. After hearing the calamity, this pedantic young humbug said—'Oh! your room was too small for the vertical direction, you should try the horizontal.' Only think, *Mr. Punch*, of such polysyllables from a youth of eleven. Well, he winds up the machine again, claps the base of the pillar against his chest, and shoots the precious missile straight before him. Off it goes,—extinguishes both the candles, leaving us in utter darkness, in the midst of which we hear a jingle and a crash. When lights were brought in, I found that three tumblers had been swept off the sideboard. Under the influence of momentary indignation, and forgetful of the usages of hospitality, I dealt my visitor a sound box on the ear, and sent him bellowing home to his father. The result is, that my next-door neighbour and myself, who were always on the best possible terms, being members of the same Dissenting Chapel, and travellers in the same omnibus, are no longer on speaking terms, but sit gaping at each other in gloomy silence all the way from Hackney to the Flower-pot.

"I must say that I think some stop ought to be put to toys that annihilate domestic comfort, and destroy the peace of a neighbourhood. I am told that the toy was constructed upon scientific principles. I know nothing about 'scientific;' but my opinion is, that the inventor had very loose principles, if indeed he had any at all.

"A PARENT."

PUNCH'S

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.

PARLIAMENT having been prorogued until Thursday, the 27th of November, it was opened on the morning of that day, by the housekeeper in person, who proceeded with a firm step to the throne, and, after having withdrawn the usual covering, dusted it carefully for a few minutes. The housekeeper then delivered the following speech to an attendant:—

"I SAY,

"I don't exactly know what time they are coming, for they can't get on without DENMAN, and as he 's sitting in the Queen's Bench, he's not expected much afore half arter three.

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT,

"I think we'd better have everything ready for 'em when they come. There 'll only be two or three on 'em, and the curtains can't want dusting, for they were only done the other day."

The housekeeper, at the close of this speech, withdrew, accompanied by the attendant. At about a quarter-past three, LORDS WHARNCLIFFE and ABERDEEN entered the house, when—

LORD WHARNCLIFFE wished to know if the Court of Queen's Bench was up yet.

LORD ABERDEEN was not able to answer that question. He had understood that a certain noble Lord, who held a high position in that Court—he meant the Court of Queen's Bench—was to have met their Lordships at a quarter-past three.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.—No, half-past; at least, he (LORD WHARNCLIFFE) had understood half-past. Their Lordships were proceeding to discuss this question in a desultory conversation when

LORD DENMAN, entering the house, observed that he had been listening to a very long argument in the Queen's Bench, from which he had only just got away.

LORD ABERDEEN.—Now, then, where 's the Commission?

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.—I had it here just now! Oh! here it is.

The Commission was then read by the Clerk, and the House having been prorogued, with the usual formalities, until Tuesday, the 16th December, their Lordships wished each other good afternoon, and the House was adjourned.

WANTED,

A FEW HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG MEN, FOR THE CORPS OF RAILWAY ENGINEERS.

THEY will have every opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the field, and will be frequently called upon to show their gallantry in encounters with the occupants of those places they will have to besiege. A few dashing fellows who have no objection to levelling—even when applied to themselves—may be immediately enrolled at a liberal rate of wages.

POLITICAL RUMOUR.

IT is whispered, in circles likely to be well-informed, that the beadle of the Exeter 'Change Arcade has declared himself in reference to the Corn-Law Question. He is opposed to a fixed duty, which imposes upon him the necessity of taking the average, and sometimes much more than the average, of chaff.

THE ROYAL DEFAULTER.

It is with very great regret we have heard a rumour of the probability of a distress for poor-rates being put into the Flemish farm of Prince Albert. We are puzzled to conceive how this state of things can have come about, for we know Prince Albert to be most economical in all his arrangements, and very desirous of saving to the utmost extent in all his personal expenditure. We trust that the tax-gatherer will not act precipitately in this unfortunate business, but will give the Prince the usual warning of some half dozen letters "on Her Majesty's service," before his goods are distrained upon. Should a man be actually put into possession, and the Prince's goods be positively seized, the event would be a fine subject for an historical painting, which would probably be executed for the Prince upon very low terms, if he followed his usual course of pleading the particular circumstances of the case as an argument to persuade the artist to do a picture under the usual price. Such a domestic scene as that which we anticipate, would furnish a most admirable theme for the painter, and we should recommend it to the illustrated papers, as a much better and more interesting subject than the great majority of those which are presented to the public through the medium alluded to. We have furnished a sketch which any of our pictorial contemporaries may imitate. Before, however, quitting this subject, we may be allowed to express a hope that His Royal Highness Prince Albert will not persevere in his refusal to pay the rates, and thus bring himself into collision with the tax-gatherer. We need only refer to the admirable example set by Her Majesty, who, when the Income-tax was first imposed, paid her share of it like a trump, or rather like a Court Card, which may be considered an honour to the Sovereign.

APOLLO "PUNCH" TO THE 'STANDARD.'

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flow such stuff and nonsense from your brain?
Remember, when the "*judgment's weak, that prejudice is strong,*"
A blunder why *will* you maintain?
Buy me,
Try me,
Prove ere you belie me;
If you blame me,
Don't defame me
Groundlessly again.

THE STAG'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

My boat is on the strand,
My steamer's on the sea;
I quit my native land—
America, for thee.
My wig of red is on,
I've dyed my grizzled brow;
My whiskers dark are gone,—
They will not know me now.

My tender wife, adieu!—
Farewell, my little ones!
And oh! farewell to you,
My poor deluded duns!
And thou, too, even thou,
My tailor, sufferer poor,
Wilt fruitless vengeance vow
'Gainst him thou'lt see no more.

STANDARD METAL.

The Editress of the *Standard* talks about "stirring up the agricultural interest to make an effort for the land." The *Mrs. Harris* of the Press has confidence in her powers of stirring—which is very natural in a spoon.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London,—Saturday, Dec. 6, 1845.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

ou, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the BRITISH CROWND. But I am not one who would gratafy *imputtnint curaiosaty.* Rispect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

"Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right & of my Himperial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the LORD CHAMBERLING. SIR ROBERT PEAL apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy PRIMMIER by *Punch's* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one.* Nead I say that I elude to HARTHUR OF WELLINGTING? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvmint for a Barnetcy.

"But there was *another* pusn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i's, as MILTING observes, the ecomplisht LADY HANGELINA THISTLEWOOD, daughter of my exlent frend, JOHN GEORGE GODFREY DE BULLION THISTLEWOOD, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K.T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c. &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the LADY HANGELINA was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebudd! Pore MARY HANN, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of HANGELINA!

"LADY BAREACRES made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle pusnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare HANGELINA smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, 'O, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, I 'm so delighted to make your acquaintance, I have often heard of you.'

"'Who,' says I, 'has mentioned my insiggnifficknt igsistance to the fair LADY HANGELINA, *kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw*;' (for you see I 've not studdied *Pelham* for nothink, and have lunt a few French phraces, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now.)

"'O,' replies my lady, 'it was Papa first; and then a very, *very* old friend of yours.'

"'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid curawsaty——

"'HOGGINS—MARY ANN HOGGINS'—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides.) 'She is my maid, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and I 'm afraid you are a very sad, sad person.'

"'A mere baggytell,' says I. 'In fommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman; but haltered suckmstancies have sepparated us for hever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perdew* elsewhere.'

"'Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.'

"'Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins with a *Ha*,' says I, looking her tendarly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

"'MR. DE LA PLUCHE,' here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, 'hadn't you better take your spurs out of the COUNTESS OF BAREACRES' train?'—'Never mind Mamma's train' (said LADY HANGELINA); 'this is the great MR. DE LA PLUCHE, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. MR. DE LA PLUCHE, let me present you to CAPTAIN GEORGE SILVERTOP.'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slitely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. 'Go and see for LADY BAREACRES' carridge, CHARLES,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting."

"*Thusday Night.*—O HANGELINA, HANGELINA, my pashn for you hogments daily! I 've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I woar another in my butn-ole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammined the house with my glas!

"She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speek; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that wulgar raskle SILVERTOP, *wood* stay in the box. As if he didn' know (Lady B's as deaf as a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatytaty.*"

"*Friday.*—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there 's a hair out of BALFE's Hopera that she 's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

"She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mewsick; said I sung myself, (I 've ad lesns lately of SIGNOR TWANKYDILLO); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my poim:

"'WHEN MOONLIKE OER THE HAZURE SEAS.'

"'When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R HANGELINE! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

"'I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is LADY HANGELINE.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

"'Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?'

"When I came to the last words, 'Dost thou remember JE-E-E-AMS,' I threw such an igspresshn of unuttrabble tenderniss into the shake at the hend, that HANGELINA could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

"O HANGELINA—My adord one, My Arts joy!" * * *

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

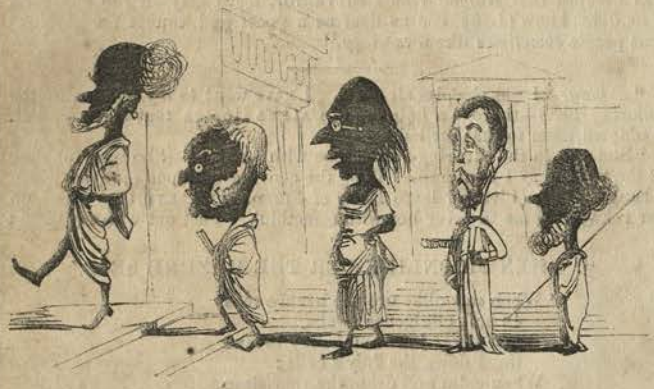
IRCUITS. From the Latin word *circuitus*, round about, which is very properly applied to law, for it is of a round-about character. The judges go the circuits twice a year, namely, in spring and summer; but summary justice may be done at the spring circuits. A very numerous bar attends, and there is what is called a circuit mess; but the Oxford and Western circuits got themselves lately into a very terrible mess with the newspapers.

CITIZEN. From the Latin *civis*, the inhabitant of a city. ARISTOTLE commences his third book, by asking what is a citizen; a question that the landlord of the London Tavern might perhaps give an answer to.

CIVIL LIST. The money voted for the expenses of the Sovereign; and it is called the Civil List, probably from the civil manner in which it is granted by Parliament.

CLARENDON, THE CONSTITUTIONS OF, were sixteen declaratory ordinances aimed against the usurpation of the POPE, and it is supposed by some antiquarians that they took their name from having been settled by the nobles over a dinner given them by HENRY THE SECOND at the Clarendon.

CLIENT. Originally a person who having no possessions of his own received a gift of land from a patrician or patron. In the present day the relation is rather reversed, for the patron shows his patronage by getting all he can out of the client. By the law of Rome, the patron succeeded to the property of any client who died without heirs; but the English law generally fleeces the client in his lifetime, so that the question of what is to become of his property after his death perplexes nobody. The clients in former times always attended their patron to any public place, but this custom is abolished



for it would be very inconvenient to the Attorney-General if, when he walked about, he had some hundreds of clients dangling after him.

COAL TRADE. *See* SLATES. There is a poetical legend that CUPID was formerly in the coal and potato line, for we are told, on good authority that "Young love lived once in an humble shed."

COFFEE. A strong stimulant to political opinion, and, in conjunction with tea, is generally used to water the plant of freedom in its growth at the meetings of the working classes. It is calculated that it took several millions of pounds of coffee to carry the Reform Bill, and on analysing a speech at one of the Temperance Halls, it was found to contain six parts coffee, four parts sugar, two parts milk, and eighty-eight parts water.

COLONY. A place taken possession of by a foreign power, which sends its subjects out to settle themselves, and sometimes to settle the natives. Under the system that has been hitherto pursued, a colony is to the mother country like an expensive establishment kept at a distance for sending some of her children to.

COMMISSION. A pretext for creating places and appointments to add to the patronage of the Government.

COMMISSION. In the army, a purchasable distinction, an outward sign of military merit that may be had by paying for. Thus, a lieutenant who successfully leads a forlorn hope, will have a forlorn hope of promotion, unless he can follow up the act of drawing his sword upon the enemy, by drawing his check upon a banker.

COMMON LAW. The unwritten or customary law, being that part of the law to which we have become reconciled by use, as the eels are to the process of skinning. The Common Law is not good unless it is founded on what no one can remember; and this accounts for the lawyers being sometimes apt to forget themselves. SIR MATHEW HALE says, the origin of the Common Law is as undiscoverable as the head of the Nile; but, considering the blackness of the subject, it would have been an apter simile to have said the Niger.

PEAS *versus* POTATOES.

IN consequence of the elaborate paper of DR. BUCKLAND, in which he gives the palm to the pea, and smashes the potato all to atoms, we have determined to try a few experiments with the two vegetables. Like BRUMMELL, we "once ate a pea;" but, not remembering to have derived any particular energy from the morsel, we were disposed to give the preference to that vegetable with which, in his hand, SIR WALTER RALEIGH has gone down to posterity.

A day or two ago we swallowed six peas, but we did not receive such an accession of fibre and muscle as DR. BUCKLAND had induced us to believe that we should have done. We ran up and down stairs to try the experiment, but soon grew fatigued. The next day we dined upon a potato, which gave us considerable energy; but our legs were rather stiff, which may be accounted for by the quantity of the starch which the potato is known to contain.

We have read DR. BUCKLAND'S paper very attentively, and have weighed his assertion as to the Nursery couplet being a proof of the popularity of peas in the Fifteenth Century. We, however, do not take the same view that he does of the distich, for if there was "Peas-pudding in the pot nine days old" it is clear that our forefathers and foremothers were not very fond of it.

As to a feed of beans, which DR. BUCKLAND recommends, we have not tried it, for we are not quite such donkeys as to think of doing so.

DR. BUCKLAND tells us that the woman of Tutbury lived a long time by sucking the starch out of her pocket-handkerchief. We cannot bring ourselves to try the experiment, or we would some day make a dinner off our shirt-collar, which has probably more starch in it than the woman of Tutbury's pocket-handkerchief.

On the whole, after weighing peas, pocket-handkerchiefs, beans, collars, and potatoes, we are inclined to give our verdict in favour of the latter.

WHISPERS FOR THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

THE practice of making an exhibition of St. Paul's, by receiving fees, has elicited, from an indignant visitor, the following whispers, for the celebrated Whispering Gallery. We print them for the use of foreigners:

"This building is supported by involuntary contributions."

"The admission is only fourpence, clergymen and children half price."

"The tomb of England's greatest naval hero, two pence extra."

"The Bishop expects every Englishman to pay the duty."

"It has lately been white-washed, like the Ecclesiastical Commission, at an enormous expense."

"Candles are provided for the vaults, at a penny a piece."

"The Showman has no salary, excepting what he receives from visitors."

"Persons who are pleased with the exhibition are requested to recommend it to those outside."

"The Free List suspended, excepting for Members of the Royal Family."

A Merry Christmas.

A FEW patriotic Poles, encouraged by the absence of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, have been betrayed into a revolution on the borders of Prussia. NICHOLAS, on being acquainted with this by messengers sent off expressly by his brother autocrat, exclaimed, gaily, "Well, there 's no place like home!" He returns instantly to St. Petersburgh, to superintend the approaching festivities.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

A GENTLEMAN advertises in the *Times* of Friday, for "a secretary, who is to receive a hundred a year, and will be expected to have two thousand pounds of his own; one thousand of which are to be deposited with his employer's banker, for purposes that are to be hereafter explained." We have no objection to take fifty secretaries, on the same terms; and request that any gentleman wishing to treat may send his thousand pounds at once to the *Punch* Office.

GETTING THE *HERALD* INTO A LINE.

"The brief abstract, and *Chronicle* of the *Times*."

NEW PROVERB.—Promises, like Railway Companies, are only made to be broken.

DEPOSITING THE PLANS.

A Poem.

THE TRAIN—THE RIVALS—THE RACE—THE COLLISION —THE COMPROMISE—THE ARRIVAL—THE SELL.

I. The Train.

Bring forth the train! The train was brought:
In truth 'twas very small indeed;
Engine and tender, and for speed
One first-class carriage, and I thought
'Twas meant for me: but I was mad,
Mad as a hatter, when they taught
How that the rival line had bought
The only train that could be had;
And 'twas in vain for me to pray,
Or offer any terms to pay.
They put his great-coat on his back;
They shoved him in—that menial pack!
His carpet bag inside they crammed,
The carriage-door was fiercely slammed;
The plans and sections stowed inside,
"All right!" the eager stoker cried.
Out flew the steam with roar and crash;
Away!—away!—and on they dash:
'Twas more than rapid—it was rash.

II. The Defiance.

Away!—away!—the train was gone;
I had no means of getting on:
Town must be reached ere close of day,
Or all our toil be thrown away.
I caught a last glimpse of my foe's
Right thumb extended from his nose:
I heard a peal of savage laughter,
And madly rushed the engine after,
And howled back "Humbug!"—though, indeed,
Amidst the thundering engine's speed,
Perchance he did not hear nor heed.
But hark that whistle! Yes! by gum,
It is another engine come!
'Tis hired; a bargain quickly made:
I dare not think how much I paid.
Loud roars the steam!—round go the wheels!
And I am on my rival's heels.

III. The Collision.

Away!—away!—my plans and I;
We're not more than ten miles behind,
So for a crash I strung my mind—
I felt 'twas coming by-and-by.
The engineer upon the track
Looked out, and saw red lamps ahead;
The engine 'twas too late to back,
So he jump'd off, and on we sped.
The steam roared on!—the wheels spun round!—
We seemed to fly along the ground.
Against one side my back I braced,
My feet against the other placed;
I saw the lamps gleam bright before,—
I felt a shock—I heard a roar:
Stop!—back her!—ease her! All in vain;
We've run into the other train!

IV. The Compromise.

My thoughts came back. Where was I? Spilt!
And bruised and battered! But the foe
Was worse than I. It might be guilt
In me to serve a rival so:
I know not; but this thing I know,
If he was smashed, it served him right:
And there we were, an awful sight—
I on the embankment, and my foe
Pitched slap into the ditch below.
His carriage I'd contrived to smash,
But spoilt my engine in the crash.
What 's to be done? The day wears on—
Two precious hours already gone!
And so, lest both should be delayed,
A compromise perforce we made.
My carriage to his engine tied,
We journey, sulky, side by side.

V. The Arrival.

Onward we went, but rather slow;
In vain—the pace we could not go.
I had my rival in my power,
And thought to burke him in that hour;
But better thoughts prevailed.
Amalgamation then I tried;
But very shortly he replied,
And all my efforts failed.
Down went the sun at half-past five,
In time we hardly may arrive—
I tried a last appeal.
I talked the driver from his funk,
And made the willing stoker drunk.
'Twas sad to see him reel
About the tender to and fro;
But still he made the engine go,
And that was all our need.
And faster, faster by degrees,
Thro' tunnels, past towers, towns and trees,
We flew at headlong speed;
In vain we urged him to refrain,
For still he stirred and stoked amain.
We swing, we swerve from left to right,
And thro' the darkness of the night
Our sparks fly far and wide—
Oh, never till that breathless hour,
I knew a drunken stoker's power
Over the folks inside!
Still on, still on we madly swept,
Till, at a turn, the engine leapt
At one spring from the line.
Thank Heaven it happened on a flat,
But as it was, I crushed my hat,
A bran new four-and-nine—
And there we stuck—knee-deep in mire.
We stormed, we swore, we stirred the fire—
But there we were in our despair,
And neither seemed a fig to care
About us or our plans:
With hunger and with bruises faint—
'Twould raise the dander of a saint,
Much less a mortal man's!
With grim resolve we sat us down,
(For we were thirty miles from town)
In hopeless certainty of mind—
Even supposing we got there—'
The Board of Trade shut up to find;
Oh, how we both did swear!
When sudden on the neighbouring road
A yellow with four posters showed;
Ours—ours that chaise must be!
We rush upon the frightened "boys,"
We knock them off, and, joy of joys!
Spring each to saddle-tree.
Ply, ply the whip, spare not the spur,
Along the Great North Road we skir,
The clocks are striking ten!
'Tis thirty miles in two short hours:
But in a holy cause like ours
Agents are more than men;
So on, so on with plunge and bound,
Our wills are good, their wind is sound—
We 'll save our distance still.
But ah! despite our desperate pluck,
Three quarters past eleven has struck
As we gain Highgate Hill!
The leaders snort, the wheelers reel,
And past the Peacock as we wheel,
Their breath comes short and thick:
A fall! the leader's wind is broke!
A cab! a cab! 'Tis past a joke!
"This, if you do the trick!"
I waved a flimsy in my hand.
On, through Fleet Street, along the Strand—
There 's time the chance to nick;
'Tis done—we've won, we've reached Whitehall!
But hark what sounds my ear appal!
It is the Horse Guards' clock—
'Tis striking twelve—the hour is past:
Oh, heavy fate! sold, sold at last!
At twelve the gates they lock!
And we are left outside the door
The standing orders to deplore.

MRS. WELLINGTON AND THE MILITARY NURSERY.

THE alteration in the habits of the Army proposed and recommended by the general order of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is being carried out in several regiments. The Army Contracts will, in future, comprise five thousand sacks of infant Soojie for the Infantry, and forty hundredweight of Embden Groats for the gruel of the heavy Cavalry. In addition to the usual contract for the Forage Caps, tenders will be received for two hundred thousand Welsh Wigs for the Household Troops, and a million worsted Comforters for the army in Canada. It is now ordered that the officer in command at every barrack shall see his men properly drawn up into position, with their feet in warm water, at least once a week, and gruel is to be served out as part of the rations of every regiment. The Articles of War are to be re-written, for the purpose of declaring the smoking of a cigar to be an offence for which any officer may be brought to a Court Martial. A Corporal smoking a mild Havannah is to be reduced to the ranks, his épaulettes are to be torn off, and his sentence is to be read from the top of a drum in the presence of every regiment.

A LEADER BY MRS. HARRIS OF THE *STANDARD*.

WE have seen an announcement in the *Times*, which we do not believe, but we cannot say that we can contradict the statement. If it is true, we are very sorry for it, and must act as we think proper. We believe it is not true, but we regret to add that we know nothing. We have always endeavoured to help the administration in our humble way; but if we have not done so, we cannot help it.

We do not see how the intentions of the Cabinet can be known out of the Cabinet; but if they are, we can only say we hope we know what is due to ourselves and to our own character. WE STAKE THE LATTER UPON THE TRUTH OF THE WHOLE OF THE ABOVE ARTICLE.

A Good Harvest.

THE Ministry, after the many thrashings it has had, is at last to be winnowed. STANLEY, RIPON, HADDINGTON, and others of a bad grain, are all to be sifted, and thrown aside. In other words, the corn remains, and the chaff is blown away.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

WE throw out the following hint for the Managers of the London theatres:—A capital change might be got out of Downing Street being turned into the Anti-Corn Law League Office.

THE REAL POTATO BLIGHT OF IRELAND.

(FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN CONCILIATION HALL.)

O'CONNELL TO PUNCH.

ARRAH, *Punch!* is it joking you are? if it is,
Take my word, as a prosperous joker,
(Since by jesting our incomes are equally riz,)
Sure a feather will tickle a smile from the phiz
Of a man—quite as soon as a poker.
Then why lay upon me like a stoker?
Punch asthore!

Sure 'twas timpting—that patriot trade, yez must own,
To a janius inventive as mine is;
It has prosper'd—and now I can't lave it alone.
Och! just think how your own heart would burst wid a groan,
To conclude your next Number wid "Finis."
Let a man live, whatever his line is!
Punch asthore!

I don't care for the *Times*, or the rest, not a rush,
Wid their stories of rapine and riot;
I can give them the *lie* when it comes to the push.
If a middle-man drops by a ball from a bush,
Don't I advocate peace? Who 'll deny it?
Agitation 'tis keeps them so quiet!
Punch asthore!

Sure I gather no more than they 'd spend in '*poteen*,
And 'tis friendship to keep them from dhrinkin':
Don't I send round TOM STEELE, wid his peace-branch so green.
If I shout for repale, don't I shout for the QUEEN;
Though one eye, *through a cowld*, I keep winkin'.
There 's no treason in weakness, I'm thinkin'!
Punch asthore!

PARLIAMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

HONOURABLE Members will be glad to hear that an ingenious instrument has been constructed for the purpose of ascertaining, scientifically, the intensity of Parliamentary debates. It is very simple, consisting merely of a vessel of lime-water. This fluid has the power of absorbing carbonic acid gas, which gas is evolved from the lungs in a proportion corresponding to the rate of breathing. According to the length and energy of the debate, will be the quantity of carbonic acid given out by Honourable Members. The lime-water, evaporated to dryness, will leave a residue of carbonate of lime. By adding sulphuric acid to the deposit, the carbonic acid gas will be separated, and in that state may be collected and measured, so as to indicate exactly the amount of Parliamentary respiration per night. Carbonate of lime, being in fact chalk, will furnish a regular score against members; and perhaps an improvement of the apparatus will express the precise quantity of breath spent, or, it may be, wasted, by each member. We shall be anxious to know the results which it will furnish as regards LORD BROUGHAM. The absorption of carbonic acid purifies the air; so that, besides the scientific value of this invention, it will prove especially serviceable in the House of Commons.

Improvements in Bribery.

A NEW kind of bribery has lately sprung up. The "apples with the silver pips" have been discontinued by the omnibus conductors, since the trading in them was exposed in our pages. The bribe is now offered in a snuff-box. The conductor, who has tarried at the omnibus-station longer than he is allowed by act of Parliament, calls out to the vigilant guardian of the peace, "I say, policeman, have a pinch of snuff?" Z 33 accepts the offer, and finds amongst the rappee a sixpence, which his instinct tells him is not to be sneezed at, and so it is applied to his pocket, instead of his nose. A sixpenny pinch will secure the owner of the snuff-box an indulgence of five minutes, whilst a shilling ditto will so far obscure the vision of the wide-awake policeman, as to make him blind to the stationary omnibus for the next quarter of an hour. The snuff is known amongst the cads, as the "Policeman's Mixture."

THE VORACIOUS ALDERMEN.

THERE is no doubt that an Alderman is an Alderman, all the world over; and put him where you will, "the love of the turtle," which is so touchingly alluded to by BYRON, will be the characteristic of the class alluded to.

It appears from the following paragraph in the *Leeds Mercury*, that a Leeds Alderman is, in everything which marks the peculiarity of the Aldermanic character, quite on a par with a Member of the London Corporation:—

"Before he sat down, MR. LUPTON alluded to the great interruption occasioned in the transaction of business, by members of the Council retiring at various times to lunch or dine; and, to obviate this inconvenience, he suggested that the gentlemen on the Aldermanic Bench should in succession, at the Council meetings, provide refreshment in the witness-room for the members of the Council. (*Hear, hear.*) As one of the junior Aldermen, he had provided *a bowl of soup and other refreshments*, of which he invited the members of the Council to partake. (*Applause.*)

"The Council here retired for twenty minutes into the witness and grand jury rooms, and there partook of the refreshment provided. On their return to the Council chambers, the business was proceeded with."

Here we find the entire civic business of Leeds continually interrupted by the appetites of the Aldermen, who are constantly running out to their luncheons and dinners. Fancy LORD DENMAN being unable to sit five minutes quiet in the Queen's Bench without scampering off to FENDALL'S Coffee House, or BARON ALDERSON rushing out of the Exchequer to clutch an occasional sandwich from the stall of the old woman who sits in the vestibule. Imagine WIGRAM always with his mouth full, or KNIGHT BRUCE with a basin of ox-tail concealed on the little shelf where he keeps his cases ready cut and dried to meet every possible argument.

We believe that the judges are allowed portable soup, a piece of which, the size of a nut, is said to dissolve into a whole basinful directly it is put into the mouth; but this is nothing to the inconvenience that would be occasioned by their Lordships' running in and out of their Courts for something to eat, like the Leeds Aldermen.

It was a liberal idea of MR. LUPTON, a junior Alderman, to provide a bowl of soup in the anteroom; but the announcement of the luscious *potage* being within reach, had the effect of clearing the Court, and causing a temporary suspension of business. When, however, they had all souped, the affairs on which they had met were proceeded with.

THE PRICE OF SPLENDOUR.

THE following advertisement appeared a few days ago in the daily newspapers:—

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—The Committee for conducting the entertainment at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day request all persons having any DEMAND for the PROCESSION or BANQUET, will, on or before Wednesday, the 26th Nov. instant, send the particulars of their claims to me, under cover to the Hall-keeper, Guildhall, in order that the same may be examined and discharged.

JOHN WOOD, Secretary.

We understand that among the bills sent in was one from the Man in Brass, who charged a guinea for bearing the weight of his armour, and another guinea for the much greater burden of being compared to ALDERMAN GIBBS. One of the items in the poor fellow's little account ran as follows:—

"To six jokes, cut at my expense, between Blackfriars Bridge and Guildhall, &c., two shillings and sixpence."

The Band sent in its bill, with a separate charge for each tune, and the account included six polkas, at fourpence a piece; half an overture, at threepence; and forty-eight quadrilles, at sevenpence-halfpenny per dozen.

PUSHED FOR AN EXCUSE.

GREAT complaints have been made that Sunday was selected by Government as the last day for receiving the Railway Plans. The excuse given at the Board of Trade is, "the better the day, the better the *Deed*."

THE SURVEYOR'S RETURN.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn Surveyor returns to the bosom of his family. He has finished his railroad labours, and they have nearly finished him. Six months ago he went forth, erect, elate, plump, rubicund; even as a boxer trained for the fight. Elastic was his step; his air was jaunty. Tight was the fit of his shooting-jacket; and sprucely did he look in it—for it was new. Unworn were the highlows which he marched along in, shouldering his theodolite, or brandishing his trusty level. Behold him now! His head droops, his form is angular, his cheek is sallow; he is like unto a pauper newly emancipated from the workhouse. Six months—six calendar months—at Brixton could not have brought him thus low. Loose are his garments; patched also, and shabby; and low as his condition are the heels of his boots. His level peeps timidly from his hinder pocket, and he trails his theodolite on the ground.

Will he be recognised by that family to whose bosom he is creeping? Will his wife and children hail the altered man? Or rather will not his domestic shut the door in his face, and tell him there is nothing for him? Surveyor, let thy knock be loud and double, lest thou be repulsed as a mendicant. And, Surveyor, a word in thine ear: Thou hast accomplished thy work; and the labourer is worthy of his hire. We would advise thee as a friend—a familiar friend—to look sharp after thine. Make out thy account speedily; send in thy bill with all despatch, while yet the bubble is roseate, and the JEREMIES who blew it, whose surname is DIDDLER, yet linger in the land of the solvent; and ere, borne far away o'er the broad Atlantic, the rogues of the railways have sought the realm of the Repudiator.

COLONEL MABERLEY'S STUD.

ALL the Post-Office horses look thinner and thinner. We have ascertained that this is in consequence of the dreadful hard work they had to go through during the many weeks Fleet Street was closed. The number of additional streets imposed upon them have broken the strongest frames. The Holborn Circuit knocked them up completely. Three of the weakest fell martyrs to the steepness of the Hill, whilst one old horse, who had been twenty years in the service of St. Martin's-le-Grand, is reduced to such a skeleton that every time he passes a black-doll shop, he shivers violently all over, as his eye catches the announcement, "Best price given for old bones." His rider is closely watched, as it is strongly suspected the temptation will eventually be too much for him, and that he will back his emaciated steed into the shop some fine foggy day, and sell him over the counter for what he will fetch. We are glad to state, however, that three wisps of hay and a pail of gruel have been ordered to be added to the weekly rations of the whole stud, till each unfortunate horse has regained a little flesh.

Light and Magnetism.

PROFESSOR FARADAY, of the Royal Society, has lately made a wonderful discovery in the shape of magnetising a ray of light. The only importance attached to this phenomenon is, we presume, the suspension of iron filings to the magnetised ray. The next thing we may anticipate from some member of this learned body will be the mesmerising of a flash of lightning, and placing it in a cataleptic state whilst in the atmosphere and on its passage to the earth; so as to render impossible all injurious effects from that electric phenomenon.

VERY PALPABLE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Mining Journal* states that he has "written in a book the leaves and binding of which were made of iron." There is no doubt but the man is a Poor-Law Commissioner.

CLOSING OF THE SEAL OFFICE.

THE legal antiquarian will learn with regret that the doom of the Seal Office is sealed. The desk of PIMLOTT is to share the common lot, and will probably be knocked down by public auction. The stool of RABBETH is overthrown, and that pounce-box, by the aid of which so many debtors have been pounced upon, is to be swept away by the Turk's-head of reform. Inner Temple Lane is to be deprived of its only public building, the dark little front parlour, which has so often been the scene of gaiety among the attorneys' clerks, whose wit and laughter have made the welkin ring, to the immense annoyance of the whole staircase. The DUKE OF GRAFTON is the sealer of the writs, and there is a legend that the Duke used to attend in person once a year, to seal the fatal documents.

In recording the fate of this miniature Temple of Justice—8 feet by 12—the tear of sentiment trickles down the nose of regret till it is lost for ever in the whiskers of melancholy, where it dries and dies. Every pane of that dirty window has its little romance; every rail of RABBETH'S desk has its legend. Even PIMLOTT'S pounce-box gushes over with old associations; and each cobweb is hung with mournful memories. The very tongs would speak if they had but tongues, and the poker could stir up feelings long since as dead as the light of the one solitary office-candle. But away with useless recollections: the Seal Office is a thing of the past—another cherished bundle of heavy goods thrust into Time's knapsack. To finish with the classical lamentation of the old Latin Poet, we exclaim sorrowfully, "*Eheu! Ohe! Mihi!*"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SHORTLY will be published a new Work, beautifully done up, to be called "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand Directors." The motto of the work is "Sauve Qui Peut," and we hear it is to be dedicated to the F.R.S.'s, the F.S.A.'s, and the A.S.S.'s of England. If every one of the latter takes a copy, the circulation will be immense.

LAMENTABLE DESTITUTION.

THE announcement that Ministers intend to repeal the Corn-laws has quite disconcerted LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who made sure that his late missive to the Electors of London would be a letter of introduction to office. We hear that it is the intention of the noble Lord, as soon as Parliament opens, to accuse SIR ROBERT PEEL of "*having taken the bread out of his mouth.*"

ROYAL PRETTY BOOKS.

RECENTLY we have heard that our old friends the Man of Tobago, the Sailor of Bister, &c., &c.,* have been excluded from the Most Gracious School-room, to make room for an entirely new class of picture-books, containing short-rhymed lessons in history, taste, and morality, calculated to instruct as well as amuse the Royal Infants, and forming altogether a Juvenile Library, on a most successful plan. Of these excellent Didactic Poems, the following are a few specimens :—

THE OLD BROOM OF ST. STEPHEN'S

THERE was an old Broom of St. Stephen's,
That set all at sixes and sevens ;
And to sweep from the room
The convictions of BROUGHAM
Was the work of this Broom of St. Stephen's.

THE OLD SON OF THE GUN.

There was an old Son of the Gun,
Who bushels of battles had won ;
"Ho ! bring me my boots !
The cigars and cheroots
Have rebell'd !" said this Son of the Gun.

THE OLD BEGGAR OF DUBLIN.

There is an old Beggar of Dublin,
Who is always the passengers troubling :
He tells shocking stories,
And a very great bore is
This sad Impostor of Dublin.

THE GREAT POET OF DRURY.

There was a great Poet of Drury,
Who massacred sense in his fury ;
With a figure of fun,
Like a twopenny Bunn,
And the grandeur of Herod of Jewry.

THE NEW SINGER OF ITALY.

There was a new Singer of Italy,
Who went through his part very prettily ;
"Mamma tinks him so fine,
We most have him to dine !"
Papa remark'd slily and wittily.

THE OLD SINGER OF AVON.

There was an old Singer of Avon,
Who, Aunty BESS thought was a brave one ;
But Mamma doesn't care
For this stupid Swan's air,
Any more than the croak of a raven.

* To those readers who have forgotten these friends of their youth, and are compelled to ask "Where are they?" Echo shall reply by producing one of the oldest:—

"THE OLD MAN OF TOBAGO.

"There was an old Man of Tobago,
Long lived on rice, sugar, and sago ;
Till, one day, to his bliss,
The Doctor said this—
'To a leg of roast mutton you may go.'"

RATHER OUT OF PLACE."

"WHO WANTS A TOMBOLA ? CHEAP !"

POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, AND FAMILIES.

THE eyes of France were opened by M. MICHELET, in his eloquent and startling work entitled "Priests, Women, and Families," to the machinations of the Jesuits, and to the mischief occasioned by their influence in private life. A MICHELET is very much wanted in this country, to awaken Englishmen to the tricks and manœuvres of another fraternity not less destructive of domestic happiness than those of Jesuitism.—We allude to the Metropolitan constabulary ; and, objectionable as may be the Order of IGNATIUS LOYOLA, perhaps it is not more so than that of ROBERTUS PEEL.

This Society was ostensibly instituted for the preservation of the peace ; by quelling disturbances putting down apple-women, apprehending pickpockets, removing obstructions, and taking beggars and disorderly persons to the station-house. Its real object has at last become apparent, being no other than universal domination. Its members, disguised in plain clothes, are now known to mix in all societies, to whose manners and peculiarities they are instructed to adapt themselves. They mingle, as exquisites, in the *salons* of fashion ; they creep, as cads, into the "crib" of the costermonger. They frequent every species of tavern, from the first-rate Hotel to the Jerry-shop ; and neither the freedom of the tap nor the sanctity of the parlour is safe from their intrusion. They thus insidiously worm themselves into all sorts of secrets, and ascertain who is who, what is what, and what is going on ; to the utter subversion of all privileges of Britons.

But the evil does not stop here. In his uniform the Policeman is notorious for scraping acquaintance with servants at area-railings.

What if the joint that went down only half finished re-appears three quarters gone, and the fowl removed with one wing comes up minus the remaining one ? What if his tea and sugar go with railroad rapidity, his butter melts in the coldest weather, and his beer wastes without a leak in the barrel ? How much longer are free-born Englishmen to submit to the *espionnage*, and to be victimised by the voracity of an X 10, a Y 15, or a Z 20 ?

"LITTLE HAVE, LITTLE VENTURE."

THE Editress of the *Standard*, wishing to support an indignant statement she makes, foolishly says, "We will stake our reputation on its truth." If MRS. HARRIS never plays for larger stakes than this, her worst enemy could not accuse her of gambling.

SEMPER IDEM.—The *Times'* Commissioner has proved O'CONNELL to be a "middle-man."—We always thought him between a knave and a mountebank.

LEADER AND LEANDER.

"LORD BROUGHAM IN FRANCE.—We are informed by the *Courrier de Marseilles* that the diurnal life led by the ex-Chancellor of England, in the midst of the little British colony which has been established at Hieres, is remarkable for its simplicity. Every morning is devoted to the solution of the most difficult problems of pure mathematics; in the afternoon, LORD BROUGHAM *swims* to his friend and neighbour, MR. LEADER, M.P., where, to unbend his mind from the study of the pure analysis, he demands a few inspirations, somewhat less serious, from the *panatellas*. When the noble Lord is surprised by nightfall in the midst of his conversations, he is too happy to avail himself of the hospitality of his friend the Member for Westminster."

THE wind was high on Hieres' wave,
When, o'er that stormy piece of water,
Swam, fearless of an aqueous grave,
"The young, the beautiful, the brave,"
Like him who courted SESTOS' daughter.
Ah! little—o'er the fish-pond's swell,
Whilst rung the distant dinner bell,
Reck'd HENRY of the spasm or cramp,
Or rheumatiz from cold and damp,
Though urchins raised, in French, the shout,
"Hoy! does your mother know you 're out?"
Though cries of "boat and drags for BROUGHAM!"
And shrieking females warn'd him home,
To all he turn'd unheeding ears,
As to the clamours of his Peers.
He thought but of the roast and boil'd,
And only hoped they 'd not be spoil'd;
His ears but rung with LEADER'S song,—
"Oh, keep not dinner waiting long!"

THE MANCHESTER GEOLOGISTS.

ROM what we learn in a local paper, Manchester has been in a state of excitement from one end to the other, in consequence of the discovery of a block of millstone-grit, with three foot-prints in it. This extraordinary phenomenon brought together a number of M.Ps., Honourables, Reverends, and others, to look at the block, that each might put his own construction upon it.

A DR. BLACK read a paper on the subject, in which he suggested that the footsteps were made by a man or a bird; but as birds do not wear boots, and the footstep was a good deal like the print of a stout boy's highlow, we incline to the notion that some boy—rather than some bird—had put his foot in it.

The Chairman, SIR PHILIP DE GREY WALPERS EGERTON, Bart., did not like to give way to first impressions, and discarded the idea of their being made by highlows, for the highlow always sunk into the mud altogether.

MR. WILLIAMSON thought the footmarks had been made by an iceberg; but as icebergs cannot walk, this suggestion was met by mental ejaculations of "Walker!"

MR. JAMES HEYWOOD quoted DR. BUCKLAND, to show that it might have been a tortoise taking a stroll; for he had allowed a tortoise to indulge in a promenade over an unbaked pie-crust, and the marks left were exactly the same as those now under their observation.

The Very Reverend the Dean had a strong notion that the footsteps were made by something that dropped from the skies, for there were no prints showing that the creature had either come or gone away again, in the ordinary manner. Besides, if it was a foot-print, it was not that of a naked foot; so that, unless they put the boot on the other leg, they were as much in the dark as ever.

Some other speakers followed on the same side; a few went zig-zag about on all sides; others floundered between both sides; and the meeting broke up.

We shall have much pleasure in submitting to these gentlemen a small patch of mud, with an impression of a Wellington boot, made by ourselves the other night in the dark, for want of a gas *light* opposite to our own residence. If it can throw any illumination over the obscurity in which the Manchester antiquarians are involved, they are welcome to the footmark—mud and all—to make what they can of it.

THE DEPOSITS WITH THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE scene on the last day for depositing the Railway plans with the Board of Trade, is described by an eye-witness as one of the most fearful things that was ever witnessed in a civilised country. Parliament Street was strewed with exhausted engineers, who had just succeeded in lodging their plans, and had sat down on the door-steps in the neighbourhood for a little repose after the excitement of the last four months. Several respectable Solicitors were lying along the pavement in a state of prostration, and we observed an entire firm, which stands high in the Law-List, snatching a little sleep under the friendly shelter of a gas-lamp. This was the state of those who had been successful in getting their plans all in by the proper time; but the excitement of those who arrived after the doors of the Board of Trade were closed was literally harrowing.

At one time it was feared that the offices of the Board of Trade would have been levelled to the earth; for directly after the clock struck twelve there was a shower of sections, maps, plans, and drawings thrown at the doors and windows with a crash that was really terrific. The portal having been temporarily opened, the unhappy porter was instantly smothered in paper and parchment, which broke the passage lamp, and left the unfortunate menial struggling for breath amid the pile of stationery which enveloped him. Fortunately, the door was quickly closed, and some of the other servants having removed some of the plans and sections, the poor fellow was extricated from his perilous position.

Several cab-horses fainted away, and one of NEWMAN'S cleverest hacks went off into violent hysterics on reaching the Board of Trade, just before midnight.

Wise Precaution.

THE winter is advancing, and the French newspapers contain no accounts of the death, or capture, of ABD-EL-KADER. LOUIS-PHILIPPE has given orders to have the Marseilles telegraph immediately broken, and its offices are to be superseded by MONSIEUR THIERS, who will have an appointment at Algiers, so that there may be no delay for the future in the transmission of the French victories.

A MONOMANIAC.—There lives at Berlin an old woman who absurdly believes she will live to see the day when Prussia will receive the Constitution it has been promised so often.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY DEC. 13, 1845.

JOHN JONES'S REMONSTRANCE ABOUT THE BUCKINGHAM BUSINESS.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—Although it is not probable that in the present juncture the PUNCH-BUCKINGHAM dispute will be an object of *very* great interest with the nation, yet as you ask MRS. JONES's opinion, and my own, with regard to the business, I shall frankly state that I think you are wrong and BUCKINGHAM right.

"Far from complaining of BUCKINGHAM for establishing the Institute, I like him for his success. I would not go to a party. It would be a bore, and dear. But there is only so much the more merit in this gentleman, who has got a great number of worthy persons to believe that it is cheap, and that they really like it: who has got their money out of their pockets: who has got Earls and Lords to patronize him: who has got that good-natured DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to come and dine, and honest country folks to rally round him: who has got a famous comfortable house for himself and family, a comfortable maintenance for life, as he hopes; a reputable SIMPSON-status:—and all this is to be knocked over by *Punch*, the ruthless batoneer! Ah! my dear Sir, you were too hard in this. Even supposing for a moment, which of course I do not, that the Destitute is a humbug—is it not a kindly and harmless one? The people who pay can afford their money. What call had you to disturb them, or poor BUCKINGHAM? I do not think, to judge from his writings, that Nature has endowed that gentleman with a sense of humour: but even supposing he possessed it, and could see as well as yourself, dear *Mr. Punch*, the admirable ridiculousness of the whole Institute scheme, he would hardly sympathise with any jokes made at the expense of it—at the expense of his bed and board—at the expense of his lodging—at the expense of his future chances of comfortable maintenance, and of that delightful position which he holds as a Centre of Civilization. 'There 's a fascination about that man, Sir,' I once heard an East India Colonel say of MR. BUCKINGHAM, 'which is perfectly irresistible. His eloquence is the most winning: his knowledge the most prodigious: he has been everywhere and knows everything!' Hundreds of respectable people, I trust, have this opinion. You may not hold it—you might be bored by that flux of words which he can pour out *in omne ævum volubilis* to the astonishment of rustics—you may think him a Brummagem ULYSSES—but respect the men who differ from you. Have you not met people in society who admired Mr. J. GRANT as a writer, BUNN as a poet, &c.? At an evening party at our parson's there was a young lady crying at 'other lips and other hearts' only three days since. Surely, any one of these gentlemen will naturally be angry if found out and pronounced to be an impostor.

"BUCKINGHAM is so angered. He speaks after his fashion. He bawls out rogue, forger, impostor. He says you are a malignant attack—a disgusting exhibition, that nobody will be safe from you without buying a dishonourable silence, &c.—and at this you become virtuously indignant! At page 241, you are absolutely serious. That page of *Punch* is a take in. *Punch* ought never to be virtuously indignant or absolutely serious. His two great, blundering, roaring, stupid enemies, in the show, the Policeman and the Beadle, are always calling him thief, rascal, and knave. *Punch's* good humour is never interrupted. Let us have a fair division of labour; you do the laughing part, and BUCKINGHAM the angry part. He does not know how to laugh, so leave him his old, only weapon.

"He says you have a design on the Throne, that the Altar is not sacred from you; that the Brightest Pattern of Domestic Purity is assailed by you, &c., &c. In the same way a kindred genius (the *Standard*) fell foul of a caricature of yours the other day, that was construed into an assault on the throne, which was only meant as a satire upon flunkeydom; and the old *Standard* has been bawling high-treason ever since.

"Ought this clumsy rage and stupid obloquy to disturb my hunch-backed martyr? Ought you to be angry because Dulness can't take a joke? Regard the long-eared animal to which he has been compared. He prefers a thistle to a peach. To express his griefs or joys, his loves or anger, he has but his heehaw, and brays softly or loudly as nature prompts him. When he lifts up his voice, other far-off donkeys catch up the strain, and echo the peal.

"So I see some 'admirers of the *Standard* at Stoke Pogis,' or some friends at Hookem Snivy are beginning to join the concert, and write abusive notices, poems, and so forth, about *Punch*. It is a compliment to my dear *Punch*, that emotion amongst the long-eared choristers.

"Recurring to MR. BUCKINGHAM and his second edition. Let me trust that you are not going, for one minute, to be betrayed into an unnatural seriousness by this second or by any future editions. I see it is published for the benefit of the Society of Foreigners. I wish they may get it—that benefit. Only a great and wise philanthropist could have conceived such a plan for relieving them this cold Christmas weather. I, for my part, have read the pamphlet with unfeigned wonder and pleasure. It contains many astonishing statements and ingenious reasonings. I was not aware of the services of this eminent man until he himself stated them. Among his 'projects' for the good of others, which have involved BUCKINGHAM himself in severe pecuniary loss, I see marked—

"' 7.	Free Trade for Englishmen in China . .	Accomplished.
8.	Opening of the Overland Route to India .	Accomplished.
9.	Immediate Emancipation of British Slaves .	Accomplished.
11.	Providing Public Baths for the People .	Accomplished.
12.	Opening Public Walks and Gardens for the same	Accomplished.
16.	Abolition of Impressment for the Navy . .	Accomplished.
20.	Voyage of Civilisation and Discovery . .	Not begun.'

"With the latter scheme alone I was acquainted. I did not know that the former projects were owing to this great man. I should as soon have expected to behold written—

"21.	Magna Charta and the Fire of London . .	Accomplished.
22.	Circulation of the Blood and the Use of the Long Bow	Accomplished.
23.	Inoculation for the Small-Pox and Passage of the Pons Asinorum	Accomplished.
24.	The Art of Printing by Moveable Types and the Conflagration of the Thames river . .	Accomplished.
25.	The Battle of Waterloo and the Invention of Steam-carriages on Iron-roads . . .	Accomplished.
26.	The new Process of Oval Suction (with the aid of the spirited conductors of the *Morning Herald*)	Accomplished.

"I should as soon have believed BUCKINGHAM to be the author of these as of the other events above, but that we have here the positive statement of this Prodigious Benefactor of Mankind recorded. Ought not the Foreigners in Distress to be thankful, that such a fellow has taken them up? The rogues will be in their coaches before long, and you, my dear, dear *Punch*, cease laughing at so good, eminent, venerable, and truth-telling man. Subjects there are too serious to joke about. Respect the Altar, the Throne, and BUCKINGHAM—or a man who can do so much may rise in his might and be the death of you; and some edition of this great pamphlet may come out with an extra list of services, such as—

"21.	Abolition of *Punch*, and End of the World .	Accomplished.
22.	Voyage of Civilisation, &c.	ACCOMPLISHED.

"Mind, I say, dear *Punch*, how you treat him, and let the British Benefactor of the Foreign Destitute alone.

"With MRS. JONES's compliments,
"Believe me, dear Sir, yours,
"JOHN JONES."

"P.S. With regard to the charge of extortion brought against you, I confess I don't think it *is* quite 'accomplished,' as B. says. You told him, he says, he might have the whole reply inserted in your columns if he would PAY FOR IT as an advertisement at YOUR USUAL CHARGE. 'And if this is not extortion,' he says, 'it is difficult to say what is.' He has you as he fancies. You are supposed to be done for.

"This logic may do with the Foreign Destitute, but not in Fleet Street. The atrocious act of extortion took place after he had made the charge—and is it not a very cruel one? MOSES has to pay, though you have laughed at that venerable person. I presume WARREN would have to pay, though you had cut jokes upon his blacking: in a word, that any quack who wished to advertise his ware would be no better off in this respect than BUCKINGHAM. If this is the only charge the Destitute's friend can bring against you, you are not very much hurt I think. Giant as he is, and inflamed by tremendous wrath, if this is the only blow he can hit, I think you can manage to survive it.

"And, finally, with respect to Edition Three, in which BUCKINGHAM states that he offered to go as far as five guineas to get his Pamphlet-Manifesto inserted in the body of your paper—and not in the advertisements I think it was a delightful and ingenious proposal, which was made to tell against you either way. Had you accepted, you would certainly have been guilty of accepting a gross bribe: as you refused, out comes BUCKINGHAM with Edition Three, and a little supplemental reviling. I have no doubt he wished you to accept: but BUCKINGHAM must know pretty well by this time that PUNCH is not base, nor sordid, nor a fool."

The Man at the Helm.

IT is a remarkable fact that the *Fairy* steam-boat, which took the late ministers to and from the Isle of Wight, was also employed to convey LORD JOHN RUSSELL to Osborne House, for the purpose of seeing HER MAJESTY. The weather being rather boisterous, the captain advised LORD JOHN RUSSELL to lie down, as SIR ROBERT PEEL had done. "Ay, ay," exclaimed little JOHN, "SIR ROBERT'S berth will just suit me, so I'll at once turn into it."

A LITTLE BIT OF SCANDAL.

Mrs. Gamp. "I tell you what it is, MRS. ARRIS, the *Times* is a hinfamous fabricator."

Mrs. Harris. "So it is, my dear; and as for that nasty, hojus *Punch*, I'm dispoged to scratch is hi's out a'most. What I ses, I ses; and what I ses, I sticks to."

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

IT was very generally rumoured, and very readily believed, that on the resignation of the Cabinet, HER MAJESTY immediately sent for *Punch*, who was honoured with a *carte blanche* to form a Ministry. The great stumbling-block, however, was the ALBERT hat, to which *Punch* declared his determination not to pledge himself.

In the course of the interview, the QUEEN suggested the difficulty of finding a Chancellor, which *Punch* immediately got over, by proposing to put the seal into a very extensive commission, which would gratify the ambition of several juniors, who have made up their minds to sit upon the woolsack.

Punch's particular friend, MR. BRIEFLESS, is having a glass case made, in which he proposes to keep the royal conscience, should it be committed to his care. It was proposed by *Punch* to select the Minister for Foreign Affairs from the members of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

WE see it announced that "the consideration of the Railway Termini, in the City, is postponed." We had thought that the panic had settled that question.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. HARRIS.

CONSIDERABLE doubts prevailing as to whether there is any such person as MRS. HARRIS, we deem it an act of justice to that lady to declare that she is a real individual, and not like the dragon, a fabulous creature, although possessed of many attributes which legends ascribe to the dragon. MRS. HARRIS is an aged female, and is the mistress of a concern called the *Standard*. Her habiliments, by no means either of the newest or the cleanest, are chiefly remarkable for their latitude; in which respect they are similar to her tongue. Like her friend, MRS. GAMP, the subject of our memoir always carries about with her an umbrella, and is constantly poking it in somebody's face. She wears pattens; a precaution which the nature of her walks renders very necessary; but which are constantly tripping her up: when she is apt to pull them off and fling them at the head of anybody who laughs at her, invariably, however, missing her aim. Hence it will be surmised, with truth, that the temper, of MRS. HARRIS is hasty; indeed, but for the respect due to age, we should be justified in designating her a beldam.

MRS. HARRIS, when irritated, is by no means choice in her language; using, in fact, the simple Saxon of Billingsgate. Otherwise addicted to circumlocution, MRS. HARRIS is concise in abuse.—The perceptions of MRS. HARRIS are limited. Hence she is very apt to make ludicrous blunders. Her pertinacity is intense; wherefore, when she finds herself in the wrong she persists in it, telling nobody to talk to her, for she knows better, and won't hear a word. The old lady is very bigoted and intolerant, and eaten up with a fanaticism, which she mistakes for piety. The loyalty of this "blessed woman" is of a piece with her devotion; apparently a kind of tipsy sentiment. In its paroxysms she becomes incoherent, and raves of nailing her flag to a mast, but has never been known to do more than tie her pocket-handkerchief to her umbrella.

The Voice of the Nation.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD is evidently doing his best to get proclaimed King of Algiers, for, by the slaughtering way he is going to work, there is not the slightest doubt the Arabs will eventually elect him as if they were *one man*.

Amusing Accident.

THE Echo, in JULLIEN'S Navy Quadrilles, was seized last week with a dreadful cold. When it came to his turn to answer, the only response the Echo made was a tremendous sneeze.

A NEW SENNACHERIB.

SIR ROBERT came down on the Corn-laws so bold,
And his backers felt savage, and sorry, and sold;
But the PREMIER of votes had a majority,
Amounting, in all, to about ninety-three.

As sheep follow the wether, submissive and mean,
That host at the heels of their leader were seen;
As sheep scatter wide when you leave them alone,
That host, says the *Times*, are now broke and o'erthrown.

For the Iron Duke set his fate on the cast,
And nailed, for the Corn-laws, his flag to the mast;
And the Cabinet's hopes felt a sensible chill,
When they thought of the Duke, and his potent "I will."

And there sat the PREMIER, his head on one side;
His arguments pooh-poohed, his statements denied;
And tho' he tried hard, he had need of his nerve,
A decent composure of face to preserve.

And there sat grim GRAHAME, so nervous and pale,
With his hat on his head, and his mouth to his nail;
And their measures were done for, their plans overthrown,
And PEEL had to leave his own trumpet unblown.

And Conservative gentry are loud in their wail,
That the country is ruined if PEEL should turn tail;
And repeal of the Corn-laws, we soon shall record,
Has been won, not by PEEL, but a certain small lord.

A Real Blessing to Landlords.

THE GENUINE ANTI-APPETITIVE CURRY POWDER, strongly recommended by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, is the labourer's only true substitute for bread and meat. It possesses the singular property of deluding the empty stomach into a sense of fulness, and is calculated to relieve those distressing symptoms of vacuity which result from living on seven shillings a week. It may be warranted to supersede potatoes and bacon; containing in fact, in itself, the essence of gammon; and one pinch dissolved in a tumbler of hot water is equal to a pot of beer. Landed Proprietors not wishing to reduce their rents, will find this preparation admirably calculated to reconcile labourers with their present rate of wages by enabling them almost entirely to dispense with food.—Sold in pots, at from one shilling. Agricultural Societies supplied.

N.B. A liberal allowance on taking a quantity.

THE OLD DUKE.

THE national admiration for the old Duke has led the public to have almost as many portraits of him as of Field-Marshal PRINCE ALBERT. When a people adores a man, a set of astute publishers naturally go to work to reproduce the beloved image, and all MR. MOON'S shop would not contain the WELLINGTON picture-gallery. We have had him in all shapes—The Duke before Salamanca; The Duke reconnoitring before Vittoria; The Duke after ditto; The Duke shaving before Ciudad Rodrigo, &c., &c.;—from that noble portrait of LAWRENCE, where he is represented holding the sword of England (it was in 1815, and he could wield it then), down to the last Daguerreotype of the neat, white-haired, old gentleman, whom we have all seen rolling upon his horse in the Park and Pall-Mall—a wonder to all bystanders that he did not topple over.

At last they have got him in a sixpenny picture-newspaper at Church. Church is a very good place for him—whether artists could not be better employed there than in making pictures of that venerable hooked nose, is neither here nor there.

But let it be conceded that he is getting old, as has been the lot of other military commanders before him; "Tears of dotage," we know, flowed "from MARLBOROUGH'S eyes:" there can be no manner of doubt that ALEXANDER THE GREAT, or NAPOLEON, if they had lived long enough, would have grown old too. The Duke's horse, which he rode at Waterloo, grew old, and was turned out to grass to pass a comfortable senility, and died, greatly honoured and lamented, long ago. Why keep the master in harness for ever? Recommend him quiet and a sunshiny paddock at Strathfieldsaye.

It is nonsense to say that because he won the Great Waterloo Stakes in 1815 he is able to run with other horses now—it is not fair that others should slacken their pace out of regard to him. We want to move on. Here is the old gentleman, because he couldn't go the pace in the Anti-Corn-Law coach, has stopped the carriage, sent back the horses on their haunches, upset the coachman, and set the whole team in disorder.

It may be perceived that we are writing with the utmost gentleness. Great and strong ourselves, we reverence the brave who lived before us. We are not going to bully the old Duke, but we assert that his time for going to grass has arrived. The *Times* says he is the leader of the aristocracy. Let him go and lead the Dukes. He is fit for that; but not any longer for governing us.

Suppose that statue of his which is turned with its horse's tail to the Exchange, should be removed by his adorers in the City, and placed, for greater honour, let us say in the middle arch of Temple Bar. It might look very well there, and the noble image would be sheltered from the rain; but the street would be incommoded, the omnibuses would not like it; the people going to business would curse that aquiline-nosed barrier which interposed between their livelihood and them—the moral is obvious. *Punch* means that the old Duke should no longer block up the great thoroughfare of Civilisation—that he should be quietly and respectfully eliminated.

For the future, let us have him and admire him—in history.

FIRE INSURANCE.

AT an agricultural meeting which lately took place at Arundel, a MR. OLLIVER, a gentleman farmer, took occasion, in proposing a toast, to make a political allusion. For this he was called to order by the chairman, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, who observed, in reference to the forbidden topic:—

"I am aware that a very little would create a blaze, and I am one of those who wish not to create a blaze."

No doubt the DUKE OF NORFOLK is one of a very large body. The landed aristocracy in general, unquestionably, "wish not to create a blaze." This wish is not Utopian. There is reason to suppose it might be very easily gratified. If landholders were to lower their rents a little, and insist that the labourer should receive decent wages, they would be tolerably sure "not to create a blaze." "Blazes" are created by starvation, and the workhouse. "Skilly" and seven shillings a week occasion "blazes."

Those who wish "not to create a blaze," instead of drinking the labourer's health, should give him something to drink theirs. For that purpose curry-powder tea will not do. The labourer will not adopt the NORFOLK night-cap. No doubt curry-powder is a nice thing, so is *sauce piquante*, so are capers,—in their several relations to rabbit, chops, and boiled mutton—curried bones, perhaps, might be an improvement on the Andover dietary. Curry-powder is a sauce; but the labourer has already the best sauce—hunger. He will be content with beef and bacon without curry. The DUKE OF NORFOLK is anxious "not to create a blaze." That is fortunate; else the Thames would have been on fire in no time.

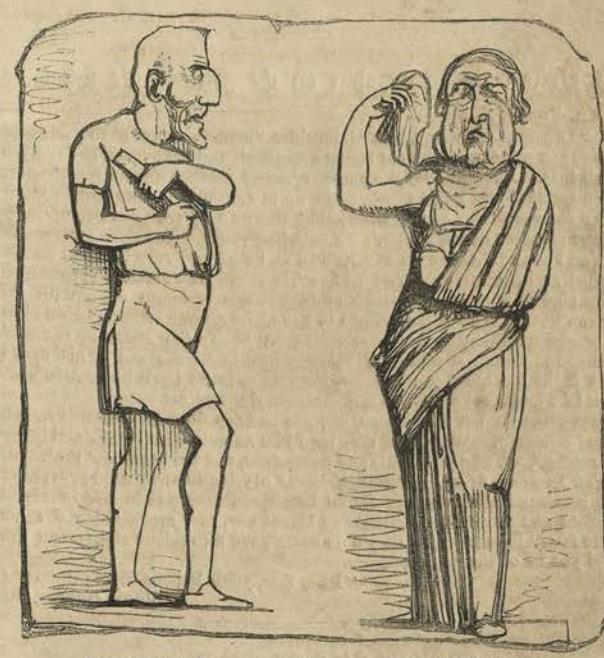
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S COOKERY.

WE understand that the present DUKE OF NORFOLK inherits the skill he has lately shown in cookery from one of his ancestors, whose name has become identified with that delicious edible, the Norfolk dumpling. The HOWARD family are believed to be closely related to the celebrated DUKE HUMPHREY, whose hospitality was exactly of the kind that the Norfolk cookery seems specially adapted for. It is expected that the Duke will shortly publish a culinary guide for the benefit of the poor.

The *brochure* called, "How to live on a hundred a year," will be superseded by a pamphlet entitled, "How to live on a pinch of curry." The following will be the style of the valuable receipts contained in the DUKE OF NORFOLK'S new cookery book:

A CAPITAL SOUP.

Take a saucepan, or, if you have not one, borrow one. Throw in about a gallon of good water, and let it warm over a fire till it boils. Now be ready with your curry, which you may keep in a snuff-box if you like, and take a pinch of it. Pop the pinch of curry into the hot water, and serve out, before going to bed, to your hungry children.



FORTITUDE AND RESIGNATION.

France and the Oregon Oyster.

THE *Courrier Français* maintains that "the rights of the United States as well as of England to the Oregon territory are illusory, and that France has the right, and ought to protest against any taking possession thereof by either of those Powers." There is on record a celebrated legal decision relative to a litigated oyster: LOUIS PHILIPPE is too good a lawyer not to remember it; and lawyers are apt to be guided by precedents. Who can doubt how he would dispose of the Oyster?

TO QUEEN VICTORIA,

This Engraving, from the Original Cabinet Picture in her possession, is Patriotically Dedicated by Her Majesty's most Faithful Subject,

PUNCH.

A Voice from Hampshire on the Fat Cattle Show.

"Mr. Punch, Zur,

"If you plase, zur, I be a Hampshire Varmer. I writes to you cause I knows you wunt mind my not beeun a scollurd, and ool excuse bad spellun and all that. Lookun over the peeaper 'tother market day at Winchester, I zee a count o' the Prize Cattle Show up in Lunnun. I wanted to know what a sed about the pigs; whose they was and where they come vrom. I vound as how as there warn't a zingle hog vrom Hampshire among the lot. You knows that, I dare zay, as well as I do; and very like you be astonished at it, zummut. Tell 'ee how 'tis, zur. We volks in Hampshire breeds pigs as pigs ought to be, and dwoant goo vattenun on em up till they can't wag. We sez pork ought to have lane as well as fat, and we likes our bihaacon strakey. Zame wi' cattle. Where's the sense or razon o' stuffun and crammun a hox till a beant yeable to zee out o' his eyes? What is the use o' all that ere fat, I wants to know? Who is there as ates it? The ile-cake, turmuts, manglewurzle, and cabbidge as is wasted in makun one bullick a monster, ood goo to keep dree or vour fine hoxen in good condishn. Why, zur, they med just as well fat up stags and hares and rabbuts, ay, and pheasants and paatridges, vor the matter o' that.

"Tell'ee what, *Measter Punch*, if, 'stead o' vlingun away good provender to turn horned animals into Danul Lamberts, they was to bestow bread and mate, and taters, and turmuts on Christians, and make zome o' them a little fatter than they be, they'd do more good a precious zight; and I'm bound you be o' the zame opinion.

"I be, Zur, your bajient Zarvent,

"John Grouts."

CURIOUS CASE OF TRANCE.

It is seldom that we hear in the present day of a state of trance continuing for any considerable period. We, however, read the other day of an old lady having continued asleep for upwards of ten days, and no one was able to account for the phenomenon. At length on the eleventh morning, while the medical men were in consultation as to the cause of the patient's condition, a knock came to the door, and a small document was delivered to the son of the old lady which completely explained the mystery. The document turned out to be a newspaper bill, from which it seemed that the old lady had been for three successive months in the habit of reading the *Morning Herald*. The usual remedies were successfully applied, but the case shows the danger of an immoderate use of strong narcotics.

A CONSULTING COOK WANTED.

Cookery has now assumed the rank of a science, at least as beneficial as that of medicine; and there should be the same subdivision of labour in the culinary as there is in the medical profession. Common cooks, like apothecaries, may be competent to ordinary practice; but a consulting cook is required in its higher branches.

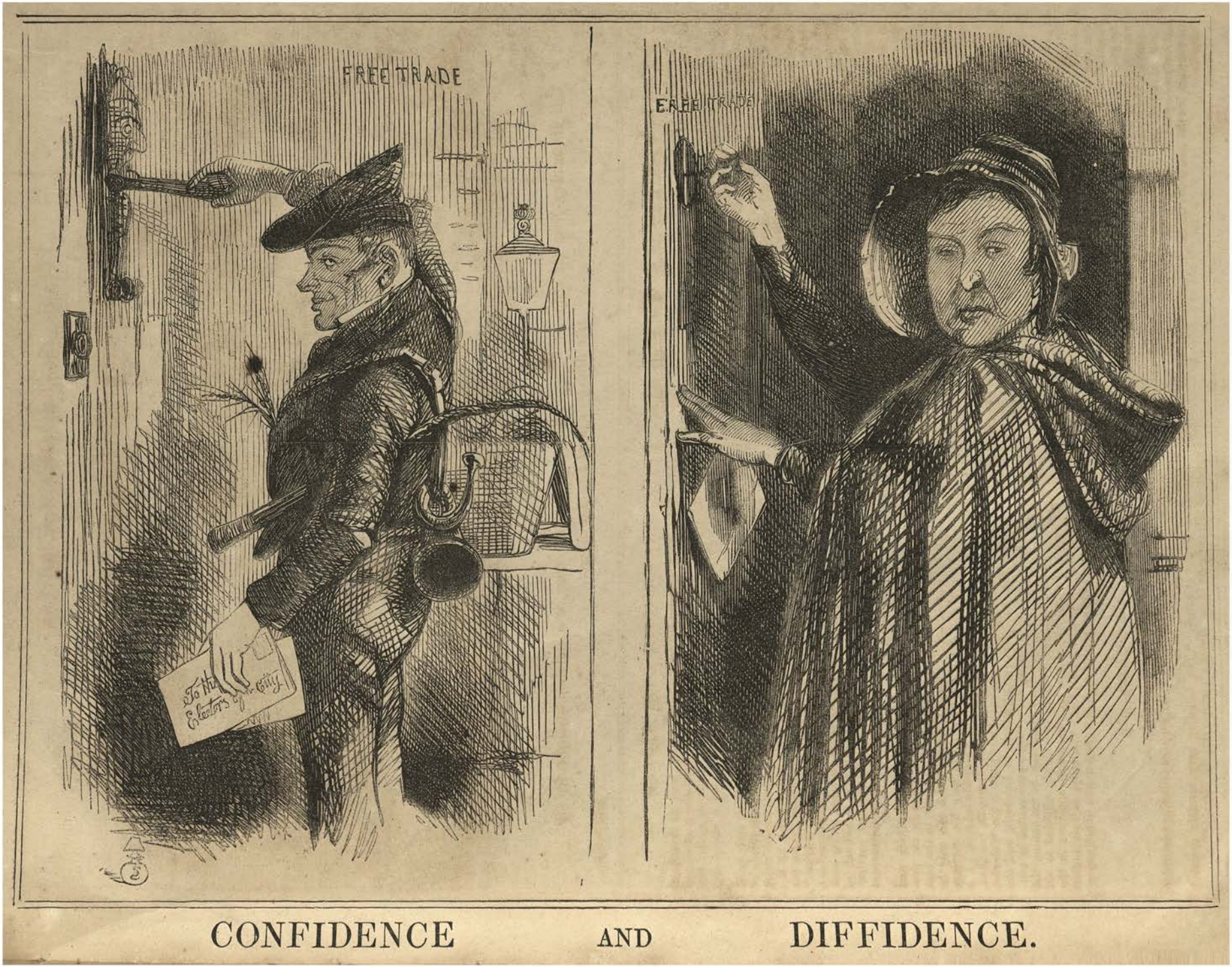
There are numerous cases of *entremets*, for example, which are quite beyond the province of the general practitioner. The countless forms of the *pâté* also, and the interminable varieties of sauce, present complexities which the highest culinary skill alone can grapple with. Even in the treatment of plain beef and mutton, a necessity frequently arises for "another opinion." A turbot very often requires "further advice." Family cooks may manage family dinners, but on extraordinary occasions, such as a banquet, or even a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, let a consulting cook be called in. A consultation should always be held over a haunch of venison. The consulting cook ought to be a man of education, particularly as regards modern languages, in order that he may be conversant with the state of foreign science.

Something beyond a mere acquaintance with Ude, Kitchiner, and Rundell, is required of a cook who takes the higher grade in his profession. He should be also qualified by his attainments to mix in the best society, in order that he may acquire that experience which can only be derived from often dining out. Of course he ought to keep his carriage and footmen; and it might be well if he carried a gold-headed spit. His fee could not be less than a guinea, which, let the dyspeptic recollect, might save several. What improvements would take place in the Waterloo banquet, not to mention the archiepiscopal dinners at Lambeth, and the Lord Mayor's and other civic feasts, were they superintended by consulting cooks. Their influence, moreover, would soon be felt among the masses; the meals of the community being now mostly confided to old women, the results of whose empiricism are lamentably apparent in the general complaints of joints among families. And lastly, as food is often preferable to medicine, the consulting cook to a great extent would supersede the consulting doctor.

STEREOTYPED PARAGRAPHS.

Morning Herald (*every morning*). "We copy the following admirable article from the *Standard* of last night."

Standard (*every evening*). "The following very sensible remarks appeared this morning in our clever contemporary, the *Herald*."



CONFIDENCE AND DIFFIDENCE.

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